

The Oerth Journal

ISSUE 10

DISCOVERY &
EXPLORATION

The Oerth Journal

Produced by the Council of Greyhawk

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DISCOVERY & EXPLORATION

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The Council of Greyhawk is an informal organization of gamers dedicated to keeping the World of Greyhawk a viable campaign world. Send inquiries to keldreth@aol.com

The Editor's Notebook

Pushing the bounds

Discovery. There's nothing quite like it. Uncovering something new, something untouched, something magical. It is the foundation of stories; the hero discovers his strengths, his weaknesses. It is the foundation of civilization; the discovery of new ideas, new concepts, and new ways of thinking.

Every good campaign should be about discovery. It need not be dramatic — the characters don't need to sail across an ocean, or burrow into the depths of the earth, uncovering new continents and hollow worlds — but it should be notable. A good player, with a good DM, will discover new things about his character with every game, and use them to grow and develop her character.

This is the tenth issue of the Oerth Journal, and we wanted to make it something special. It's double-sized, and our first themed issue. "Discovery & Exploration" was the theme, but I like to think it's there's been a little discovery and a little exploring in every issue since the beginning, and I hope the Oerth Journal has pushed back a few bounds in your game.

This issue of the Journal is my last as editor. Issue 11 will be in the capable hands of Morgan Rodwell, known to many of you as Pateris, the Technical Bard from AOL, and the author of a number of OJ articles. He's a wonderful guy and a talented writer, and I have the greatest confidence in his ability to smoothly and skillfully handle the responsibilities of this job.

I'd like to thank a few of the people who made this job a joy more often than it was a burden. They include, but are not limited to, Rick, Keldreth, Morgan, Erik, Eric, Russell, Jim, Chris, Tom, and Steve.

Finally, I give to you the tenth issue of the Oerth Journal. Our own private deity, Russell S. Timm, starts things off with Hieronious the Invincible, and Philip Niewold explores the dangerous world of the assassins of Dyvers. James Muldowney III reveals the secrets and splendors of Hardby, Creighton Broadhurst discloses the secrets of Trithereon the Summoner, and Sean Williams brings us an adventure in the Mines of Elsidell. Scott Knowles brings us back to where so many started, in a return to Hommlet. Jim Temple unveils the mysteries of two of the Fading Lands, the Maze of Skin and the Mines of Dumathoin. Tom Harrison presents part two of his two-part series on the faiths of Dyvers, and Len Lakofka regales us with the life and times of Leomund the mage, he of the secret chest. Finally, James Muldowney returns with a special feature, the Oerth Journal index, featuring the contents of the Oerth Journals 1-10.

Stone Endures
Nathan E. Irving, Editor

Correction: The spell levels Hextor's spells from Oerth Journal 9 were omitted by an editorial oversight. The spells have the following levels. *Hextor's fitness*, first level; *blood groove*, third level; *arrows of war* third level; *evil arm of Hextor*, fifth level; *hands of Hextor*, sixth level; *wave of carnage*, seventh level.

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THE FINAL WORD

News & Announcements from the Council of Greyhawk

Of Oerth and Altar

Heironeous: The Invincible One

By Russell S. Timm

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Heironeous

(The Invincible One, Champion of Rightful Combat)

Intermediate Power of Mt. Celestia, LG

Portfolio:	Chivalry, Honor, Justice, Valor, Daring, War
Pantheon:	Oeridian/Common
Aliases:	None
Domain Name:	Mt. Celestia/Mercuria/The Fields of Glory
Superior:	None
Allies:	Pholtus, St. Cuthbert
Foes:	Erythnul, Hextor
Symbol:	Silver lightning bolt
Wor. Align:	LG, LN, NG

Heironeous (HI-roan-ee-us) is the champion of rightful combat and chivalrous deeds. He is the patron Power of those who fight for honor, justice, and the fair, good order of things. As the patron deity of chivalrous fighters and honorable warriors, Heironeous is a constant thorn in the side of the evil gods. Numerous are his quests against evil, and Heironeous is never slow to leave the Seven Heavens and move around the Prime Material Plane to aid the forces of law and goodness.

Although the Champion of Rightful Combat works against all gods of evil, he attempts to thwart the works of his half-brother, Hextor in particular. In the beginning of time, Hextor chose to follow evil instead of good, just so that he might spite his brother and be opposite to him, and Heironeous has never forgiven him. Another notable enemy is Erythnul the Many, a being who is easily given to grudges, and although what initially started this enmity is unknown, there are several epic confrontations in recorded history between avatars of the two Powers within the Flanaess. Indeed, it is even said that once Heironeous fought both Hextor and Erythnul on the same field of battle, and triumphed (though clergy of Erythnul and Hextor each preach that their own diety fought Heironeous to a draw, and he escaped only through trickery).

Heironeous' Avatar (Paladin 37, Ranger 25)

Heironeous is portrayed as an extraordinarily handsome, youthful, and tall man, with coppery skin and auburn hair to go with his brilliant amber eyes. However, he has the power to create illusions which make him appear otherwise, most often as a young boy, a mercenary soldier, or an old man. In these guises, he is garbed appropriately, but he always wears his suit of fine, magical silver chainmail. Heironeous does not speak often, but when he does, his is a rich, commanding voice that can be heard clearly even in a high wind. At his birth, Heironeous's skin was imbued with a secret solution, which protects him from many weapons, magical and non-magical alike. His personal weapon is a great silver battle axe which can shrink as small as three inches or grow to as large as five feet in length. He has unrestricted access to the spheres of Animal, Combat, Divination, Healing, Plant, and Protection.

AC -9; MV 21 HP 217 THAC0 1 #AT 3 DMG: 1d10+15
 MR: 80% SZ M (6'6")
 STR: 20 DEX: 20 CON: 20 INT: 18 WIS: 19 CHA: 19
 Spells Pal: 3/3/3/3 R:3/3/3
 Saves: PPDM 3 , RSW 5 , PP 4 , BW 4 , Sp 6

Special Att/Def: The Invincible One's favored method of combat is to enter melee directly with his great axe, *Vanguard*, an unbreakable *battle axe* +4 given to him by his patron Powers long ago. Heironeous observes all the proper etiquette in battle (never striking an unarmed or fallen opponent, etc.) and rules of war expected of the honorable warrior, even when his opponents may not.

On the battlefield, he wears another gift from ages gone by, the *Awesome Mail of Morality*, a set of fine *chainmail* +5. This legendary armor rivals elven chain with its fine nature, and is enchanted with an *awe* power. At will, Heironeous can invoke this power, which causes all evil creatures of less than 5 HD or levels to cower and

flee from the sight of Heironeous, and all other evil creatures to do the same if they fail a save vs. spells at -2.

Heironeous can loose a bolt of energy from the Positive Material Plane. He can draw and loose these bolts as often as once every seven rounds, but he can cast no more than seven bolts in any given week. Creatures from the Prime Material Plane suffer 5-30 points of damage, creatures from the Inner Planes 5-20, 10-60 points of damage to inhabitants of the Lower Planes, and 15-90 points of damage to natives of the Negative Material Plane. (A *wand of negation* or a *sphere of annihilation* may absorb and negate the stroke without harm). These bolts strike single targets within 70', and are not magical in nature, so magic resistance is not applicable.

Heironeous is also impervious to most weapons; those of less than +2 value shatter upon contact with him, causing no damage, while +2 weapons inflict only 25% damage. Those weapons of +3 enchantment inflict half their normal damage, and only +4 or better weapons can cause full damage to the Champion of Rightful Combat. Additionally, all special weapon abilities (*vorpal*, *sharpness*, *wounding*, etc.) will not function against this avtar.

Other Manifestations

Omens from Heironeous generally take the form of silver lightning bolts from the sky, weapons breaking for no apparent reason, and wavering images of the god appearing in pools. Heironeous usually grants omens before major battles, making to the priest clear whether or not he carries the god's blessing. Heironeous sometimes manifests his favor upon a worshipper in the form of a shimmering radiance, which acts as a *cloak of bravery*. He may also manifest a ghostly set of silver chainmail upon a supplicant which acts as a *potion of invulnerability* for up to a turn. Heironeous is served by gold, silver, and bronze dragons, as well as lammasu, blink dogs, cooshee, enheirar, and ki-rin.

The Church

Clergy: Cleric (35%), Crusader (30%),

Specialty Priests (35%)

Alignment: LG, LN, NG

Turn Undead: C: Yes, Cru:No, SP: Yes

Cmnd Undead: C: No, Cru:No, SP: No

All clergy of Heironeous receive the Religion non-weapon proficiency for free.

Worshippers of Heironeous are found everywhere, but a chapel to this Power is particularly likely where those who follow military professions or do heroic deeds are present. Heironeous is a Power revered by offic-

ers, leaders, and paladins rather than the common warrior, but this as changed since the Wars. The Champion of Rightful Combat is widely revered throughout the nonevil lands of the Flanaess, as his dual role as a warrior and protector attracts many worshippers. Wherever one can find individuals who are willing to fight for the cause of goodness, one will find the clergy of Heironeous.

Heironasar, as the clergy are known, are particularly warlike, always wearing chainmail if possible. They seek combat against all things evil, and will do anything in their power to harm the servants of Hextor. Generally the church is well received by most, despite the warlike tendencies of the priests; their arrival often preludes the destruction of local evil forces. This is not so for all regions though; in the former lands of the Great Kingdom these priests have difficulty even surviving.

Places of worship of Heironeous are usually adorned with blue trappings, silver, and occasionally windows of colored glass depicting scenes of Heironeous triumphant. A copper statue of the deity, armed with a silver battle axe and covered in silver mail, with seven silver bolts radiating from behind his head, is usually placed behind the altar. Services to Heironeous include triumphal singing of battle hymns, offerings to the temple's statue, and sharing of strengthening foods- meat, full bodied red wine (in moderation, of course) and spiced, stewed kara fruit.

The faith of Heironeous is very organized on both a local and regional level. The priesthood has a military organization and maintains excellent armories and systems of communication. Positions within the church hierarchy are distributed equally among the various clergy types, and rank is determined by individual merit and achievements. Those priests who work hardest at fighting the forces of evil through word and deed, while exemplifying those characteristics Heironeous himself represents may go farthest within the church. Older priests are valued and revered for their strategic skills and experience, and act as teachers to the younger clergy members. Females are welcome in the faith, but are nowhere near as common as males. In addition to many dual-classed warriors, there are many elves and half-elves in the clergy. Members of all races who would seek to fight evil and live by the virtues of the Invincible One are also welcome, though these are extremely rare and generally frowned upon by their native cultures.

The clergy wear dark blue robes with silver trim to indicate station, which is (in ascending order): Page, Acolyte-at-Arms, Squire, Axewarden, Knight, Knight-Justicier, Knight-Cavalier, Captain, High Captain, and Lord-Marshall. The head of the faith is known as The Honorable and Righteous Silver General, the Seventh Bolt of Heironeous. Once every seven years, all the major temple heads gather at the temple of the current Silver

General and elect a new head of the faith. Such a person must exhibit moral virtue, leadership ability, vision, wisdom, and combat prowess.

Dogma: Heironasar are to strive in upholding law and order for the good of all peoples, while relentlessly persecuting the evil and unjust. Members of the clergy are to serve as role models for their fellow man, and embody the principles of their patron Power, whether on the battlefield or in the temple. Priests and other members of the church should set the example for daring and valor in combat, and be obey the code of chivalry, even when engaged with the enemy if possible. Service to Heironeous is service to others, whether they be fellow clergy, family, soldiers, superiors, or other good peoples of the Flanaess. Evil has become a plague on Oerth, a festering wound which is constantly swelling with pestilent infection and decay. Clergy are to oppose the teachings and activities of the faith of Hextor above all other evil Powers, for these are reprehensible men for whom might makes right, and for whom war is a means to oppress and terrorize good peoples. The servants of Hextor subvert and twist the concepts of chivalry and honor into deceit and cowardice, treachery and betrayal, and are to be battled on sight if possible

Day-to-Day Activities: All priests of Heironeous are expected to tithe at least 50% of their monthly income to the church. They must practice with the sword and axe alike, preparing themselves to battle evil in any situation. They are to maintain vigilance against the forces of evil, especially those of Hextor, with whom they persecute without mercy. It is not uncommon for large groups of these priests to form adventuring parties to further the causes of the clergy.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies: The Heroes' March, held on the first Freeday in the month of Coldeven, in countries where Heironeous' worshipers may show themselves without fear of danger. All of the adventurers and honorable soldiers in the town will gather in the town square, and from there march around the town, waving banners and flags, cheered on from crowds of spectators. When the march is complete all of the priests return to their temple and await the coming of young people who wish to join the order. Those who are found worthy are initiated in the training, which takes one full year. At the end of this time (when they have reached the next Heroes' March) the new priest is permitted to join in the march, but must wear chain mail and wield a battle axe, symbolic of his initiation in the order.

Major Centers of Worship: Heironeous has a great deal of strength in many of the lands within the Flanaess, most notably in some of the northern lands. In the south his strength wanes, and in the Great Kingdom his clergy is practically non-existent, as these lands are dominated by the faith of Hextor. The largest congregations of clergy exist in several places; the Silver Citadel in Thornward, the Cathedral of Valor in Chendl, the Court of Seven Bolts in Rel Mord, and the fortress known as the Dragon's Heart in Irongate are all bastions of the Invincible One.

Affiliated Orders: It is known that at least two major orders of knights have worked closely with the church of Heironeous, and that the priests often employ the service of noble adventurers. The first is the Vanguard Valiant, an order of paladins and warriors who operate out of Furyondy, and range as far south as the Lost Lands of Sterich and Geoff. The other is the Invincible Order of the Silver Bolt, which is composed of every class that serves Heironeous. This Order maintains a vigil over the former lands of the Great Kingdom from within Nyrond. In addition, the Knights of the Holy Shielding and the Knights of the Watch have strong ties to this faith, as many of their members venerate the Champion of Rightful Combat.

Priestly Vestments: These priests wear robes of dark blue with silver trim to indicate station. Such trim usually includes silver bars on the sleeves of the robes, the number of which are proportional to the priests' rank within the church hierarchy. Such priests often wear silver chainmail for services on Godsday, and may wear ceremonial helms and carry ceremonial axes for special holidays or occasions, such as a crusade or declaration of war.

Adventuring Garb: The only requirement for these priests is that they wear chain mail whenever possible. These priests are also fastidious in keeping their armor and weapons in good repair, and generally keep their garb clean and well kept. Priests of this clergy favor blues and

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purples of multiple shades, and tend to try to acquire a few pieces of jewelry with sapphires or amethysts in them.

Specialty Priests (Valiants)

Requirements: Strength 16 or Constitution 16 or Dexterity 16, Wisdom 9

Prime Req: Strength, Constitution, or Dexterity; Wisdom

Alignment: Lawful Good

Weapons: Any. Valiants must take a proficiency in the battle axe at first level.

Armor: Chainmail & Shield

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Law, Necromancy, Protection, War

Minor Sphere: Divination, Summoning, Wards

Magical Items: Same as Paladin

Req. Profs: None

Bonus Profs: None

- Elves, half-elves, and dwarves may become Valiants
- Valiants receive Constitution hit point adjustments to their Hit Dice as if they were warriors. Also, Valiants may take any proficiency from the Warrior Group at no extra cost.
- Valiants may turn undead as if a cleric of two levels less than their current level.
- Valiants may wield *holy swords* like a paladin, though it is rare to find one in the possession of a Valiant.
- At 1st-level, Valiants receive a +2 bonus to their saves vs. magical fear.
- At 4th-level, Valiants may cast *cloak of bravery* (P4) upon themselves once per day.
- At 5th-level, Valiants may *detect evil* at will similar to the ability possessed by a paladin.
- At 6th-level, Valiants become immune to all forms of magical fear and strength reducing magic or attacks (*ray of enfeeblement*, a shadow's strength drain, etc.)
- At 7th-level, Valiants may make three melee attacks every two rounds.
- At 9th-level, Valiants may cast *valor's deadly strike* (P5) with maximum duration 1x/day.
- At 11th-level, Valiants may cast a *bolt of glory* 1x/week.
- At 13th-level, Valiants may make two melee attacks every round.
- At 17th-level, Valiants may cast *invoke lightning* (P7) 1x/week.

Hieronasar Spells

Priests of Hieroneous may cast a third-level variant of *axe storm of Clangeddin* (P4, DD, pg. 53) called *axe storm of Hieroneous*. The two spells are identical in all ways, save that Hieroneous' affects only the caster,

and has a duration of 5 rounds. Valiants also have access to the fourth-level spells *cloak of bravery* and *detect lie*.

Valor's Deadly Strike

(Alteration)

Sphere: Combat

Level: 4

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1d6+3 rounds

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Caster

Saving Throw: None

This spell is a priestly version of the spell known as *Tenser's deadly strike* (W3). This spell improves the martial prowess of the caster. All melee attacks made by the caster are at the usual chance to hit, but every successful attack does maximum damage for the duration of the spell. This spell will work with any other spell that enhances fighting ability. The spell affects only hand-held melee weapons or hurled weapons, but not device-propelled missile weapons.

The material component for this version of the spell is a set of claws from a predator.

Spellshield of the Righteous

(Abjuration)

Sphere: Protection

Level: 5

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 rd./level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: None

This spell is similar to *Sertan's spell immunity* and was designed to aid Heironasar in their fights against the servants of Hextor and other evil faiths. The recipient of this spell receives virtual immunity to any spells or magical effects from one caster or creature designated at the time of casting. Such a creature also receives a normal saving throw against those spells or effects which allow none. The protection gives a bonus to saving throws according to spell or effect level as follows:

Spell or Effect Level Saving Throw Bonus

1st - 3rd	+9
4th - 6th	+7
7th - 8th	+5
9th	+3

The material component of this spell is the priests' holy symbol and a sapphire of at least 500 gp value.

Bolt of Glory

(Invocation/Evocation)

Sphere: Combat

Level: 6

Range: 20 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: One creature

Saving Throw: $\frac{1}{2}$ damage

By casting this spell, the priest channels a bolt of divine energy against one creature. No attack roll is needed, and magic resistance does not apply. Creatures struck suffer varying damage, depending on their home plane of existence and nature.

Creature's Home Plane

Prime Material Plane

Damage

5d6

Elemental Planes or

Outer Planes of Neutrality

5d4

Positive Material Plane or

Outer Planes of Good

None

Outer Planes of Evil,

undead creatures

10d6

Negative Material Plane

15d6

Astral or Ethereal Plane

4d6

A saving throw vs. spell is allowed for half-damage. Denizens of the Lower Outer Planes, undead, and creatures from the Negative Material Plane make their saving throws at -2.

The material component of this spell is a small amber rod banded with bronze.

This spell was presented in the *From the Ashes* boxed set by Carl Sargent, Reference Card #5.

Invoke Lightning

(Alteration)

Sphere: Combat

Level: 7

Range: 180 yds.

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 7 rounds

Casting Time: 7 rounds

Area of Effect: 1 creature/rd.

Saving Throw: $\frac{1}{2}$ damage

This spell is a bane to the forces of evil on the open battlefield, and its' casting has caused said forces to break morale and run for cover more than on one occasion. When the priest begins to cast the spell, a small, dark cloud begins to form high above the priest's head. Seven rounds later, the spell reaches its' peak, and the dark cloud crackles with thunder and silver flashes of lightning. Beginning on the eighth round, the priest may call down a silver stroke of lightning upon a single individual or creature of evil alignment. With a successful attack roll by the caster, the spell inflicts 1d6 points of lightning damage to the target; a successful save vs. spell reduces the damage by half. This spell ignores metal armor, so the only modifications to Armor Class are those due to magic, non-metal armor, or Dexterity. This spell continues for six subsequent rounds, and the priest may elect to strike the same target again or a new target within range. Priests of Hextor suffer a -2 penalty to their saving throws against this spell.

Due to the powerful nature of this spell, it is never granted to a particular priest more than once per week.

The material component of this spell is seven blessed quartz rods and the priest's holy symbol.

Dyvers, City of Adventure

Assassin's Guilds of Dyvers

By Philip Niewold

(philip@niewold.com)

Dyvers is a large city built on trade and in such an environment there is always demand for professional hired killers; they are sought by those that want to settle mercantile or guild conflicts that cannot be resolved legally, by old rivals that want to settle scores between themselves or by people that want to put some pressure on political organizations or figures. Although the mayor and the senate (secretly) have acknowledged the need for organizations that provide such services, they do not (openly) approve of their existence. This means that the local government has outlawed assassin's guilds in the Free City of Dyvers.

The question of outlawing an assassins' guild is not so much an ethical or moral as a practical one, however. In the first place the mayor and oligarchs realize that 'legalizing' such a guild would gravely offend many of their Baklunish trading partners. The resultant loss of trade would be a severe blow to the city's interests. Secondly, the fact that guilds of assassins (in addition to those of thieves and beggars) are forbidden in the city is a matter of civic pride to most citizens of Dyvers. They like to point an accusing finger at their bitter rival, the City of Greyhawk, and berate them for being a 'city ruled by thieves'. They would never stoop to such depths themselves - or so they say. Anyone who should think that there are no such guilds in Dyvers is gravely mistaken. A common proverb in Dyvers says: "business goes where the money is" and this is also rings true for assassins. Assassin's guilds are considered 'rogue guilds' under the law, and its members are actively persecuted.

Guild Organization

The organization of assassin's guilds in Dyvers is a complex one. There are currently no less than four separate assassins' guilds active in Dyvers, in addition to a few hired killers that operate alone. Most of the time two or more of the four organizations wage war with each other, sabotaging the other guild's missions or attempting to kill rival assassins. At least, this is how it appears on the surface - it is the picture most citizens will sketch and believe to be true. Appearances are known to deceive, and nothing could be further from the true state of affairs in Dyvers. All of the four guilds are in fact under the

control (albeit unwittingly) of a trio who are masters of deception and subterfuge. These three individuals loosely coordinate the actions of the separate guilds, and orchestrate fake 'guild wars' in order to keep up the illusion of a fractioned guild. Such an illusion eases the minds of the government, the merchants and the citizens, and thus allows the assassins much more freedom than a single guild would have. The assassins' guilds of Dyvers also perform missions in Furyondy and Verbobonc, using Dyvers as their base of operations. These states have few resident assassins beyond insurgents and agents from the Land of Iuz. Most of the members of the Dyvers assassins' guild loathe coming to Greyhawk; they share the other citizens' contempt for that city and try to avoid it.

The four separate guilds are given a brief description below. Most members of the guilds are human although there are a few demihumans among them. Senior members direct most guild activities while junior members do most of the legwork. Dependents include partners, children, some smugglers, fences and similar people. Hired hands include snitches, bribed guards, corrupt officials, etc.

The Night Skulls

The Night Skulls are an aggressive band of assassins who generally use brute force or poison to achieve their aims. The Night Skulls sometimes employ thugs or down-on-their-luck mercenaries to do some jobs for them. Most members do not care overmuch for harming innocents while getting to their mark, and there are occasions where they have poisoned an entire household when it proved too difficult to administer to poison directly to the mark. They are not easily startled by the prospect of difficult missions, but lack the finesse to murder the really well-protected targets, such as heads of state or archmages.

The Night Skulls have 2 senior and 9 junior members in addition to a host of dependents and hired hands. Most of the Night Skulls are fighters, with some thieves. One of their senior members is an experienced alchemist and herbalist in addition to being a minor mage (3rd level). He is responsible for concocting the poisons used by the Night Skulls. A minor priest of Nerull has recently joined the ranks of the Night Skulls, and his skills

are much welcomed by its current members. The Night Skulls make their headquarters in a building along the Devil's Twist in the Thieves Quarter of Dyvers.

The Night Skulls have a intense rivalry with the Silver Vipers, whom they consider arrogant and spoiled brats instead of true assassins. They have little contact with The Eye, but will kill anyone they even suspect being a member of that organization, being a little paranoid in that regard. Their conflict with the Veiled Knives occasionally flares up and then dies down again as suddenly as their attention shifts elsewhere.

The Silver Vipers (Society of the ...)

Known to the man on the street as the Silver Vipers, the Society of the Silver Viper is a peculiar organization of assassins. Each member of the Society of the Silver Viper considers himself an artist in addition to being an assassin. In order to promote this macabre sense of artistry, all members favor a particular weapon or method to slay their marks. They often leave some sort of callsign at the site of their latest kill. Status within the organization is dependent on the originality of the kills, not on their sheer number. The Society of the Silver Viper have ritualistic and difficult trial of application for prospective members, and only few make it through. Spoiled members of the rich and aristocratic merchant families of Dyvers sometimes aspire to become a member of this society, although very few succeed. These assassins also like to frequent parties and social occasions given by the wealthy in order to show off their charm and wit. One must not forget that despite their mannerisms and charm, these men and women are brutal killers, and have little regard for ordinary lives if it enhances their own glory.

Currently the Silver Vipers have 3 senior and 5 junior members in addition to a number of dependents and hired hands. Most of its members are thieves, some are fighters and there is also a single bard (7th level) among them. They all possess excellent equipment. Most members have homes of their own but they often meet in a small but well-defended stone house along Whitewater Road in the Northern Quarter of Dyvers.

The Silver Vipers have an intense loathing for the Night Skulls, whom they consider crude murderers. They have a grudging respect for the Eye, although they will not hesitate to expose their members if given the chance. Their rivalry with the Veiled Knives is intermittent.

The Eye

The Eye is the smallest and most secretive of the four guilds in Dyvers. They handle at least as many spying missions as they do murder contracts. The garotte is a particular favorite amongst its members; assassins of The Eye prefer easily concealable and inconspicuous weapons

above others. The demands of the mission always has priority in choosing the instrument of death - they rarely use poison, though. All members of the guild receive intensive training in disguise, acting and forgery skills. Meetings are always held masked, and most members do not know the true identity of the others, a situation they all prefer. Becoming a member of The Eye is very difficult.

Currently The Eye has 3 senior and only 2 junior members in addition to a few dependents. The Eye rarely uses hired manpower. The members of The Eye of possess a wide variety of skills and most of them are multi- or dual-classed thieves. All members have private lives but they do have a guild headquarters, which lies along Denmar Street in the Festival Quarter of Dyvers.

The Eye is the least visible of the four guilds, and tries to avoid any guild wars to the best of its ability, which it succeeds in pretty well. They have no qualms about killing a member of one of the other guilds if they even suspect that they have guessed their true identity or that it or their hideout is in any danger of being discovered.

The Veiled Knives

The Veiled Knives are a medium sized and highly lawful assassin's guild. Senior members are not allowed to have a private live besides membership of the guild; they are permanently quartered at the guild house. If hired to do a job, assassins of the Veiled Knives rarely operate alone. The usual method is to let a junior make the kill while a senior member acts as backup in case something should go wrong. All their work is highly organized and improvisation is strongly discouraged. The Veiled Knives are well known in the city for repeatedly springing some of their members from high security jail cells.

The Veiled Knives have 4 senior and 6 junior members in addition to a number of dependents and hired hands. Their members consists of fighters, thieves or fighter/thieves, and they are desperately searching for a wizard to replace one of their recently deceased associates. They have a reasonable store of magic items, some of them only usable by wizards. They have their permanent headquarters in the southern part of Xetin's Street in the Wizard's District in Dyvers.

The Veiled Knives have an intense hatred of the Eye, because they cannot get a grip on them. They consider the Night Skulls a dumber and weaker version of themselves and have occasional run-ins with them. They consider the Silver Vipers a bunch of haughty, individualistic idiots with a highly ineffective organization..

Solitary Assassins

There are few solitary assassins in Dyvers. Most of them are either passing through or on a specific mission, and leave as soon as it has been fulfilled. Those

who do not move on are either killed or forced to join one of the guilds. One particular assassin of note that frequents Dyvers is known only as The Phantom. He is a mysterious assassin of great skill and strength and is even rumored to possess some wizardly skills. His working area includes the Viscounty of Verbobonc, Furyondy and Veluna, and he spends only a fraction of his time in Dyvers.

Mesha's Organization

As noted above, the four guilds are not the true power behind most assassinations in Dyvers. The real power is held by Mesha, a human female of extraordinary skill and cunning, together with her two associates, Fenthril and Koroku. Together with these two partners, she directs 'her' guilds as she pleases. In effect each of the four guilds form the branches of a larger organization, each branch with its own area of expertise. Mesha is acting guildmaster of all four of the guilds, although she does so in different guises.

History

When Mesha first arrived in Dyvers, most assassins working in the area operated alone. There were three budding organizations; the Shadow Daggers, the Silver Vipers and the Night Skulls. Mesha and her two companions attracted some promising solitary assassins from Dyvers and the surrounding lands and created both The Eye and the Veiled Knives. After building up these two organizations and establishing a reputation, she turned her attention to the other three guilds. Mesha infiltrated the Silver Vipers and Night Skulls. With the Silver Vipers she eventually became guildmaster by executing daring and highly visible jobs with finesse and style and hinting at her (nonexistent) relation to the Naelax royal court. The Society of the Silver Viper was already an organization filled with individualistic spoiled brats, but she professionalised it, primarily by ritualizing some elements of the organization. She took over the Night Skulls by murdering the acting guildmaster and killing every member that opposed her ascendancy - a show of brute force that she needs to repeat now and then. With all four guilds under her control she began a war of attrition against the Shadow Daggers, and eliminated them to a man. The solitary assassins that still remained in Dyvers either joined up with one of the four guilds or left the city.

Rule

Mesha's grip on the four current guilds is not one of iron, on the contrary. In her role as Guildmaster her involvement in the day-to-day affairs of the guild is minimal. She does have to approve of any assignment taken by another guild member, and she tries to make sure that the guild best suited to the job will eventually

get it. She also has to right to refuse aspiring members, but rarely makes use of it. She thinks it better to 'sacrifice' unfit members to the ongoing guild wars or to the authorities, which pleases everyone.

Mesha cultivates the differences that exist between the guilds. Such polarization is useful to her because it makes it less likely that members of separate guilds will contact each other. Additionally each guild will expand in their own area of expertise, making a variety of missions possible. When the guildmembers despise the other guild's style and culture it is unlikely that they will ever sue for peace or try to join forces, which is something Mesha dreads. Guild wars often erupt after incidents that are arranged by her; she has ordered two guilds to kill the same mark on more than one occasion, for example.

Mesha's policies about freelance assassins in Dyvers is clear: she leaves transients alone, unless they interfere with her plans. Assassinating someone is a sure means of interference. The ones that overstay their welcome in Dyvers will either be killed, or forced to join one of the existing guilds. Mesha carefully selects which guild contacts the outsider, depending on the skills the outsider displays. She is still unsure about one man though: The Phantom. Mesha both dreads and admires his this man and his reputation, and she is still trying to make up her mind whether she should kill him or take him as a lover. Mesha only has contact with the senior members of each guild, junior members are not allowed to see the guildmaster.

Fenthril and Koroku

Mesha would have difficulty doing was she has done without the help of her two associates; Koroku and Fenthril. Fenthril is a mind flayer, and his primary responsibility is to gather intelligence and 'persuade' people that need to take some action. Koroku is a kenku. He often serves as an infiltrator and sometimes doubles for Mesha using his shapechange power when she is needed at more than one place at the same time. Mesha does not trust the two completely, but the they haven't let her down yet, which is better than many others she once knew.

Current Problems

With the power and membership of the four guilds in ascendancy, Mesha is beginning to realize that she might have overstepped her limits. It's getting harder and harder to properly control all four guilds and several recent developments have not improved the situation. It might be only a matter of time before one or more of the guilds break away from her rule. If she were ever killed or disabled, the guild wars would rage unchecked. A few important recent developments are detailed below.

The Priest of Nerull: The Night Skulls have admitted a minor priest of Nerull as new junior member. Wandering the Flanaess after fleeing the Horned Society, this priest had assisted some other juniors and gotten them out of trouble on more than one occasion. His popularity was such that Mesha could not easily refuse his admittance to the Night Skull's ranks. She dislikes the priest and fears that he will turn the group into a religious sect.

The Scarlet Brotherhood: Mesha has become concerned about a member of the Veiled Knives that was recently elevated to senior member. He has been advocating some plans that intend to make the Veiled Knives the sole guild in Dyvers, either taking over or destroying the other guilds. He is Suloise and has taken to some long absences from the Veiled Knives of late, which is highly irregular for its members. Fenthil has tried to read his thoughts on several occasions, but was blocked by an unknown force. Mesha now suspects that the man is an operative of the Scarlet Brotherhood and she is not happy about it. The man covers his tracks well, and she has been unable to lay a trap for him without exposing herself.

The Magister: Larissa Hunter, the current Magister of Dyvers, is said to consider a 'war on crime' in an attempt to lure trade away from Greyhawk and into Dyvers. Crime has increased dramatically since the Greyhawk Wars due to the influx of undesirable elements and an increased competition for resources. Larissa thinks that now the threat of war at Dyver's frontier has receded, the time to act against this crime has come. Mesha fears that Larissa's plans will be bad for business at best, and will expose her organization at worst. If it looks like the Magister will continue with her plans, Mesha will try to influence the members of the Dyvers Council at first with subtle threats, and assassinate supporting members as final measure.

The Thieves Guild: Thieves guilds are organizations with little power in Dyvers due to their status as rogue guilds. Many thieves and other criminals operate alone or in small groups. In the last few months one of these groups has been growing in power and has even coerced some freelance thieves into joining them. The leadership has their eye on the lucrative assassin's market and they perceive the four guilds as fractioned and weakened by the guild wars. They are planning to expand their sphere of operations and might try to push out one or more of the four assassin's guilds. This is a case where Mesha's strategy of appearing weak is threatening to backfire on her, and she is unsure of how to deal with this new threat.

Adventure Hooks

A few adventure hooks that can be used to involve the PCs into guild business or the activities of Mesha and her associates are provided below.

Tricked: The PCs will walk into Koroku in a bar or tavern (most probably in the Festival Quarter). Koroku will take an interest in them and might ask them to join in a game or offer them a drink. He will then try to play a practical joke on them. This joke might involve a small monetary loss, but it will certainly make the players look stupid in front of a large crowd. If the players are insulted or want to regain their money and go after Koroku, they might find more than they bargained for. Mesha will protect the kenku and might order one of the guilds to eliminate the troublesome PCs.

The Brain Eater: Tudor, a wealthy merchant, has recently lost his brother. His body was found in the Thieves Quarter with its skull cracked open and its brain missing. Tudor knows that his brother loved to slum in the seedier parts of Dyvers, but he is determined to have whoever murdered his brother caught. He has pleaded to the authorities to look into the matter, but they suspect that his brother was involved in some shady activities and got what was coming to him, and they consider the matter closed. He knows his brother bore a special signet ring, which was missing from his body. If someone could find the ring, they might be able to find the murderers. In actuality Tudor's brother was mugged by a local low-life who stole his ring. Some time later Fenthil came upon the unconscious body and could not resist the urge to snack on the man's brain, figuring that someone else would be held responsible for the crime and that a speak with dead spell would be unable to identify him. The lowlife that stole the ring saw the mind flayer eat the man's brain and he is now in hiding, afraid to sell even the signet ring he stole.

Stopping a War: One of the officials of the Dyvers Council has been murdered. Accusations are rampant between the other council members as some incriminating evidence has been found in the official's home that implicates another council member - it is still unknown who. Larissa likes to hire some expert investigators that are not involved politically in Dyvers, and she has her eye on the PCs. If they find enough leads or even solve the murder, they will be richly reward by Larissa and the city. In truth, the assassination was ordered by Mesha and the Eye performed it and placed the (fake) evidence. Mesha hopes to incite the council members and thereby stopping the proposed 'war on crime'. The council member that was murdered was a passionate advocate for the war. While the

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Eye did the initial job, another guild (such as the Night Skulls) might take on the investigating PC's if they dig too deep. In addition some members of the council are overeager to point out their innocence to the PC's and might even take the opportunity to point an accusing finger at other council member(s), further complicating the matter.

Poisoning: Under the influence of the priest of Nerull, some junior members of the Night Skulls have taken to poisoning a few wine jars to get at their mark. Twenty people were killed (including the mark) by the poison before it was discovered. The authorities and the relatives of the people killed are furious, and a substantial reward has been offered to those who are instrumental in capturing the people responsible for the poisoning. Mesha abhors the act of the Night Skulls, and if the PC's investigate she will try to steer them in the direction of the priest of Nerull in the hope that they will eliminate him.

Illegal Assassination: If one of the PCs is an assassin and he operates in Dyvers without Mesha's approval, thinking the guild wars will provide him cover, he will be contacted by one of the senior guild members and offered to join, leave or get killed. This might include a test of loyalty with the Veiled Knives, a test of strength with the Night Skulls and a test of wit and style with the Society of the Silver Viper.

Incriminated: Mesha sometimes uses the guild wars to incriminate troublesome innocents. If the PCs repeatedly foil some of her missions, she will try to plant appropriate evidence on the PCs or their places of residence. She then informs the authorities as well as the separate guilds, accusing them of being infiltrators for another guild. While the authorities probably want to lock up and question the PCs, the guilds will be out to murder them.

Sword Training: Mesha is looking for an expert wielder of the shortsword in order to train with him or her. She likes to increase her proficiency with the weapon, but she does not trust local instructors. Therefore she has been on the lookout for somebody from outside who is able to handle a shortsword (is specialized). She will pay that person well, but will let him or her swear a vow of secrecy in addition to signing a contract. She might even go so far as instructing a member of The Eye to follow the PC that instructs her.

The Veiled Mage: The Veiled Knives are looking for a new wizard. If the party includes a wizard that has enough skill and a reputation to go with it, they might invite him or her to join. Before the wizard is accepted as a junior member, he or she must first fulfill a special mission. The

mission is arranged by the Veiled Knives, and includes a test of loyalty in order to flush out imposters.

NPC Descriptions

Mesha

Human female, dual classed 16th-level fighter / 7th-level mage

AC 4; MV 12; hp 74, THAC0 0 and -3, #AT 5/2 (shortsword), +1 per round (dagger); Dmg 1d6+10 (short sword) 1d4+14 (dagger); SA spells; SD spells; MR nil; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 17; SZ M (5'9"); ML 16; AL LE.

Spells (4/3/2/1) Mesha commonly has the following spells memorized: *charm person, hypnotism, sleep, unseen servant, forget, knock, invisibility or rope trick, non-detection, spectral force, dimension door*. She has a few more spells in her spell books, but her list is not very extensive.

Weapon proficiencies: shortsword, garotte, whip, dagger, spec. ambidexterity, spec. dagger, composite shortbow, quarterstaff.

Nonweapon proficiencies: modern languages (common), read/write (common), etiquette, swimming, disguise, blind fighting, spellcraft, forgery, reading lips.

Equipment: Mesha's equipment varies and is dependent on the kind of mission she is on. She usually carries an assortment of weapons and other useful items, including seemingly innocuous things as hair pins that can serve as daggers and perfume bottles that contain a sweet-smelling but extremely potent ingestive poison.

Magical Items: *amulet of proof against detection and location, bracers of defense AC 6, dagger +3 'frost brand', girdle of frost giant strength, robe of blending, short sword of wounding, slippers of spider climbing.*

Background: Mesha has seen 29 winters and possesses dark, glossy straight hair that falls to her shoulders. Her steely grey eyes contrast starkly with her otherwise delicate and innocent-looking face. It is immediately apparent that her nose has been broken many times over. While not on a mission Mesha favors simple outfits, often brown or grey of color. If on a mission she will wear whatever the mission requires. Mesha is normal of build and she generally moves with confidence, although she sometimes 'tightens up' under duress. During such circumstances she moves as if she is expecting to be lashed by a whip at any moment; a holdover from her youth.

Mesha was born to parents of the old Oeridian blood in Rel Astra. Her parents took care of her until she was eleven. During these years she learned to fish, a hobby she still enjoys but rarely has the time for nowadays. When she was eleven her parents sold her into the Overking's harem for monetary and political gains. Mesha remained a part of the Overking's harem for five years before she managed to escape. She still wears a brand depicting the Naelax family standard upon her right thigh, marking her as a possession of the Overking. After her escape she fled north, adventuring in Nyrond and the Pale. When exploring in and below the Griff Mountains, she met Fenthril and Koroku, and they have been with her since then.

Mesha's youth has left its marks on her. Her parents were harsh but not sadistic, they were just very practical people and when they saw that she was worth more to them if they sold her to the Overking they did so. While her innocent-looking beauty brought a premium from the Overking's slave traders, the years among the mad Ivid had a great impact on her. She is sensitive about her 'history', and if anyone makes a remark about her brand, Mesha will go out of her way to kill him or her. She acquired many of the skills she now possesses during her enslavement by the Overking. The brutal treatment that was afforded her taught her the importance of reading lips and etiquette. By watching and participating in the dark rituals practiced by the Overking and his servants she even managed to learn the basics of spellcraft.

Mesha is a survivor. She has outlived the countless other harem-girls and even managed to escape from slavery. She has learned to take her losses and move on, instead of hanging on to hopeless causes. Although she still burns with hatred for the Overking, his servants and her parents, she has long ago given up the idea of exacting revenge on them - she thinks it isn't worth the effort and the risk, and it would only cause her more grief.

During her adventuring days Mesha developed some of her magical talent. She had seen the power the courtiers of the Overking wielded through magic and sought to emulate them. Her current busy schedule has not allowed her to develop them further, and it is probable that she never will. She still bears a healthy respect for wizards, but she despises those who use priestly magic. Mesha scorns religious fanatics because she cannot grasp their motivations, or at least, she is not able to control them properly.

Among the Night Skulls she is known as Darkan, a middle-aged male of great strength and harsh manner. The Society of the Silver Viper knows her as Princess Kirala of Naelax, aka the Silver Rose. The members of the Eye simply call her the First, none of them have seen her face. The Veiled Knives know her as guildmistress Oderin.

With the problems increasing, Mesha realizes that she might have overstepped her limits to control the guilds. She is still contemplating what to do, but the current affairs put much pressure on her time. She might decide one day in the not too distant future that four guilds are too much to control and that one of them must go. Currently the most likely candidate for extermination in an all-out guild war are the Night Skulls. If either Koroku, Fenthril or both are somehow lost to Mesha, this process will accelerate and a guild war might erupt that will go beyond her ability to control it.

Fenthril

Mind Flayer (Illithid)

AC 5; MV 12; HD 8+4; hp 51, THAC0 11, #AT 4 (tentacles); Dmg 2 + special; SA mind blast, psionic powers; SD psionic powers; MR 90%; SZ M (6'2"); ML 15; AL LE.

Weapon proficiencies: dagger, quarterstaff

Nonweapon proficiencies: cooking (brains); undercommon, ancient history, many esoteric subjects.

Special Abilities: *mind blast* (save versus wands or be stunned for 3d4 rounds, 5'-20' wide and 60' long cone); when playing without psionics, Fenthril can use the following arcane powers at will, one per round, as a 7th lvl mage: *suggestion, charm person, charm monster, ESP, levitate, astral projection* and *plane shift*; tentacle attack: when all four of Fenthril's tentacles hit, the victim's brain is reached and he is instantly killed.

Psionic Summary: PSP 326; 4/5/15; EW, II/ All; Score = 18; Psychokinesis - Devotions: control body, levitation / Psychometabolism - Sciences: body equilibrium / Psychoportation - Sciences: probability travel, teleport; Devotions: astral projections, dimension door / Telepathy - Sciences: domination, mindlink, psychic crush. Devotions: awe, contact, ESP, ego whip, id insinuation, inflict pain, invincible foes, invisibility, psionic blast, post hypnotic suggestion, truthhear.

Equipment: belt, pouches, a few glass jars with pickled chicken brains (his snacks), several ornamental daggers, sandals.

Magical Items: robe of scintillating colors, dagger +1, +2 versus enchanted creatures, bag of devouring.

Background: Fenthril looks like a typical illithid. He stands 5'10" tall and his mauve skin glistens with slime. His robe has a deep, dark green texture and Fenthril gen-

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erally wears an hood of matching color to cover his face. He usually clasps his tentacles together so that they fall down his chest and are hidden beneath his robe. His red-colored fingers and hands bear marks that look like some kind of ritual scarring. He never speaks but the faint hissing that he sometimes issues is unnerving to many. If he communicates with anyone, it is through telepathy.

Fenthril is an enigma. Nobody, not even even Mesha, knows what dark reasons and motives prompted this illithid to leave his domain and live in the surface world. Mesha suspects that he had some kind of falling out with his fellows, but she doesn't know for sure. Still, it is very unusual for a mind flayer to wander the surface world and his reasons must be compelling indeed.

For obvious reasons Fenthril always roams about during the night, when it is dark enough not to hurt his sensitive eyes. He tries to keep his true identity hidden from all meets, or uses his special mental abilities to influence the memories of those he meets if this is not possible. There are some people in Dyvers who have seen his true form and a rumor of a purple brain-sucking monster circulates in the Thieves Quarter. His identity is not seriously threatened by these rumors as the authorities dismiss these as drunkard's tales. Fenthril craves for fresh brains and he has occasionally succumbed to lobotomizing a drunkard or vagabond. Until now he has been careful to avoid detection. Mesha supplies him with fresh brains, but those are usually of animals, and Fenthril prefers brains from creatures that possess a higher degree of intelligence than cows.

When Mesha met Fenthril he already owned his *robe of scintillating colors*. It is a highly unlikely item for a mind flayer and Fenthril loathes to use it, but will do so in extremis. Mesha suspects the robe to be linked to the problems that drove Fenthril out of the underdark. Fenthril uses his deep purple *bag of devouring* when he needs to eliminate evidence. He never carries it with him on other occasions.

Koroku

Kenku

AC 5; MV 6, Fl 18 (D); HD 6; hp 37, THAC0 15, #AT 3 (claw/claw/beak) or 1 (*scimitar*+2); Dmg 1d4/2d4/1d6 or 1d8+2; SA spells; SD spells; MR 30%; SZ M (5'9"); Abilities (appr.) Str 13, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 11, Cha 15; ML 14; AL N.

Weapon proficiencies: scimitar, quarterstaff, shortsword.

Nonweapon proficiencies: gaming, disguise, reading lips, read/write (common, kenku), sign language, direction sense, blind-fighting.

Special Abilities: Koroku can use the following powers

at will, one per round: *magic missile* (1/day), *shocking grasp* (1/day) *invisibility*, *call lightning* (1/day), *non-detection* (1/day), *shape change* (1/month, maximum duration of 7 days). Koroku can communicate by telepathy. His ability to disguise himself allows him to pass as human up to 50% of the time and he possesses the following thieving skills: PP 45%, OL 40%, FT 35%, MS 35%, HS 25%, HN 15%, CW 75%, RL 20%. **Equipment:** belt, pouches (holding 4 pp. 38 gp. 17 sp. and 9 cp.), a set of dice, decks of playing cards, a bottle of liquor, several small knives, lockpicks, 20' silk rope and a miscellany of other small items.

Magical Items: *scimitar* +2, *staff of command* (19 charges), *potion of gaseous form*.

Background: Koroku is a kenku, a bidepal humanoid bird with both arms and wings. Koroku has brilliant yellow eyes and his brown deck of feathers is interspersed with a few black ones. During the day Koroku likes to dress in highly visible colors. He prefers the combinations of bright yellow and black, bright red with yellow or sky-blue and purple. During his missions he is not as conspicuous, and wears gray or dull green outfits.

Koroku is a talented kenku and was considered a leader in his community. He got fed up with living among his brethren and went away to seek challenges and excitement in the human communities. Mesha was the first person he met outside of his community and he forged a bond with her. He has come to respect her power and intelligence although he finds her methods a bit heavy-handed at times. His power to shapechange has been vital to Mesha on several occasions.

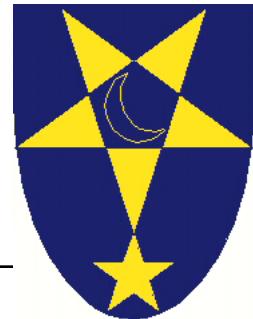
Koroku is in Dyvers to have fun. He spends a lot of money giving parties and likes playing practical jokes upon unwitting citizens. Koroku has a weakness for expensive and rare liquor and sometimes drinks himself into a stupor. The authorities know him as one who causes some minor mischief (such as running illegal gambling rackets) but consider him only a nuisance, not a real threat to the city. Although he likes living on the edge, he has managed until now not to pull tricks that would endanger Mesha. He knows that she would kill him if he would expose her or her plot.

Koroku also knows the sign language of the drow and can also communicate fluently in the thieves cant. He uses his *staff of command* to escape from situations that have gone bad. He cannot use the staff's plant controlling ability, though.

The City of Hardby

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Cartography by James A. S. Muldowney III, MD, and Nathan Irving



The City of Hardby

Planting 591 CY

Ruler: Myriana Pharast, the twenty eighth Gynarch (Despotrix) of Hardby

Population: 21,000+ (city), 12,000+ (surrounding areas)

Demi-Humans: Rare (elves, gnomes, dwarves)

Humanoids: None

Resources: Fishing, Agriculture, Spices, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Copper, Gems (Pearls), Jewelry

Geography

Hardby is a deepwater port located on Hard Bay, a small cove just northeast of the Woolly Bay at the mouth of the Selintan River's east bank. Hardby's south side overlooks the Woolly Bay from precipitous cliffs approximately fifty feet above the water's surface. There are numerous shoals guarding the southern coast of Hardby, necessitating four lighthouses that stud the coast. Also of interest is that this town sits atop several caves and caverns. Geothermal springs pockmark Hardby and are put to use in the North End and Trade Town districts.

The areas surrounding Hardby are relatively flat plains noted for their unusually rich soil. The fields within a few miles of the city have been converted for use as farmland. Just east of Hard Bay is a small forest that supplies firewood and lumber to the city. The Gynarch restricts the amount of timber harvested from this forest, and aggressively reforests the area. Because of this policy she has become a close ally of the rangers and priestesses of Ehlonna, who maintain a Forest House in this wood. A second, larger forest one mile northeast of city is guarded by druids devoted to Beory. Timber good for shipworking is harvested in limited quantities from this forest, respecting the wishes of the aforementioned priests.

The River Road, which starts in Greyhawk, ends in the southwestern corner of Hardby after traveling through several small towns. Just north of Hardby along the River Road lie Greatrock and Arok's Landing. The Hardby-Orz road leaves Hardby to the east and travels through Orz, changing into a trail five miles from Megas Landing, further southeast. Manor Road leaves Hardby's

Trade Town district traveling north, and after dividing a mile out of town, ends at both the Gynarch's Manor and the Hardfield Manor

Southeast of Hardby are the hills and mountains of the Abbor-Alz. Even further to the southeast lies the Bright Desert. Many ruins, dungeons, mines, and lairs exist in this area. The most notable include the ruined keep of Galap Dreidel, the pits of Azak Zil, the ruins of Ogremeet and four mysterious Star Cairns. The lost Crypt of Lyzandred is also rumored to exist in the Abbor-Alz, but has yet to be located.

Weather

A coastal town on the Woolly Bay, Hardby is warmed by "bay effects" similar to the lake effects that communities on the Nyr Dyv know. This creates cooler weather in the summertime and mild temperatures in the autumn and winter times than that experience by inland communities. Cool winds usually blow inland during the afternoons, but may come from any direction at night. While snow is very rare here due to the Bright Desert, the winters are often rainy. Woolly Bay never freezes, though on rare occasions, ice forms along its shores, forcing the fishermen and sailors to free their ships with long polearms before going out to sea during the dark months of the year.

History

The Gynarchy's propensity for recording every detail of its reign, coupled with the high concentration of bards for a town of its size have resulted in the fact that Hardby's history is perhaps the most well documented in the Domain, including Greyhawk.

The town of Hardby has been ruled by a dynasty of female mages for well over eight centuries. These wizards have a magical heritage that dates back to the original Suloise people who settled in the Domain from the ancient Suel Imperium after the Rain of Colorless Fire. A cabal of Suloise witches was among the émigrés who migrated to the Wild Coast. These women were herbalists, diviners, conjurors and alchemists whose experiments in the art were in harmony with nature. Because their

philosophy was not unlike that of the natives of the Coast, they had the opportunity to add the knowledge of the local Flannae shaman and witchdoctors to their own lore.

Over the decades, the Suloise witches dwindled in number. Those that studied the art simply dabbled, brewing simple potions and casting minor hexes and protection spells. This decline in the practice of the art was only in part due to the laborious demands required to live on the Wild Coast. It was also due to the suspicion the men of the Wild Coast societies had towards the supernatural arts as they slowly forgot their Suloise heritage while carving themselves a new home in the wilderness.

About 278 years before the crowning of the first Overking of Aerdy, Ena Norbe, the young Suloise widow of a wealthy gem trader, hired a small merchant ship, and with a group of henchmen and attendants, left her home in Safeton (then Safe Town). The reason for her departure from the only home she knew was that Ena Norbe was a wizard who wanted to pursue her craft in peace. While she had the financial resources to continue her studies, the atmosphere in Safe Town was one of suspicion towards spellcraft, especially towards those who openly revered Wee Jas, as Ena Norbe did.

After traveling north up the Wild Coast and across the mouth of the Selintan, the mage found safe harbor in a secluded bay just east of the river's mouth. Legend holds that Ena Norbe flew ashore, frightening away the local Suloise-Flan fishermen. Ena Norbe cleared the area, and then laid claim to the bay, naming it Norbe Harbor. After making peace with the native people, they assisted her hirelings in building a small village and tower. That tower still exists today as part of the Great Wall. The initial settlement of Norbe Harbor was not without its share of difficulties. The settlement suffered through a plague and several heavy storms. Because of these challenges, the village was soon renamed Hard Bay.

In -276 CY, Ena Norbe soon took as her second husband the captain of her guard. Not long after she had the first of her six daughters, and within a year established herself as the Gynarch of Hard Bay. Although she was an autocrat, her rule was far gentler than that of her Wild Coast counterparts. Her swift and brutal responses to pirate attacks on the local shipping lanes, and Hardby itself gave her a reputation of being cold and ruthless. Knowing that this reputation would decrease the frequency of future raids, Ena Norbe did nothing to contradict it. While the Gynarch had a fearsome reputation abroad, the citizens of Hardby, who like herself were a fierce and aggressive people, loved her.

As her settlement flourished and became a small village, her daughters came of age, learned spellcraft and took soldiers and prominent merchants as their husbands. Interestingly enough, they too gave birth exclusively to

daughters. Before her death in -255 CY, Ena Norbe created a town charter that stated that only her daughters were allowed to rule Hardby and own land. Ena then distributed her lands among her daughters as small fiefs. This charter was unchallenged by the people of Hardby largely out of fear of the Gynarch's spellcraft. Landholding was not the only path towards wealth in Hardby, however. Because of the excellent fishing, the rich land, and its strategic location at the mouth of the Selintan, the people of Hardby flourished as fishermen, farmers and merchants. The tradesmen and artisans of Hardby were quite skilled in their craft and traded their goods with Greyhawk and the towns on the Wild Coast. This trade was facilitated by the fact the Hard Bay was deep enough to allow both large and small ships to make Hardby a port of call.

Over the next two and a half centuries, Hardby grew into a walled town. The Gynarchy remained unchallenged. With each successive generation, more and more descendants of the original Gynarch were born and learned the art. And with each successive generation the amount of land owned by each heiress grew smaller and smaller. Furthermore, the merchant class flourished. While the Gynarchs managed to retain the title of leadership through the strength of their magic and the mystique of their court, much of the day to day life in the city was controlled by the newly developing guilds. The daughters of the Gynarch married the wealthiest of the artisans, tradesmen and military officers. Over a period of, time this lead to a stratification of the Hardby society. The noble families that were born of this time period remain in Hardby today, living off of the taxes they collect on their lands.

Contemporary to this wane in the strength of the Gynarchy, in the year 4 CY, an Oeridian military officer from the Great Kingdom named Maret Nial conquered the Village of Greyhawk. During his reign, the River Road between Greyhawk and Hardby was built. The construction of this road lead to increased overland trade between the two towns and created a new ally for the Gynarch.

In 41 CY, thirty years after the completion of the River Road, Ganz Nial, the son of Maret Nial, married Maro Kinsla, the eldest daughter of the Gynarch of Hardby. With this union emerged a bond between the two cities that endured for five and a half centuries. Many times, this relationship between Greyhawk and Hardby has been tested and strained. The cities have always been rivals in trade, culture and politics, but they have never been military rivals. The relationship between the two cities could almost be described as sibling rivalry. While they snipe and bicker with each other, they always come to each other's aid when danger is near.

Two years later, the spring rains signaled the arrival of humanoid raiders from the Abbor-Alz to Hardby.

Unlike the unorganized springtime raids of years past, the raiders were organized, and had several Oeridian mages leading them. Hardby's walls and own mages were able to repel them, but among the casualties was Maro Kinsla's younger sister. Maro was still bedridden with the birth her first child, a son. Ganz gathered 7 mages around him; he also appropriated magical items from the citizens of Hardby and Greyhawk that might assist the cause. This group of eight mages then struck the humanoid army and their mage leaders. Their use of powerful magic, especially the use of horrifying illusions, routed the humanoids. After breaking the armies, Ganz returned to Hardby and put a price on the head of the six mages who lead the humanoids. By the summer of 44 CY, the last of the 6 mages was killed by a group of the many adventurers who had come to make a home in Hardby.

The marital alliance between the second Landgraf of the Selintan and the tenth Gynarch did more for the Gynarchy than create a new ally and bring about an influx of adventurers into Hardby. Ganz was a notable bureaucrat. He created accounting procedures in Greyhawk that greatly improved governmental and business practices in that city. His wife, Maro, adopted these practices after she became Gynarch in 49 CY, using them to help consolidate some of the political power that the Gynarchy lost over the previous 250 years.

Stability was the hallmark of the years after Maro's reign. The number of overland raids decreased. Those humanoid and bandit raids that did fall upon the town were easily repelled by the combined forces of the town guard, patrols from Greyhawk and the increased population of adventurers and mercenaries that called Hardby their home between expeditions.

The city began to grow to the east, beyond its great wall. The twelfth Gynarch, Karelia Laandral, moved out of the congested North End, and constructed a tower just outside the south wall. Karelia's tower has since become the Gynarch's Library. She also had constructed a proper courthouse and town hall. The fact that she built these structures outside of the city walls demonstrated her confidence in the safety her lands from overland raids, (though some sages believe that she felt that there were greater threats from pirates from the Wild Coast at this time and wanted the whole of the town between her and them). Regardless of why the Gynarch moved, for geographic reasons, this new quarter of town took the name of the East End.

Following suit, the smiths and metalworkers gathered in the northern areas outside the walls of the city, where a geothermal spring and underground lava flow had been discovered. These were harnessed for their use in smelting and metalwork. Other tradesmen gathered there as soon after. Because of the aggregation of a

majority of the artisans and smiths in this new district, it soon took the name Trade Town.

The Gynarchs continued their reign, and did not expand their reach beyond the local area until the reign of the sixteenth Gynarch, Jik Jonnosh (205-220 CY). Her mother, Orna Effaj, was a rather weak Gynarch whose interests lay more in the arts and theatre than in ruling the city. The frequency and severity of pirate attacks and raids increased significantly during her reign. In fact, a large portion of Fishtown was burned to the ground in one such raid.

Jik Effaj married Jerro Jonnosh, the admiral of the Hardby marines, learning from him a great deal about the martial arts and seacraft. In 205CY, Jik succeeded her mother as Gynarch. After five years of aggressive naval build up, she declared war on the pirates who threatened her city. Instead of simply defending Hardby against raids, she took the war to the villages that were home to the pirates. Through the use of naval, land and magical force, she managed to occupy several villages north of Safeton, and claimed all land ten leagues inland of the hamlets. While Jik's navy continued to battle against forces from Safeton, Fax, Highport and the Pomarj, the pirates of the northern Wild Coast ceased their raids (largely due to the systematic commandeering of any deep-sea watercraft by the Hardby Marines). After five years of occupation, Gynarch Jonnosh released the villages from her thrall because the expense of occupying them became too great. She died soon after from a plague that swept through Hardby in 220 CY, after a reign of fifteen years.

Her daughter Alya succeeded Jik as Gynarch after her untimely death. Alya was only 9 years of age at the time, and the responsibility thrust upon her was too much for any child to handle. While her father did his best to protect her, her court was rife with corruption and intrigue. Many of her courtiers were trying to influence her for their own selfish ends. Unfortunately, Jerro Jonnosh's ship met its end in a storm within a few years of Alya taking her seat on the Throne of Wood. As Alya matured into adolescence, she delved into the darker aspects of magecraft. It was her hope that she could make herself a powerful mage more quickly this manner. With power, she thought, it would be easier for her to control her court. Alya also hoped that she could use the necromantic arts to contact the spirits of previous Gynarchs and others for the advice she could not rely upon from her courtiers. Her magic and the loyalty of the Hardby Marines allowed her to rule for about ten years before the price for her magic was to be paid.

The seed of insanity planted itself in her mind and Alya slowly became decadent, twisted, and corrupt. By the time her court realized she had gone mad, it was almost too late. Upon the advice of one of her spirits, she came to believe that the land itself was the root of all evil

because it was dominated by men and male society. In order to purify Hardby of the taint of man, she decided that she had to free it from the land, creating a floating island city. Fortunately, one of Alya's cousins, Talea Pharast, was groomed to replace her as Gynarch in the event of the young Gynarch's early demise. Alya never married, and this cousin was next in line for the throne. Talea uncovered Alya's plan, and with the assistance of the Hardby Marines, who had become aware of Alya's growing madness, Talea moved against her cousin. While Talea only wanted to arrest Alya, confining her until she could find priestesses who could cure her cousin's madness, Alya became violent. A battle ensued in which Alya summoned otherworldly creatures to assist her. Alya, the fiends and many members of the court perished in the battle.

Talea Pharast, the first of the Pharast's who have ruled Hardby to this day, took her seat upon the Throne of Wood in the year 234 CY. She ruled Hardby well. The first twenty years of her long reign were uneventful. While many credit this to her wisdom, many more credit the Hardby people and courtiers for their desire for a quiet reign after the tumultuous rule of the previous two Gynarchs. The rule of Talea was notable for the rise of a new industry in Hardby, the salt trade. A pair of very clever spice traders devised a novel method for extracting salt from the water of the Woolly Bay. The demand for salt and salted meats in Greyhawk City brought a great deal of new revenue into Hardby.

In the 20th year of the 18th Gynarch's rule, Furyondy declared independence. In an attempt to replace the tribute the Great Kingdom lost, and in order to prevent the towns of the domain to declare formal independence, the Overking sent troops to occupy the area surrounding Hardby. Talea's people were not heavily taxed by the Overking's demands for increased tribute because of the income generated from the spice trade. After the Overking withdrew most of his troops from the domain by 261 CY, only a single garrison remained, stationed outside of Hardby. Enterprising citizens of Hardby found that they were able to recover some of the tribute the city paid the Overking from the wages of the soldiers by building a market and several pubs near the garrison's keep. A small village sprung up around the garrison and eventually took the name of Orz, after the proprietor of Orz's Pub, the first building constructed in the new village.

The Overking withdrew the last of his troops from Orz in 277 CY. Orz continued to survive after the departure of the soldiers, largely as a farming community. Over the years, various troops would occupy the keep, sometimes troops from Hardby, sometimes troops from Greyhawk. Orz was formally recognized as a separate village within the lands of Hardby in 361 CY, the one-hundredth anniversary of its inception.

The daughters of the house of Pharast continued to rule Hardby well. The town thrived due to its diverse economy and strong ties to trade. Of note, the Rhennee folk purchased the shallowest docks in Hardby in the early 300s. This was a coup for both the Rhennee and the Hardby folk. The Rhennee are the only traders who do not have to pay docking tariffs along the Selintan. As part of their arrangement with the people of Hardby, they transport local goods at a lower price in trade for not paying property tax on their docks. These are also the only docks owned by the Rhennee in any port along the Selintan.

The following two hundred and fifty years of rule were hallmark by the stability imposed by the Pharast dynasty. Each Gynarch groomed her daughters for the day when they would be seated upon the Throne of Wood. They also made sure that there were a few trustworthy allies in the court. This was done so that the problems that affected the court of Alya Jonnosh would never occur again in the event of the untimely demise of a reigning Gynarch.

A tradition that changed with the Pharast dynasty is that the Gynarchs, in the tradition of Ena Norbe, did not take their husband's names upon marriage. The problems with pirates, humanoids, weather and plague were mostly mild and rarely of consequence. The arts were sponsored heavily by the Gynarchs and the nobles and many artists, bards and performers came to Hardby. The city was beautified and several new priesthoods constructed shrines and temples in Hardby. During this time, the Gynarchs constructed a new manor about five miles north of town, and moved out of the city proper.

The most notable Pharast to rule Hardby since Talea is the late Gynarch Nazar Pharast. Gynarch Nazar, who died in her sleep during Needfest of 591, ruled Hardby for 47 years. Only the second Gynarch of the Pharast family to leave no direct heiress, she named her young niece, Myriana as her successor. Gynarch Nazar ruled since 543 CY. During her lifetime there had been much excitement in the Flanaess, and the Gynarch was most noted for not allowing this excitement to spill into the borders of her town. During the Greyhawk Wars, Lord Mayor Nero Gasgal enlarged his army and took control of what is now called the Domain of Greyhawk. This action was not challenged by the other cities of the Domain. They felt that if they were unified, the threat posed by the Orcish Empire of the Pomarj seemed less imposing. Nazar, who always greatly disliked the Lord Mayor, found an opportunity to exploit the occupation to Hardby's advantage.

As has been well documented through out Hardby's history, the Hardby Marines are the premier naval force in the Woolly Bay. After the wars ended, the importance of both military and merchant naval traffic between the nations on the Azure Sea and the Nyr Dyv increased. Greyhawk City did not have the naval resources

to patrol both mouths of the Selintan, and the coast of the Nyr Dyu. Gynarch Nazar convinced the Lord Mayor's cabinet that it would prove judicious that the Hardby Marines, under the control and expense of the Hardby government, would provide a military presence in the Woolly Bay on behalf of the City of Greyhawk. In exchange, the Greyhawk army was allowed to have their infantry occupy the lands within Hardby's sphere of influence.

As a result of the Hardby Marines being considered a division of the Greyhawk army, Hardby and its neighboring villages did not have to pay Greyhawk a tribute to offset the cost of the expanding militia, since they were underwriting the cost of the Hardby Marines. While one would argue that this was, if anything, an even trade, the reality was that Hardby now had a buffer between them and the humanoids and bandits of the Abbor-Alz. The people of Hardby and Orz would stand to profit from trade with the soldiers from Greyhawk, a profit that would not be paid back to Greyhawk in the form of tribute. Furthermore, the only price that Hardby had to pay was that the Hardby Marines would continue to patrol the Woolly Bay in the same manner that they had for the previous six centuries.

After the political climate of the Flanaess stabilized, and it became apparent who was taking advantage of whom with the new military alliance, Hardby began, once again, to pull away from Greyhawk's rule, showing more independence with its decision-making. It was this independence that drove an even greater political rift between the Gynarch and Lord Mayor. If Nero Gasgal were a student of history, he would have been more judicious in accepting the recommendations of his cabinet without further concessions from the Gynarch. He would also have realized that any dependence Hardby might show towards Greyhawk would only be temporary. This is because the people of Hardby invariably see any alliance with Greyhawk as a matter of convenience, to be cast off when no longer needed.

Like the best of her predecessors Gynarch Nazar had managed to avoid having to deal with politics on a continental scale. The Gynarchy's importance in local politics still is significant, and Gynarch Nazar will be missed greatly. It is hoped that her niece will continue to run Hardby in the proud tradition of her predecessors. Isolation and self-determination were two of the founding principles of Ena Norbe's village on the Hard Bay. The location Hardby is a testament to this. It is in a strategically important location at the mouth of the Selintan. But south and east of Greyhawk, it is just far enough out of the way to avoid being a compelling target.

The Present Day

The new Gynarch, Myriana Pharast, is both an intelligent and striking individual. Unlike most of her predecessors, she is a novice in the mystical arts. Despite having the Throne of Wood thrust upon her earlier than she had anticipated, Myriana has handled the loss of her aunt, whom she was very fond of, with grace and dignity. The Needfest celebration this year was unusually subdued out of respect for the death of Gynarch Nazar on the second day of the festival. While Myriana was installed as Gynarch very soon after the discovery of her aunt's death, she postponed the public coronation ceremony and requisite celebrations until two weeks into the new year, out of respect for the late Gynarch. The traditional Freeday appearance of the Gynarch in the town was instead a funeral procession through the streets of Hardby to allow its citizens to wish their beloved leader a final farewell. While some of her advisors wished the young Gynarch to have the funeral procession earlier in the week so that the Freeday appearance could be her first as the new Gynarch, Myriana felt that it would be more fitting to use the event as a way to wish farewell to her predecessor rather than to celebrate her succession.

While the Gynarch is the head of state in Hardby, the day-to-day details of maintaining order are handled members of the citizenry of Hardby. The Gynarch does direct external policy, and the Hardby City Guard and Marines answer directly to her. The security of Hardby is handled by a military council consisting of officers from the Greyhawk army, Mountaineer militia, the Hardby Marines and the Hardby City Guard. The Council of Guildmasters regulates trade policy. Many members of both councils are married into the Pharast extended family. The court of the Gynarch is still well respected by these councils, especially by members who have married into the late Nazar's family. In fact, some of her most vociferous opponents have become some her most unnaturally loyal allies after marriages to the Gynarch's nieces and cousins. One almost wondered if the often times reclusive Gynarch actually molded the policies of Hardby's council through these marital ties. It remains to be seen how the councils will respond to the young Gynarch, who is unwed at this time.

Daily Life

Hardby is run in a very organized manner with a weekly calendar created by Gynarch Maro in order to streamline the town bureaucracy. The Gynarch grants audiences every afternoon of the week except on Godsdays. These meetings are in the throne room of her Manor House, five miles north of town. She meets with the landholders of Hardby on Starday afternoon. The Military Council, who meets among itself all day on Starday, has

an audience with the Gynarch and her advisors on Sunday afternoon. Most of Hardby's guilds meet in various locations around town on Starday night. Their guildmasters then meet in a closed session on Sunday night in the town hall. They hold an open session on Freeday morning, but this session is not attended by too many citizens, as they are often still recovering from the previous evenings festivities. This scheduling is believed to be deliberate. The leadership of the Council of Guildmasters then meets with the Gynarch on Moonday afternoon at her Manor. The Gynarch meets with the Hardby judges and barristers on Waterday morning in her audience chamber. The courthouse is open all day on Starday, Sunday, Moonday and Earthday. They also have a night session on Waterday. The religious leaders of the town meet with the Gynarch on Waterday afternoons. The leader of the religious council is traditionally a member of the church of Wee Jas. On Earthday afternoon, the women of the Pharast clan have a private audience with the Gynarch. What is discussed in these meetings is never revealed. On Freeday afternoon the Gynarch opens her audience chamber to the citizens of Hardby. The people of Hardby come not only to ask for her intercession on their behalf with the government, but often times to entertain, ask advice, and even to give gifts. There is almost a festival atmosphere in the court that day. While the courtiers of the Gynarchs tend to resent the Freeday audience, the Gynarchs have continued the public audience as a break from the monotony of their otherwise businesslike afternoons.

The saying "Work hard, play hard" best describes the citizens of Hardby. The city's powerful navy, strong trade and exceptional artisans have elevated this small city to a position second only to Greyhawk in the Domain. This elevation was not simply due to strong leadership from the Gynarchy, but also due to the hard work of the people of Hardby. This work ethic is apparent in the habits of the citizenry. The day begins, at least for many of the sailors, fishermen and longshoremen, before the sun rises. It is not uncommon to see the many of the people hard at work for at least half of the day on Godsday and Freeday.

But as said before, the people of Hardby do not only work hard, they also play hard. Hardby is a remarkable city in that it has the most pubs and brewhouses per capita of any major city in the Flanaess south of Stoink. While the permanent population of Hardby frequent the pubs in their own right, the large number of adventurers, sailors, soldiers and merchants that come through Hardby in their travels facilitate the existence such a propensity of drinking houses. While the pubs are open every day, the busiest nights are Moonday and Earthday, for obvious reasons. The Gynarchy's patronage of the arts has attracted a large number of bards, troubadours and acting troupes

over the years. These entertainers perform in the two play-houses, the temple of Lydia, and the many pubs and inns in Hardby.

Hardby is not only a town who has prospered on trade, farming and its strategic importance. Over the centuries, Hardby has become a haven for fortune hunters, mercenaries and adventurers. These fortune hunters have brought vast wealth from the many dungeons, lairs and ruins southeast of Hardby. Also of note is that there is an unwritten agreement between all of the adventurers in Hardby to help each other out when out in the wilderness. The adventurers who call Hardby boast of knowledge of hundreds of locations between Hardby and the Bright Desert that are rumored hold riches untouched in centuries. While there are many ruins have yet be plundered, the greatest buzz around the pubs in Hardby is the regarding the many adventuring groups who are searching for the 5th Star Cairn. One group lead by the half-elven undead hunter Rhiannon Lorenhade and a Suloise illusionist known only as Milrabilis claim to have successfully navigated the Crypt of Lyzandred. They have also plundered the northern most of the four known Star Cairns, recovering some ancient artifacts left there by Suloise wizards who first created these laboratories.

Holidays and Festivals

Needfest

Hardby celebrates the festival of the new year in a loud, brilliant and raucous manner. The population of minstrels and bards doubles, bringing music to the pubs and the streets. Bards and mages create spectacular displays of light and illusion over the Hard Bay to entertain the young and old alike. There is a great deal of alcohol consumption during Needfest, and the spirits have a bad habit of loosening the tongues of sailors or dock workers of rival guilds, and of soldiers from various divisions. This always leads to an epidemic of fistfights, several filled brigs, and a packed gaol by week's end.

In addition to the nightly festivities, the end of Needfest brings the Gynarch's Freeday appearance in town. She walks through the town along with her family members, servants, and guards, greeting her subjects and inspecting the toll her city took from the week of celebration. The Gynarch is greeted with great cheers from the crowd. Even members the Greyhawk infantry and Mountaineer Militia cheer quite loudly, much to the chagrin of the Directing Oligarchy of Greyhawk.

After touring the city, the Gynarch inspects the Hardby Marines, the City Guard, and the Greyhawk Infantry and Mountaineers who are assembled in the fields south of town. After her inspections, she travels to the

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town hall where she has meetings with the high priests of the local temples and shrines, and with foreign merchants who usually do not have the ear of the Gynarch that the Guildmasters have on a weekly basis. Furthermore, she addresses her subjects and grants ten petitions that she selects from the many submitted to her during the week.

Great Moon's Glory – 11th of Readying

On this night, when Luna is full and Celene is new, the worshipers of Ehlonna and Beory gather in their sacred groves. Not much is known of their activities. The Hardby and Greyhawk militaries increase their patrols due to the increased number of creatures and lycanthropes wandering the countryside.

The students of the Hardby Academy hold a festival celebrating the coming of spring in the gardens lining the Manor Road to the Gynarch's Manor. They select a "Gynarch" and "Consort" from among their body and then perform plays, sing and dance for their faux-court. The true Gynarch and members of her court often travel to the Festival and bring a feast as tribute for the faux-Gynarch.

Growfest

Unlike many of the towns of the Domain, the Feast of Edoira is not celebrated in Hardby. Growfest in Hardby is a worker's holiday. The city effectively shuts down as Hardby readies its docks, streets, and businesses for the springtime influx of cogs, caravels, and other ships from foreign ports. The pubs and inns also brace themselves for the arrival of adventurers who hope to make their fortunes in the ruins south and east of town.

Members of the Gynarch's court and one of the instructors at the Hardby Academy travel up the River Road to Greyhawk for the Desportium of Magick. Hardby's mages often make a strong showing at this tournament of illusionary talent. In fact, Kendo Merdex, the handsome magic instructor at the Hardby Academy who has been the subject of many a schoolgirl's crush, won the tournament in the years 587-589 CY. Last year, he was defeated by Mirago Semalor, a hero of the Wars, master illusionist, and the newly appointed Chancellor of the Chendl School of Magic. Kendo looks forward to a rematch this year.

Foundation Day – 2nd of Flocktime

This holiday in Hardby celebrates the anniversary of the day that Ena Norbe, the first Gynarch, arrived and claimed the land as her own. This day of revelry includes parades, drinking, feasting, and a reenactment of Ena Norbe's arrival. This year will mark the 869th anniversary of the founding of Hardby. It is believed that Myriana will reenact the part of Ena Norbe. It will be the first time that a Gynarch has played a part in the reenact-

ment since her grandmother, Asari Pharast, did so in the early years of her reign.

Richfest

The summer festival of Richfest is not celebrated in Hardby. A large caravan of merchants, artisans and farmers treks up the River Road and the Selintan to Greyhawk. The Hardby caravan makes a large sum of money from this trip, not just in Greyhawk, but along the way as well. The merchant caravan stops in the many small villages along the way to and from Greyhawk, buying and selling goods. Merchants from these villages will sometimes join the caravan, as travel is safer in larger numbers.

The rangers and druids of Ehlonna and Beory do celebrate Midsummer's day during this time. Military patrols are also stepped up at this time because of the increased number of lycanthropes sighted at this time of year.

Dark Night – 11th of Goodmonth

The darkest night of the year is celebrated by in Hardby with a large number of bonfires burning along the Manor and Orz Roads. There is great feasting and children gather around the fires to bards tell fantastic stories about dead that walk this darkest night of the year. By tradition, the children of Hardby dress up in masks and costumes appearing to be evil spirits. It is their hope that they may fool the dread lich Lyzandred that they are his minions. The children of Hardby are told that Lyzandred wanders the Domain this darkest of nights, kidnapping mischievous children to take back to his crypt.

Brewfest

The harvest festival called Brewfest is both the most eagerly anticipated and most dreaded festival in Hardby. It is said that more spirits are consumed at this weeklong festival in Hardby than during any festival in any city in the Flanaess. It is also said that the staves from the emptied casks provide firewood for the entire city for the months of Patchwall and Ready'reat. While these may simply be idle boasts, they do explain the construction of "Ale Bay" a large outdoor stockade built just for the occasion. This stockade is filled to capacity the entire week.

There is a large influx of visitors for this festival, some of whom come to actively participate, while others come just to watch the spectacle as it unfolds before their eyes. The citizens of Hardby dress up in bright colors, and sing and dance in streets that are teeming with many loud, boisterous and drunken folk. There is a great deal of raucous partying and celebration, and as often happens when many spirits are consumed, frequent fights, brawls and even small riots explode out of nowhere. The

debauchery reaches its pinnacle (or perhaps nadir) during the Freeday-night parade. The citizenry of Hardby follow the “Harvest Queen” and her court through the streets of Hardby, filling their flasks at every pub that they pass. It is not uncommon that a number of the citizens, male and female alike misplace some of their clothing during this parade. This festival is so wild that the first day of Patchwall is all but a holiday so that the citizens of Hardby may recover from this celebration.

Hardby's Governing Bodies and Organizations

Gynarch's Court

Obviously, the Gynarch is the most important figure in Hardby. Consequently, her court is one of much politics and intrigue. Seated upon the Throne of Wood, a throne crafted over seven centuries ago from a single delko tree, is the 28th Gynarch of Hardby, **Myriana Pharast** (5th level enchantress; hf; S-9, I-16, W-14, D-12, C-10, Ch-17; AL LG, hp 17). Only 19, Myriana is young, level headed and fair-minded. She wants what is best for the people of Hardby. Unfortunately the new Gynarch wears her heart on her sleeve and is a bit naïve in the ways of politics. She expects others to have the best intentions as well, and this is something that sometimes allows reality to find its way into her blind spot.

Myriana has kept her Aunt's most trusted advisors as her own, for the most part. Many of her ministers are relatives. Her forty-five year old mother, **Adara Pharast** (7th level fighter; hf; S-15, I-10, W-16, D-17, C-16, Ch-10; AL LN, HP 50, AT# 2 longsword specialist) is actually the captain of her personal guard and was so for her older sister Nazar. While not considered an intellectual, Adara is a shrewd judge of character, and a strong and willful individual. She is very perceptive and cautious. Adara is an excellent swordswoman, perhaps the best in Hardby. Adara is also a staunch ally of the Thieves Guild in the Gynarch's court, and they have helped her to maintain the Gynarch's safety and security through spying and surveillance.

Myriana's father, **Losartan Wilmere-Pharast** (2nd level fighter; hm; S-16, I-14, W-12, D-13, C-17, Ch-14; AL NG; HP 20; AT#1, trident, short sword, heavy crossbow) is a high-ranking member of the Sailor's and Fisher's guild. He also advises his daughter in regards to trade. Losartan is the Gynarch's eyes and ears both on the waterfront and in the Council of Guildmasters, where he is well respected by much of the membership. Losartan does have his prejudices, though, and does not get along well with the Guildmaster of the Longshoreman and Dockworkers guild, the rival guild on the waterfront. So as not to have a conflict of interest on the Council, he has relegated himself to a “back-bencher” since his daughter has ascended to the Gynarchy, even though it reasoned to

stand that he would be most likely to be the next chair of the Council.



Gynarch Myriana Pharast

The Admiral of the Hardby Marines, **Bran Zolpidem** (8th level ranger; hm; S-16, I-12, W-15, D-13, C-14, Ch-15; AL LG; HP 65; AT#2, 3/2 longsword specialist, trident, heavy crossbow), was a fiercely loyal officer during the reign of Gynarch Nazar, and rose through the ranks fairly quickly. He is only 30 years of age. In addition to being a loyal officer, Bran is a shrewd diplomat in his dealings with the forces from Greyhawk. He is not the best military tactician, but he has surrounded himself with officers who complement him in these areas. While it is whispered by many in the Gynarch's court that Admiral Zolpidem is a potential suitor for the young Despotrix, Myriana is planning on arranging a union between him and her sixteen year-old sister Elan this autumn. The Gynarch has other plans for a marital union for herself.

There are traditionally two priestesses, one of Joram, and one of Wee Jas, that are part of the Gynarch's inner circle. They are **Kalred Xia** (10th level cleric of Joram; hf; S-9, I-12, W-18, D-14, C-10, Ch-14; AL N;

HP 50) and **Kyra Neftal** (13th level specialty priestess of Wee Jas; hf; S-9, I-17, W-18, D-12, C-9, Ch-16; AL LN; HP 62). They are not only spiritual advisors to the Gynarch, but, for Myriana, teachers as well. Having known her since her infancy, they have groomed her for leadership, as Gynarch Myriana was named as her Aunt's successor when she was very young. They also know through divinations that Myriana's reign will be faced with some very serious challenges, both from within and without during her reign. What those challenges are remains to be seen, but of the portents hints at an assassination attempt, while a second warns of a threat from the Scarlet Brotherhood.

The newest member of the inner circle is a grey elven adventurer named **Keldreth Scaramanthelon** (14th/17th level enchanter/thief; em; S-12, I-17, W-9, D-18, C-12, Ch-16; AL CG; HP 54; AT# 1+1, longsword +3, main-gauche +1). Keldreth figured prominently, albeit behind the scenes, during the Wars. As a result of his heroics and his charms, Keldreth has maneuvered his way into the courts of Belvor IV and Lynwerd. He has also been linked to the inner circle of Princess Angelica Skotti of Keoland. Keldreth's connections to these prominent figures have made him a welcome addition to the Gynarch's court.

But that is not the only reason that the elf has gravitated towards the Gynarch's court. As a skilled enchanter, Keldreth has been tutoring Myriana in the finer points of magic. This has allowed him to gain access to the Gynarch's libraries, which he is using to research a map he has uncovered recently in Greyhawk. Keldreth has also been advising the Gynarch in matters of courtly love, urging her not to rush into a political marriage too soon herself. He has been advising Myriana that she should maneuver members of her court into such alliances that insure internal stability while she should look outside of Hardby for a consort for herself.

The elite of Hardby often gathers at the court of the Gynarch. A majority of the members of the court are the landholders of Hardby, while some among the important Guildmasters and religious figures. Others are celebrated bards and entertainers who either take residence in Hardby, or frequent her as a stop on their travels. There is, of course, some intrigue in the court. As Hardby is quite provincial much of the plots and schemes are local in nature. Many attempt to curry the Gynarch's favors, largely to improve their public standing.

There are some members of the court who are ambassadors from across the central Flanaess. Representatives hail from the Viscounty of Verbobonc, the Free City of Dyvers, the Gold County, the Barony of Willip, the Duchy of Urnst, Greyhawk, Narwell, Safeton, and the government- in-exile of Fax. Myriana is hoping to expand the court to include representatives from Chendl, Niole Dra, and Rel Mord within the next few years.

The Council of Guildmasters

The Council of Guildmasters is the guiding hand of all trade and commerce in Hardby. They regulate the trade laws and import tariffs. Their primary motivation, as an organization, is to make Hardby as strong an economic power as possible. The Council does have the prerequisite squabbling and bickering that any organization should. Fortunately the members of the Council, and the guilds they represent, are focused on maximizing profits of the tradesmen of Hardby as opposed one-upmanship, a game that has been the downfall of many trade organizations.

The first pillar of their trade policy is the aggressive forging of trade alliances. This involves opening markets in other cities, and welcoming foreign traders into their town. The second pillar of their trade policy involves the control of money. The Gynarch and the Council agree that it benefits Hardby that money does not leave the city. Because of strict money controls, a majority of traders leave with goods rather than cash. As a result of this policy, Hardby has secured vast amounts of precious metals and gems. The exact amount of this reserve is perhaps the best-kept secret in Hardby. The third and final pillar of the Hardby economy is foresight. This is part due to the Council's use of diviners, and in part due to careful observation of market trends across the Domain. These aggressive trade policies, along with meticulous accounting, have kept Hardby economically ahead of every other city in the Domain except Greyhawk.

The council is made of two representatives from each Guild, and each guild selects their Guildmasters in their own manner. They meet twice a week. The first is a Sunday night closed session, where the guilds bring up business to be addressed the following afternoon with the Gynarch and her council. Much of the work is done during this session. A second, open, session is held on Freeday morning. It is during this meeting that the public, especially foreign merchants and non-guild members have the opportunity to bring up grievances and businesses. It is scheduled on Freeday morning to discourage attendance, as the majority of the citizenry are still recovering from the Earthday evening festivities.

Local Guilds

The six guilds of Hardby are the gears of the economic machine of Hardby. They regulate all trade and taxation within Hardby's borders. The guilds control the import tariffs such that local businesses do not have to lose money in order to undersell imports. Further, they encourage visiting merchants to leave town with Hardby goods rather than precious metals and gems. The guilds also organize the Hardby trade caravans to Greyhawk and the other cities of the domain and Nyr Dyv. The individual guilds hold their meetings throughout the town on

Starday night. Guild representatives then meet as previously mentioned. The six major guilds are described below.

Longshoreman and Dockworkers Guild – This is one of the two seafarer's guild. While the guild has its roots with the dockworkers, it has grown to include both seafarers and landlubbers. This guild is unique in its exclusive male membership. While one would think this to be problematic in a city ruled by women, this is not the case. The Gynarchy has always smiled upon them. Jik Jonnosh said of it, "Even men need their own space, and if that space is the Dockworkers guild, so be it." All of its members pay homage to Xerbo as well, and use the nearby temple as their meeting place. The guild is lead by **Odelan Kinard** (5th level priest Xerbo; hm; S-14, I-14, W-16, D-9, C-12, Ch-17; AL LN; HP 25; AT#1, trident, throwing net, heavy crossbow) a very organized businessman. His primary goal is to control the docks. His guild includes 35% of the merchant sailors, and 80% of warehouse workers. Odelan is not heavy-handed and plans to gain a monopoly through market forces and shrewd business practices.

Sailor and Fishers Guild – This seafarer's guild has taken Osprem as their patron deity. This guild's membership includes both men and women, and while their membership includes a majority of the sailors and fishermen, they are the poorer and smaller fishermen. They do control some of the larger warehouses, though. This group is more boisterous and outgoing than the members of the Longshoreman and Dockworkers guild. They tend to pick fights with the Dockworkers guildsmen in the watering holes around Hardby, and almost all of them spend most of Brewfest in the Ale Bay. Thought has been given to locking them all up with their own casks of ale in advance of the festival, but it has never gotten past the thought. For the last five years, the Sailor's guild has been run by a woman, **Kerensa Celebe**, (4th level bard; hm; S-9, I-15, W-15, D-13, C-9, Ch-16; AL N; HP 13; AT#1, rapier, main-gauche, hand crossbow). Kerensa is a very charming and engaging individual. She has encouraged membership in her guild through excellent public relations. While her membership can be heavy handed and at time downright troublesome, she encourages sailors and dockworkers to join her guild because, as she puts it, "Free ale after the meetings." While her guild's membership is not as wealthy as the Longshoremen are, its ranks have been growing, much to the chagrin of Guildmaster Odelan.

Smiths and Metalworkers Guild – The smiths are a diverse guild as well. They have a membership that includes armorers, jewelers, blacksmiths, and goldsmiths. Even a gnomish jeweler is a member. Their main interest lies in harnessing the steam springs of Trade Town to their fullest potential. Furthermore, the smiths bring in a variety of master smiths from outside Hardby to train them

in new techniques. From a financial standpoint they have a keen interest the riches of the Cairn Hills and Abbor Alz, and tend to offer excellent prices for ore and refined metals from the area. The smiths are rather apolitical and organized in order to pursue their intellectual interests rather than financial ones. The guild is led by **Ferik Lastar** (3rd fighter; hm; S-18:75, I-14, W-9, D-13, C-10, Ch 13; AL LN, HP 21; AT# 1, longsword, warhammer +2, dagger)

Hunters and Trappers Guild – Led by **Rjan Mirma** (3rd ranger; hm; S-16, I-12, W-14, D-17, C-14, Ch-12; AL NG, HP 26; AT#1, longsword, long bow, battle axe, spear) and his spouse **Enid Mirma** (4th druid of Ehlonna; hf; S-9, I-14, W-16, D-12, C-9, Ch-17; AL N, HP 17; AT#1, spear, net, scimitar), the Hunters and Trappers guild strictly regulate the hunting in the Hardby area. It is their philosophy to control the hunting so as not to cause severe underpopulation of one species or another such that nature's balance suffers. The leadership works closely with the nearby druids of Ehlonna and Beory so as to divine the seasonal quotas. They also patrol the region for poaching. Any poachers caught are dealt with by the druids and not the Hardby court system.

Artisans Guild – The Artisans Guild is, perhaps, the most civic minded of the guilds. The guild membership includes not only artists and craftsman, but musicians, bards, actors and gardeners. The artisans, while strict regarding the mass importation of foreign goods, actively recruit foreign artists of all kinds to come to Hardby. The artisans also encourage the citizens of Hardby to participate in the arts themselves. They do this by opening their doors the first Freeday night of every month to all comers. The artisans open casks of wine, hold art exhibitions, and offer tutorials in their crafts. The Artisans Guild is lead by **Aersta L'Migdala** (0 level; hf; S-9, I-15, W-10, D-17, C-8, Ch-16; AL CG, HP 4; AT#1, knife) an Oeridian free-spirit who created the First Freedays as a way of bringing the arts to the people, something she was not able to do in her hometown of Ountsy.

Farmers and Spice Merchants – The Farmer's Guild has the responsibility of maintaining the foodstores for Hardby in case of famine or blight. They also fix the prices of food for export. Strict laws do not allow for the import of foods that are grown in the Hardby area. The Farmer's guild is unique in that they allow non-citizens membership. The non-citizen members tend to be visiting spice merchants who visit at least once per season. One such member is **Sharid Al Ketaya** (7th MU; hf; S-9, I-16, W-10, D-16, C-10, Ch-12; AL LN, HP 25; AT#1, dagger +3, staff), a Baklunish alchemist and spice dealer. She travels between Zeif and Hardby quarterly, and moving a large volume of spices, though none know how she traverses the distance so rapidly. The Farmer's guild also organizes the Richfest caravan to Greyhawk.

In addition to the recognized guilds, there are two “unrecognized” organizations that very few citizens of Hardby know about.

Thieves Guild – The Hardby Thieves Guild are more spies and intelligence gatherers than anything else. The membership has been estimated to be between 20 and 30 thieves. While officially they do not exist, and are not known by the public, they are close allies of the Pharast family. They act as the eyes and ears of the Gynarch and take care of any plots and crimes that they hear about, especially if they are directed at the Gynarch. In return, the Gynarchy and city guard turn a blind eye to the smuggling, usury and gambling organized by the guild. Since their inception 150 years ago, crime has plummeted in Hardby. The guild has its headquarters in a warehouse in the Dock District. Many of the thieves are women, and at the current time, its Guildmaster is a woman. **Genandra Riope** (13th thief; 1/2ef; S-12, I-15, W-9, D-18, C-10, Ch-17; AL N, HP 55; AT#1, *longsword of wounding*, main-gauche +2, shortbow).

Assassins Guild – The Assassins Guild is the best-kept secret in Hardby. The government has no knowledge of its existence, though they have heard rumors to that effect. In fact, the only people in Hardby that know how to contact it (besides the members themselves) are Scarlet Brotherhood agents who operate a safe house in town and a few members of the Adventurer’s Guild and Thieves Guild that have been all but sworn to secrecy. The Assassin’s Guild considers themselves “problem solvers” and has taken care of many problems in the Domain and adjacent nations. The assassins will not touch any citizens in Hardby for fear of being discovered, and the subsequent reprisals. They have been known to handle visitors on occasion, and are especially skilled in making such incidents appear to be accidents. The membership is in the thirties. The Guild meets in their headquarters in the Hardby underground. The two principal access points they use are through the Brothel in North End and through the wine cellar of a pub owned by one of the leaders in Trade Town.

The founding and current Guildmistress of the Assassins’ Guild is the only surviving Slave Lord of the Pomarj, **Slippery Ketta** (10th thief/12th assassin; hf; S-10, I-15, W-13, D-15, C-13, Ch-11; AL NE, HP 36; AT#1, *longsword, nine-lives stealer, dagger of venom, bracers of defense AC 4, ring of invisibility*). Ketta has changed her appearance since her days as a Slave Lord, and is known in town as **Madame Trejon**, the owner of the brothel on the North End. Ketta has managed to keep a low profile since the fall of the Slave Lords, but has been helpful to the Brotherhood agents in town.

Military Council

The Military Council is in charge of the city’s security and to some degree the military security of the southeastern portion of the Domain of Greyhawk. While the council answers to the Gynarch, the Gynarchy has traditionally not been too concerned with the details of military operation. The centuries-long loyalty of the City Guard and the Marines to Hardby and the Gynarchy has allowed for this *laizzez faire* approach. The staunch loyalty of these two groups have also prevented the “guests from Greyhawk” from becoming a major factor in local politics.

The Hardby City Guard and Marines have three seats each on the council, while the Greyhawk Infantry and Mountaineers each occupy two seats. The concerns of the Council include local law enforcement (especially during the festivals), threats from the Robilar’s troops in the Bright Desert, humanoids from the Abbor Alz, pirates from the Wild Coast, and most recently, Turrosh Mak’s Orcish Armada. There are also concerning rumors that the Duke of Urnst has been holding large scale military maneuvers near the border of his Duchy with the Domain, but these have yet to be confirmed.

The Hardby City Guard – The City Guard numbers 60 patrolmen and women (1st fighter, HP 6, AC 4 (chainmail and shield) AT#1, longsword, mace, shortbow), and 15 officers (2nd – 7th level). The Guard is lead by Captain **Rowan Selecoxib-Pharast** (8th paladin; hm; S-18:01, I-12, W-14, D-10, C-16, Ch-17; AL LG, HP 64; AT#3/2; *broadsword of sharpness*, mace, lance), a knight from Dyvers who has recently wed the young Gynarch’s aunt.

The Hardby Marines Previous reports of the Hardby Marines strength have been grossly underestimated. The reasons for this are legion, but mostly lie with the fact that they keep most of their larger ships at sea at any given time. Also, the thirty-six warships, organized into six naval groups, only come to port three at a time, posting only one of six names on the sides of their ships (the *Jonnosh, Pharast, Norbe, Wild Coast, Hard Bay* and the *Laandral*). The marines also have about 40 smaller ships that patrol the coast of Hardby and the Selintan River. A very organized docking schedule coupled with specific patrolling areas for the six naval groups has allowed for the gross underestimation of the Marines’ strength. The Marines number 700 sailors (1st-2nd fighter, leather or chainmail; crossbow, longsword) and naval officers (3rd-6th fighter, chainmail, crossbow, longsword, main-gauche) and 200 infantrymen (2nd fighter, chainmail, longsword



specialists, crossbow) and officers (3rd-6th fighter, chainmail, longsword specialist and double-specialist, crossbow). The larger ships have a crew of at least 12 plus infantrymen, while the coastal guard have crews of 3 to 6 sailors.

The Greyhawk Infantry - The infantry are based out of a keep in the village of Orz, just outside of Hardby. This allows them to act an early warning system in case of invasion from the east or southeast. This arrangement also minimizes the amount of trouble the Greyhawk soldiers can be to daily life in Hardby. There are 1000 infantry men (0-lvl fighter, chainmail and shield, longsword, shortbow) and requisite officers. Only 500 are in Orz while the remainder are stationed throughout the southeastern Domain.

The Greyhawk Mountaineers - The Mountaineers scout the Cairn Hills and Abbor Alz, rooting out bandit camps and humanoid lairs. The Mountaineers are headquartered in Hardby, but the majority of the troops are on patrol or missions. The Mountaineers number 250 infantrymen (2nd-3rd fighter, thief, or ranger) plus 30 officers (4th-10th fighter, thief, or ranger) and some clerical, druidic and mage support.

Religious Council

Priestesses of Wee Jas, Joram, Myhriss and Osprem sit on the religious council of the Gynarch. They advise the Gynarch on matters spiritual and political. Further, the religious council decides which faiths are allowed to establish shrines and temples within city limit. They also hear disputes between the various churches over many issues. The council is fairly liberal in who they allow, and they tend not to allow faiths that might be disruptive to the citizens' daily life. The followers of Pholtus and St. Cuthbert have been lobbying for years to establish shrines in Hardby, but the priestesses dislike their patriarchal and intolerant stances towards women and members of other faiths. As a good will gesture to the Cuthbertites, they have allowed a large temple dedicated to Mayahene to be constructed. The Cuthbertites have a small shrine there.

A Guide to the Streets of Hardby

The Great Wall and Lighthouses

G 1 The Great Wall - The Great Wall of Hardby divides the North End and waterfront districts from the newer sections of Hardby. The Great Wall is twenty feet high and five feet wide, with battlements atop it. The wall is largely made of stone, but the western face is covered by hardwood that has allowed it to have the appearance of the original wall that was built centuries ago.

G 2 The Guard Towers - Twenty-two thirty-foot high guard towers are scattered throughout the Great

Wall. Three city guards stand watch in each tower, and in addition, an officer stands watch with them at each of the towers that are adjacent to the gates between the dock district and east Hardby.

G 3 The Lighthouses - The four lighthouses that stud the coast of Hardby stand sixty feet high and light up the shoals and rocks that can be hazardous for incoming ships. The lighthouses use mirrors, large lenses and *continual light* spells to generate their illumination. Members of the Longshoreman's Guild and Sailor's Guild share the responsibility to maintain and run the lighthouse, alternating duty every month. For the most part their rivalry has lead to excellent upkeep and very rare shipwrecks, but it has not been unheard of for an occasional rival fisher boat to be found wrecked at the end of a given month.

The Dock District and Warehouses

The Dock District is perhaps the largest quarter in town. It is constantly bustling with visitors, sailors, dockworkers and fishermen selling their wares and moving cargo by day and spending their wages by night in the pubs. The docks are also the roughest part of town as well. It is not unheard of for the fishermen and merchant sailors to "recruit" new sailors for their ships. One can hear news from far away ports of call as sea traders dock here on a daily basis.

D 1 Longshoreman and Dockworkers' Guild

- The Longshoreman's guild house is one of the oldest buildings still standing in Hardby, and the first guild house built in this town. It is now too small to contain its entire membership, but it holds the offices, a dining hall and tap room. The Longshoremen hold their meetings in the Sea Temple of Xerbo, as it can contain the entire membership.

D 2 Sailors and Fishers' Guild - The Sailor's Guildhall is like the Longshoreman's guild in that it is too small to hold the entire membership at meetings and holds the offices, a taproom and a rather large kitchen that some of the smaller boat fishermen use to clean their fish. The guildmistress, Kerensa Celebe, lives on the third floor. The membership meets weekly in the Green Temple of Osprem.

D 3 The Hardby Shipyard - The shipyard is a rather impressive facility, and the shipwrights are capable of constructing ships and boats of any size. The yard constructs and helps maintain the Hardby Marines warships and small patrol boats. The yard keeps a few small and medium sized ships on hand for purchase right away, but the yard mostly contracts ships to be made. The shipyard has a second facility in Megas Landing for both storage and construction. The master shipwright is **Nerad Rehobik** (2nd fighter; hm; S-17, I-13, W-16, D-15, C-10, Ch-12; AL NG, HP 13; AT#1, broadsword +2, dagger,

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hand axe) a rather friendly, very hardworking soul who is an exceptional shipwright. His ships are of excellent quality, and tend to be built quickly. Of course this makes them slightly more expensive as well.

D 4-6 The Great Cranes – The great cranes are among the seven man-made wonders of the Flanaess, and were constructed three centuries ago. These huge cranes are used both to lift ships out of the water for maintenance and move large cargo crates.

D 7 The Chandlery – This general store for sailors has most of what any outgoing ship needs in regards to equipment, rations and weaponry. The prices are reasonable (85-115% of standard costs), the selection is good, and the Chandler, **Malena Drinkwater** (0-lvl hf; LG), is a rather friendly soul who seems to have her finger on the pulse of the docks. She is a member of the Longshoreman's guild.

D 8 The Hardby Marine Base – This small military base on the waterfront is the headquarters for the Hardby Marines. Their offices, barracks and training areas are all part of this facility. At any given time there are about 200 sailors and infantrymen on base. The marines have their own docks and have small bases in Megas Landing and Greatrock as well.

D 9 The Rhennee Docks - These shallow water docks are home to a large number of Rhennee boat people. With the number of barges docked at any one time averaging 12-15 boats, the docks are almost their own quarter of the city. The Rhennee keep to themselves, but are approachable if one seeks transportation or trade. They are valued members of the Hardby community, and while they are independent of the guilds, they do not have to suffer the tariffs that other traders do. As a result, a reasonable deal can be negotiated with them.

D 10 Inn - The Southern Point – This is the finest inn in Hardby. The rates are five times higher than the average rate for a view of the Woolly Bay, four times for rooms facing inland. The food is excellent and the ale plentiful. The tavern is a gathering place for the more successful adventurers, and for those looking to employ them. The owner, **Marlo Tonfal** (0-lvl hm; LG), has had the inn in his family for six generations and takes pride in excellent service and upkeep. He is friendly but professional, and does not make idle conversation.

D 11-14 Warehouses – These rather large buildings are warehouses for the many incoming and outgoing goods from Hardby. They are also used to store grain and other agricultural goods. The odd numbered buildings are owned by members of the Longshoreman's guild while the even numbered warehouses are owned by Sailor's guild members.

D 15 Pub – The Rusty Nail – This waterfront bar caters to all sorts of sailors, dockworkers, and other assorted wharf rats. It is also frequented by members of

the Thieves and Assassins guilds. If you're looking for trouble, this is the best pub to find it in.

D 16 Pub – The Gar's Tooth – The Gar's Tooth doesn't exactly blend in with the rest of the dock district. It is a rather upper crust establishment for this part of town. Naval officers, warehouse owners and other "higher ups" on the west side of the Great Wall drink here. The owner **Nazbo Chondryl**, (3rd thief, 1/2ling m; N) is a member of the Longshoreman's Guild, but welcomes Sailors, and anyone else with a few silver pieces to spend, into his bar. Nazbo does not tolerate troublemakers.

D 17 Temple — The Sea Temple of Xerbo – **Jokox Somat** (8th cleric, hm, LN) is the newly appointed high priest of the temple of Xerbo. Jokox hails from the Spindrift Isles, from which he and all other humans have been exiled. He is resentful of the elves for uprooting him. During the year since he has been here, Jokox has seen the congregation grow to record numbers, largely due to his rousing sermons. The Sea Temple, made mostly from finished driftwood and broken ships, is rather lovely to behold, especially with the coral, precious stones and seafarer's acoutremont decorating the building. The Longshoreman's guild uses the temple as a meeting place weekly.

D 18 Temple — The Green Temple of Osprem – The temple of Osprem is among the oldest and most beautiful temples in Hardby. The temple faces the Hard Bay and lowtide services are celebrated daily. The priestesses (4 1st-, 4 3rd-, 2 4th-, 1 5th-, 2 7th- and 1 10th-level) are very devout and take great pride in the appearance of the temple and caring for the poor of the city. The Sailors guild meets here weekly.

D 19 Warehouse/Thieves Guild – This warehouse, while a legitimate business in itself, is also the headquarters for the Hardby Thieves Guild. The guild offices are in the basement of the warehouse, as are meeting rooms and training facilities including a sunken arena with a 30' high climbing wall. The membership meet here Sunday and Freeday night. The Warehouse is an access point to the Hardby Catacombs.

Fish Town

Fish Town is the poorest section of Hardby town. While it is a quarter of ramshackle shacks, small rustic tenements and makeshift huts, it is by no means a crime laden slum. The majority of people who live in this town are fishermen and laborers. The people of Fish Town work hard to put food on their tables and keep the roofs over their heads, and have a strong sense of community. The Fishfolk, as they are called, look out for each other and their neighborhood, lending each other a helping hand when in times of need. Fishtown is also the home to some of the shipworking industries.

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F 1 Cooper – Yesek Toks (0-lvl hm; NG) is the master barrel maker of Hardby. He is a friendly soul who loves his work and considers it an art form. Not only are his barrels used for generic storage, but his use of various hard and soft woods for wine, ale and whiskey casks have made him one of the most popular coopersmiths in the brewing community of the Flanaess.

F 2 Sailwright – This large building houses the Hardby sailmaking industry. A good number of fisherfolk find work here, as it is one of the two major industries that finds its home in Fish Town.

F 3 Tailor – A small shack is the home of **Andra Seldig** (3rd cleric hf, Bralm, LG), a rather fine seamstress. While most of her work is in crafting and repairing the apparel of the people of Fish Town, people from throughout the city come to her for handywork. In fact, she has crafted several fine dresses for the new Gynarch. Rowanne uses a good deal of the money she earns to help the other members of the Fish Town community.

F 4 Fishmonger - Boo's Fish – Boo (2nd fighter hf; LN) is a brusque, ascerbic fellow, and an excellent fishmonger whose selections are as fresh as he is. Below his sarcastic exterior, though, is a culinary genius who always has a recommendation about how his fish should be cooked and what beverage it should be served with. Many of the spices he recommends are available for sale in his shop. Boo is a member of the Longshoreman's Guild.

F 5 Fishmonger – Hardby Fishmarket – Ti Loradine (1st cleric hf, Osprem; CG) is a widow in her forties that owns Hardby Fishmarket. While Boo owns his own fishing boats and traps, Ti sells the fish caught by many of the smaller fishermen in town. Her market has very reasonable prices, and an excellent selection (especially of shellfish), but she does not clean the fish or sell spices like Boo. Ti is a devoted member of the church of Osprem and a respected member of the Sailor's Guild.

F 6 Saltworks – After fishing, the Saltworks are the largest source of employment in Fish Town. The Saltworks harnesses the power of the sun, the heat of the geothermal springs, and a little bit of magic to extract salt from bay water. The current Saltmaster is a mage by the name of **Silfen al Dil** (6th mage hm; LN) a Ketite wizard who trained under the previous owner. Silfen and all of his employees are members of the Farmers and Spice Merchant's Guild.

F 7 Smokehouse – The Hardby Smokehouse is a cluster of small buildings used to smoke fish and meats. The smokehouse is managed and operated by the Hunter and Trapper's Guild, and all members have free access to the smokehouse to smoke meats. The citizens of Hardby can have their meats and fish smoked for a nominal fee (1 c.p. per 10 pounds). The Smokehouse also operates a small restaurant which serves excellent smoked venison.

F 8 Temple - The Lucky Die, Temple of Norebo

– Tucked away from prying eyes and the tempermental priestesses of Wee Jas, the Lucky Die temple of Norebo has developed quite a following with wharf rats, scoundrels, gamblers, and all sorts of troublemakers in Hardby. The temple has a gaming night on Earthday that attracts gamblers from all over the city, even the ritzy North End district. While the priestesses of Wee Jas have publically frowned on ribald comments of the priests, some of the younger priestesses have taken priests of Norebo as paramours.

F 9 Pub – The Fish Town Warehouse

– This rather spacious pub has the appearance of a small warehouse with a large sliding door to the street and a bar and tables made from old crates. It has a large following with warehouse and dockworkers, but its unique appearance also attracts tourists, who tend to get a "special" (higher) rate on their ale.

F 10 Pub – The Cliffside

– This pub is a gathering place for the people of Fish Town. Strangers are welcome, but often get wary looks from the locals. The Cliffside is a bit of a dive, but has good food and drink at a reasonable price.

F 11 Inn – The River's End

– This exceptionally fine inn (for Fish Town) is at the end of the great River Road from Greyhawk. While expensive (three times the PHB), its rates are less than those of it's neighbor, The Southern Point. The owners are friendly and treat their guests very well.

F 12 Inn – The East Hardby Bed and Breakfast

– This is a rather plush, cozy inn. Unlike most inns, it does not have its own tavern, though it has a dining room where breakfast and dinner are served. As such, it is the resting place for devote pilgrims and other temperate individuals. Some newlywed couples stay here on their wedding night as well, as it is considered a rather romantic locale. The owner is **Atlana Hochen**, a priestess of Myhriss (3rd cleric, Myhriss; LG).

F 13 Hardby Jail

– Flanked by two guard towers and a tall wall, the Hardby Jail stands near the southern gate of the Great Wall. There are 15 criminals currently housed for a variety of minor offenses. Major felons are usually executed swiftly, preventing overcrowding.

North End

The North End is the wealthiest and most beautiful district of Hardby. The aristocracy and very wealthy merchants make their homes here in exquisite mansions. The North End sits over some active geothermal springs that have lead to the development of the Hardby Baths, a gathering place for the elite. There is also a temple of Joram located here because of the steam springs and

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underground lava beds. Home of the City Guard headquarters, it is actively, and one could argue, zealously, patrolled for troublemakers.

N 1 City Guardhouse – Adjacent to the River Road gate to Hardby, the City Guardhouse is the headquarters of the Hardby City Guard.

N 2 Brothel - Sign of the Rose – This brothel is a high-class establishment that caters to the tastes of the elite of Hardby, both male and female. This house of ill repute was sorely in need of repairs (both to its structure and its reputation) when it was purchased by Madame Trejon (a.k.a. Slippery Ketta) and her assistant **Madame Brianna** (the owner of the original Sign of the Rose in Suderham) in 578 CY. In addition to being a clean and beautiful den of inequity, it is also a front for a Scarlet Brotherhood slavery ring. The Sign of the Rose is an access point to the catacombs.

N 3 The Hardby Baths – The Hardby Baths are a group of beautifully housed pools and baths heated by the steam springs of Hardby. The baths were first built near the end Gynarch Norbe's reign. They are a gathering place for the elite of Hardby to relax and discuss the issues of the day. The Gynarch and her ladies-in-waiting have their own private pool where they meet almost weekly.

N 4 Temple - The Vault of Joram – The Temple of Joram is a large underground grove and shrine consecrated to the goddess of volcanoes. The entrance is found here, in North End.

N 5 Hardby Academy – This prestigious academy is where the children of the wealthy of Hardby are educated. In addition to being a fine school, the Hardby Academy is where the daughters of the Pharast family are taught in the ways of spellcraft by **Kendo Merdex** (11th illusionist hm; LN) the headmaster and resident illusionist. Kendo is the first male schoolmaster in the Academy's 237 year history.

N 6 Inn – The Hard Bay Inn and Tavern – This large inn and tavern has the biggest rooms in Hardby. The rooms can be rented by the day, the week or the month. There are even a few suites available. The Hard Bay Inn has excellent security and the rooms can be glyphed by local priests for a nominal fee. The Hard Bay Inn is the temporary home to many adventurers who seek their fortune in the hundreds of ruins of the southeastern domain.

N 7 Temple - The Triumphant Temple of Trithereon – The Cult of the Summoner has had a following in Hardby since its earliest days, as several of the sailors who came to Hardby with Ena Norbe were followers of Trithereon. The Triumphant is unique in its triangular shape. The current High Priest is **Zando Jaboth** (6th cleric hm, Trithereon; CN), who comes from a long line of fiery and passionate leaders of this church. He is assisted by several priests and acolytes.

N 8 Temple - The Golden Fane of Myhriss

The priestesses of Myhriss play an important role in Hardby society in that they have the exclusive right to legally marry any couple within city limits. The chapel is decorated with flowers and stained glass windows. The High Priestess, **Chrystalia Navo** (9th cleric hf, Myhriss; LN) always performs the ceremony if members of the Gynarch's court or the aristocracy of Hardby. Rumor has it that no man has ever strayed from his vows if married by the High Priestess of Myhriss.

N 9 Pub – The Gynarch's Crest – The only pub to bear the Gynarch's title, this establishment is the finest pub in Hardby. Paneled in the finest hardwoods, decorated with tapestries telling of the history of Hardby, the interior is pleasing to behold. The ale and wine are excellent, as is the entertainment. The pub is always filled with the wealthy of Hardby, visiting merchants and dignitaries and those trying to rub elbows with them. Prices are approximately three times greater than average.

N 10 Shrine - Harborhall of the Waveking, Shrine of Procan – This small shrine dedicated to the sea god Procan has a small but loyal following in town. Its pastor, Scep Vidda (3rd cleric, Procan; NG), is one of the finest sailors in Hardby.

N 11 The North End Playhouse – One of two playhouses in Hardby, the North End Playhouse is well known for its plays and operas. The current playright, who goes only by his first name, **Lothran** (12th bard; NG) is only a mildly skilled author, but his use of illusionary lights and sounds have been nothing less than spectacular. Lothran and his acting troupe have only been in town since the end of the war. His current play is a history of the Battle of the Plains of Pesh.

East End

The East End is East Hardby's answer to North End. It is a very green area that has some of the finest architecture in Hardby. There are several parks and courtyards with sculptures and gardens. Bards perform in the streets of this quarter. The exquisite public buildings are surrounded by the homes of the more wealthy merchants and entertainers of Hardby. Some of the members of the Gynarch's court, and all of the ambassadors to Hardby, live in this quarter.

W 1 Courthouse – The Courthouse is a very large building that holds the courtrooms and the offices of the judges and barristers. Justice is swiftly and efficiently performed by the five judges who hear cases. All death sentences have to be approved by the Gynarch before being completed.

W 2 Town Hall – The Town Hall is a large meeting place where the guildmasters meet and the Gynarch meets audiences on the rare occasion that she holds court in Hardby.

W 3 Library – The former Gynarch's tower, built by Karelia Laandral, was converted to a library when the Gynarchy moved to its current residence. The library contains the meticulous historical records of the town, including several late Gynarch's private journals. It also contains great works of literature, sacred and arcane texts, and secured in what was Karelia Laandral's private study, some rare and precious spellbooks. Customarily, only the Gynarch has open access to this warded chamber.

W 4 The East End Playhouse – The East End Playhouse attracts a different crowd than the North End Playhouse. The Master Playwright, **Marya Athelvanova** (10th Bard, AL CG) believes that strong writing and acting are the hallmark of theatre. Her plays are excellent, the acting better, but Marya does not use magic to enhance her shows. While some call her old fashioned, the current Gynarch has yet to miss an opening of one of her plays.

W 5 The Merchant's Bazaar – This cluster of kiosks, tents and tables is the centerpiece of the Hardby merchant community. Organized by the Council of Guildmasters, native and foreign merchants alike trade their wares here. The cost of renting a Kiosk is 1% of the merchant's gross, 2% if the merchant is not a citizen of Hardby. A wide variety of goods can be found here, including foodstuffs, spices, jewelry, artwork, clothing and leather goods. A small selection of weapons and armor might be found here on occasion.

W 6 Temple - Temple of the Whispered Muse, Church of Lydia – Frequented by the many bards and artists in East Town, the Temple of the Whispered Muse is more than a place to find divine inspiration, it is also a meeting place where the many artisans of Hardby get together to share ideas and lend each other support. The priestesses are all excellent artists and performers in their own right. Just recently, the Gynarch Myriana's younger sister, **Eliana Pharast** (1st cleric, LG) took her vows. It is widely believed that when Eliana ascends in the ranks, the Temple of Lydia will gain a seat on the religious council.

W 7 Inn – The Golden Harp – This East End Inn is the home to many traveling minstrels and storytellers. A good number of visiting merchants stay here as it is adjacent to the Merchant's Bazaar. Its rooms are clean, but spartan. The prices are about one and a half times the normal rate. The tavern is large and usually has excellent entertainment every night.

W 8 Inn – The Plough and the Stars – This rather fine inn lies on the far eastern end of Hardby. The owner, a retired alchemist named **Padraig Astor** (6th mage; hm; CG) loves a good story and gives a discounted rate to adventurers. On more than one occasion, Padraig has tried to fix up one of his barmaids with a handsome adventurer.

W 9 Pub - The Broken Lute – This pub, like all of the watering holes in East End, has excellent entertainment. The Broken Lute is notable in that its bartenders and barmaids are all aspiring entertainers who haven't been able to earn a living in the arts. They provide most of the entertainment, though not all of it comes off as well as they'd like.

W 10 Pub – The Hanging Orc – The haunt of judges, politicians and barristers, The Hanging Orc is a relatively quiet pub where one can drink and be entertained by the arguments and debates of the politicians.

W 11 Moneychanger – As Hardby is located very close to the ruins of the domain, adventurers return with gems and ancient coins from the tombs that they have plundered. **Chokar Yellowstone** (7th fighter; dwarf m; LN) specializes in appraising gems and ancient coin and trades Domain currency for it. Chokar gives reasonable rates and is known for his honesty.

W 12 The East End Furrier – The East End Furrier specializes in rather fine coats, capes and hats. The furrier, **Karmel Mul** (0-lvl; hf; NG) will even add trim to finery brought into the store. Karmel is a member of the Trappers' Guild. The prices are high, but the craftsmanship is excellent.

Trade Town

Trade Town is the economic center of Hardby. Shops of all kinds line the streets. A wide variety of people are seen here. Some merchants and farmers make their homes here, interspersed between shops and stores. One or two adventurers have bought houses here with their booty, using their homes as bases of operation for further excursions into the wilderness. Trade Town is one of the two sections of Hardby that is notable for geothermal springs. The metalworkers have harnessed the heat and power of the springs to facilitate their smelting and craftwork.

T 1 The Adventurers Guild – Not really a guild, the Adventurer's Guild is one part general store and one part clubhouse. The Guild sells memberships for a platinum piece. Membership allows one to buy and sell goods within the guild. Besides adventuring equipment and reagents, all sorts of treasures and antiquities can be found here as well. The guild also has a wall where jobs for adventurers can be found. Most of the jobs are caravan escorts and the like, but some expeditions to ruins can be found here.

T 2 Mercantile – This is a general store where foodstuffs and other standard supplies can be purchased. The prices in the shop are somewhat high, but the quality of the goods are excellent.

T 3 PawnShop – Owned by an elderly and cantankerous Oeridian man named **Skeller** (0-lvl; CN) the pawn shop is one of a number of places where adventur-

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ers can sell goods in order to obtain money. The rates are generally poor, but if one is in need of money, this is often one of the few places to go. Rarely, something of value may be found here as well.

T 4 Arielle's Magic Shop – A source for all sorts of spell components and precious reagents, Arielle's Magic Shop is the finest of its kind south of Chendl. Owned by **Arielle Alicante** (6th mage; CG), sister of the legendary Chispa Alicante, the magic shop does not only stock the standard array of spell components, but also has some prefabricated items required for the more exotic spells (glass cones, brass plaques and the like). Arielle, who learned brewing and potioncraft from her mother, Milagra, also keeps a few lesser *potions of healing* in stock (6 doses, d4 hp/dose, one dose per day effective) but those move quickly. The prices are high, but the selection of items is peerless in Hardby. Arielle is not a member of any guild.

T 5 Herbalist/Apothecary - Operating out of a housefront, this apothecary has a wide selection of local herbs and reagents for spellcraft. The owner, **L'Tona Xianost** (0-lvl; CN), prides herself on her elixirs and poultices, but their effects are usually questionable. Her prices are more reasonable than Arielle's, but her customers tend to be superstitious housewives and schoolgirls dabbling in the art for recreation. L'Tona is a member of the Spice Merchants Guild.

T 6 Gemcutter – Nogon Rhal (1st fighter; CG) trained as a gem cutter in Greyhawk city, but set up shop in Hardby because of the propensity of uncut gems that find their way into town. He tends to purchase uncut gems at ten percent higher than their expected value, but his skill allows him to move most gems at fifteen to twenty percent above their expected cut value. Nogon is a member of the Artisan's Guild.

T 7 Gemcutter/Jeweler - Niko Lasbundesreichstag (6th/7th fighter/illusionist; NG) came to Hardby after the wars fascinated with the geothermal springs and steam vents indigenous to the town. Setting up shop as a jeweler and gemcutter, he spends his freetime studying the steam vents and as been working closely with the many smiths in town in order to harness the full potential of the springs. He is a member of the Smith's Guild.

T 8 Pottery and Ceramics – This pottery shop sells everything from wine jars and plates to sculptures and tiles. The owners of the pottery shop also offer to teach the art to anyone willing bring a couple of bottles of wine, or some food, to one of their Earthday night classes.

T 9 Leatherworker – Specialized in clothing and leather armor, the selection of this leather goods shop is somewhat limited. Business is brisk, however, because the owner is very skilled in repairing damaged leather armor for a reasonable price. In fact a few damaged suits

of magical leather armor have been salvaged by the owner, **Kyphos Adalat's** (0-lvl hm; NG) skilled hand. Kyphos is a member of the Artisan's Guild.

T 10 Tailor/Furrier – A couple of spinster sisters owns this shop. They are willing to purchase pelts from any and all comers, much to the chagrin of the Trappers Guild who are concerned that it encourages posting. As a result of the sister's policy, they have a rather eclectic selection of some rare creatures' pelts. In fact, they have part of a blue dragon skin, and an owlbear pelt currently in stock. The sisters are members of the Artisans Guild.

T 11 Seamstress – Nelota Pharast (3rd mage hf; AL CN), the seamstress who owns this shop claims to be a distant member of the Pharast clan, but these claims have yet to be substantiated. Nevertheless, Nelota is an excellent seamstress and dressmaker and her repairwork is usually flawless. She has crafted clothing for member's of the Gynarch's court, including Myriana, the current gynarch, who jokingly refers to Nelota as "Cousin." Nelota is a member of the Artisans Guild.

T 12 Weaponsmith – Boasting the finest weapon selection in Hardby, this shop has done business with many adventurers who set out to seek their fortune in the many surrounding ruins. The prices in this shop range from reasonable to extremely high, but the quality is proportional to the price paid. Owned by **Ferik Lastar** (3rd fighter hm; LN) all of the workers in this smithy are, obviously, members of the Smiths Guild.

T 13 Blacksmith - Thervidan Ozhabian (1st fighter hm; LN) owns this blacksmith shop. Thervidan offers a wide variety of products including basic swords, spears, arrowheads, horse shoes, barrel hoops, shields and armor. Thervidan also repairs damaged goods for a fair price. He is a member of the Smiths Guild.

T 14 The Hardby Armorer – The Hardby Armorer offers a wide selection of armors and shields for adventurers. It is a rather large shop who outfit the Hardby Marines and City Guard. The shop is currently negotiating with Greyhawk to supply armor to the local Greyhawk Infantrymen and Mountaineers. Unfortunately, Greyhawk has been difficult in the negotiations thus far.

T 15 Wallak's Armors - Walak Hammerfist (4th fighter hm; LG) specializes in chain and plate armors and is a true master in his craft. Not only is his armor of excellent quality, his inlays and engravings are exquisite. Wallak has recently crafted beautiful suits of plate armor for the Gynarch's honor guard. He is a member of both the Smiths Guild and the Artisans Guild.

T 16 Goldsmith – Specializing in jewelry and sculpture, **Arick Falstog** (0-lvl hm; LN) has been working in gold for decades. He is a master smelter and buys ore and old coin at fair prices. Arik is a member of the Smiths Guild.

T 17 Dwarven Goldsmith – Flint Garbleck (6th fighter dwarf m; LN) has been living in Hardby for seventy-five years. In addition to working with jewelry, Flint also specializes in gold leafing and inlaying. He is a member of the Smiths Guild.

T 18 Silversmith – Eating utensils, cups, sculptures and jewelery and other trinkets can be purchased here for a reasonable price. **Allegra Fexoff** (0-lvl hf; NG) is the Master silversmith, and despite her youth, she is a brilliant artisan. Allegra does not have her own smelting facility and therefore does not purchase silver ore.

T 19 Jeweler/Silversmith – Specialized in silver jewelry, this shop is of note in that it was one of the first smithies to move outside the Great Wall many centuries ago. The current owners, **Ranek** and **Bria Cetizine** (0-lvl hm/hf; NG/LG), are descendants of the founders of this shop and pride themselves on the quality of their product. While Allegra Fexoff's work is finer, and in all honesty, better quality, the Cetizine's shop is notable for its reasonable prices, and the purity of their silver. They are master smelters who purchase ore at good prices. The Cetizines are members of the Smiths Guild.

T 20 Whitesmith – Pots, plates, utensils and other pewter and tin goods grace the shop's walls. The selection and prices are fair, but function over form seems to be the credo of the ownership. **Torb** and **Cele Radir** (2nd thief/0-lvl hm/hf; N(G)) own this shop and are members of the Smiths Guild.

T 21 Temple - The Scriptos of Lirr – A shrine to this lesser power lies in Trade Town, despite the artistic tradition of the East Enders. The High Priestess of this shrine, **Terchoria Xalopi** (6th cleric hf, Lirr; CG), is one of the organizers of the First Freeday night celebrations, and holds an opening First Freeday ceremony every Planting.

T 22 Temple - The Hardby Hive of Bralm – Appropriately constructed in Bralm. This temple is the third largest temple of its kind in the Domain. It is also the weekly meeting place of the Smith's Guild.

T 23 Inn – The Crimson Clansman – This inn is one of two of note in Trade Town. While the quality of the inn is average and the food is rather poor, the prices are right, especially if the customer is Suloise. This inn is a front for an underground Scarlet Brotherhood safe house. The Inn is run by **Xiagog Modaz** (5th assassin hm; LE). Slippery Ketta and members of the Assassin's guild frequent this establishment. The catacombs can be accessed from here.

T 24 Inn – The Merchant's Wayhouse – This is a respectable and reasonably priced establishment. The beds are clean, the tavern fare is good and the price is average. It occasionally has had problems with thieves, but no inn is perfect.

T 25 Pub – The Worker's Hive – Most of the smiths and artisans gather here for lunch or a pint at the end of the day. Taking its name in homage to Bralm, the pub sells the finest Honey Mead in Hardby. The owner, **Sedona Ragol** (3rd cleric hf, Bralm; LG) is a priestess of Bralm.

T 26 Pub – The Blackstone Brewery – Owned by an excellent brewer, **Somat Xiaprexa** (1st bard hm, AL NG) the Blackstone offers a wide selection of potables. The prices are slightly high, but worth the price. The food is quite good as well. Somat is a member of the Farmers and Spice Merchants guild.

T 27 Moneychanger – Turgel Nadlar (3rd thief hm; LE) is Trade Town's moneychanger and money-lender. His rates are not the best in town, but he will loan to those who can not go anywhere else for funds. People who have trouble repaying him have been known to meet with accidents.

T 28 Temple - The Cathedral of the Despotrix, Temple of Wee Jas – This temple is the largest temple in Hardby. It has a large number of priestesses (forty) and the largest congregation in Hardby. There are daily services in addition to the weekly and holy day services. Gynarch Myriana attends services weekly.

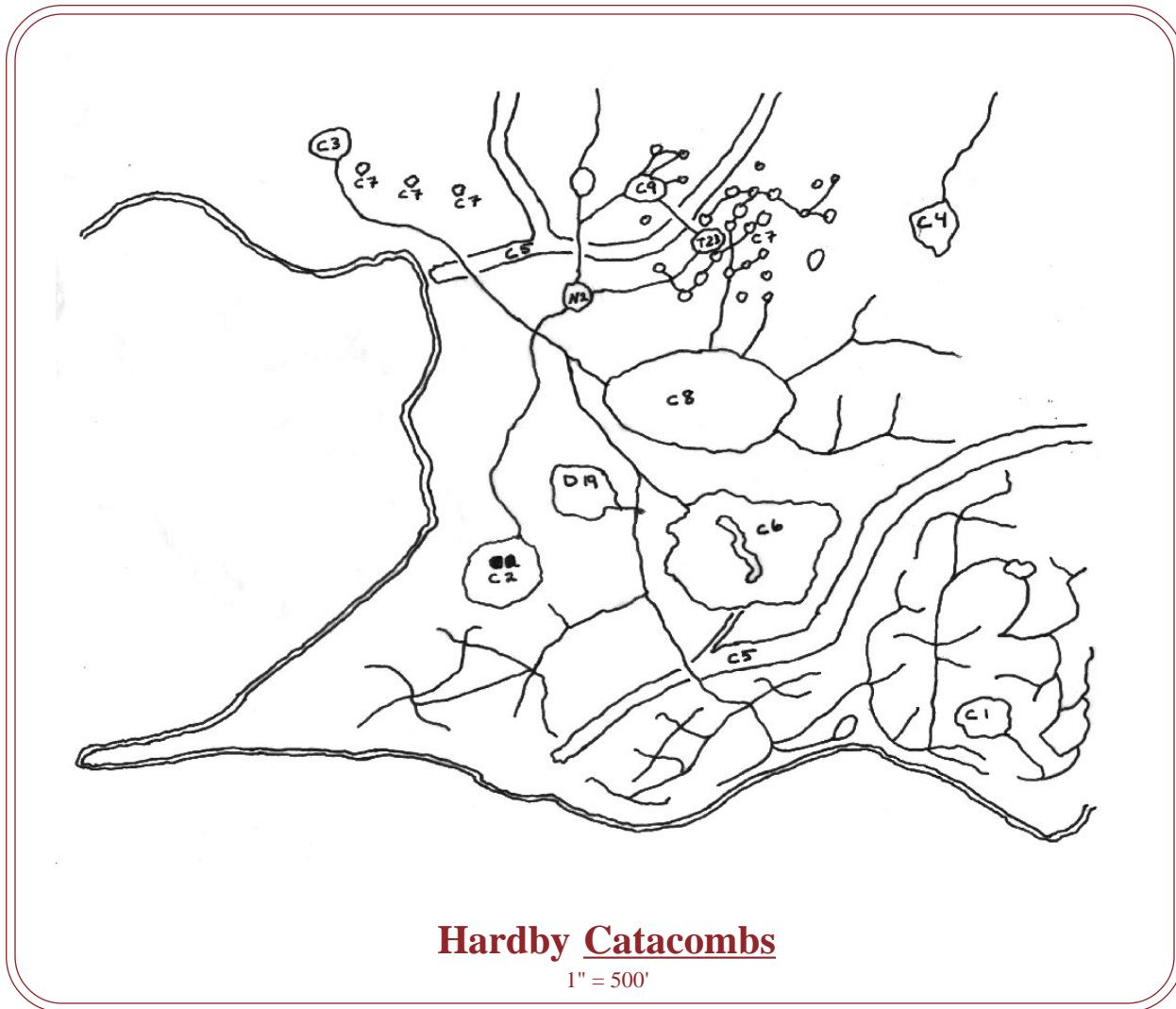
T 29 Temple - The Shieldhall of Mayahene – A new addition on the outskirts of Trade Town, this temple was built on the ground that was almost dedicated to St. Cuthbert. The late Gynarch Nazar was able to get guarantees that several powerful high priestesses and paladins would be taking residence in this temple in exchange for a rather substantial land grant. The congregation is small, but the City Guard and Marines attend services on a regular basis.

T 30 Manor House – This large and beautiful manor house is the property of Losartan and Adara Pharast, Myriana's parents. It overlooks the fields east and north of Hardby.

The Catacombs

Underneath Hardby are numerous caverns and catacombs. They are difficult to reach, since there are only a few access points on the surface, most of which are guarded. Listed below are several points of interest.

C 1 The Mausoleum of the Gynarchs - Safe beyond several magma flows and steam vents is the Mausoleum of the Gynarchs, the burial place of every Gynarch from Ena Norbe until Karelia Laandral. The later Laandrals buried their family members in one of the Star Cairns, which was, until just recently, being used by a necromancer for her research. The Pharasts have recently resumed the tradition of burying the Gynarchs here. Rumors of wonderous treasures have been offset by rumors of more fearsome curses and traps.



Hardby Catacombs

1" = 500'

C 2 The Assassin's Guild House – A rather large complex, the Assassin's guild is hidden away beyond several mazes of caverns rigged with traps and pitfalls. This guildhouse is home to some of the assassins, offices to others and a training ground to all of them.

C 3 Temple - The Vault of Joram – While the entrance to this temple is above ground, the temple (which is lit up by a large skylight) is an underground greenhouse and garden that is a testament to the power of the goddess. It has a harmonious balance of natural and manmade stonework.

C 4 Temple - The Dark Flower, Shrine of Beltar – Inaccessible from the rest of the points of interest, a temple of Beltar lies below the fields and north of the Pharast's Manor House. The access point to this temple is in a glade one mile north of Hardby. While dark in their nature, the priests and priestesses would rather be left alone to practice their religion than cause trouble in town.

C 5 Magma Flow – This good-sized magma flow runs beneath North End and Trade Town. It is a source of magma mephits and all sorts of other strange creatures. In addition, it has gates to the planes of magma and fire if one is carrying the right key.

C 6 The Hot Pockets – This maze of caverns has hot springs, lava pits, mud bogs and steam vents pockmarking it. These hot pockets are also home to some rather nasty creatures. No one has successfully mapped it.

C 7 The Steam Springs – Underneath North End and Trade Town lie several large steam springs which have been tapped for their heat and energy. The pipes and vents can often be seen overhead. Steam quasi-elementals and mephits have been known to lurk near these springs. The springs that provide heat to the Hardby Baths are an access point to the plane of steam.

C 8 The Gardens – This great cavern underneath East End is a natural garden of fungus and other underground life, lit by vari-colored, luminescent molds and slimes. It is an impressive sight to behold. Enterpris-

ing members of the Adventurers' Guild occasionally give tours.

C 9 The Scarlet Brotherhood Safe House – Not too far from the access point in the wine cellar of the Crimson Clansman lies the Scarlet Brotherhood Safe House. This meeting place of members of the Brotherhood usually has about half a dozen visitors from the Tilvanot Peninsula. About a dozen citizens of Hardby are members of the Brotherhood.

Outside Hardby Town

Gynarch's Manor – Five miles north of Hardby lies the Gynarch's Manor. This large mansion is the traditional home of the Gynarch, and where she holds court.

Hardfield Manor – The Hardfields are an Oeridian family who have owned land north of Hardby from the days of Ena Norbe. They are pleasant neighbors and often have the "who's who" of Hardby as guests in their home. The Hardfields also have a rather large mid-summer festival, as they are devotees of the Old Faith despite their Oeridian heritage.

Farms and Stables – Dozens of farms, both large and small dot the land outside Hardby town. Most of the farmers are friendly and will board adventurers horses for a small fee. The land is not owned by the farmers, but was doled out to their families by the Gynarchs many years before.

Forest House of Ehlonna – A few miles east of Hardby lies a small forest guarded by several druids and rangers pledged to Ehlonna. These devotees of Ehlonna have a Forest House here, and patrol the southeast domain watching for poachers, lumberjacks and humanoids.

Beory's Shrine – Northeast of Hardby lies a shrine dedicated to Beory. The druids and priestesses of the Old Faith guard their forest zealously and care for their trees. They are more reclusive than the devotees of Ehlonna.

Orz

The village of Orz is the only notable community within Hardby's sphere of influence. It is significant to adventurers in that it is the last bastion of civilization before the wilderness of the Abbors-Alzs and the Bright Desert. It is also the first place adventurers can find a pint of ale after a month in that same wilderness. Orz is of strategic importance, and the Greyhawk Infantry and the Mountaineers have a garrison here. If humanoids or bandits try to make a raid on Hardby, they have to go through Orz first.

Greyhawk Mountaineer's Garrison – This medium-sized keep houses the Greyhawk land forces sent to protect the south and eastern frontiers of the domain.

Orz's Pub – This historical pub is often filled with farmers and soldiers. The prices are somewhat high, but the farmers all seem to have a line of credit that is not offered to soldiers or adventurers. Orz's pub even has a "death pool" where the locals place bets on which adventurers are likely to return after setting off for their fortunes.

The Orz Village Market – The Orz Village Market is an excellent place to find those items one forgot to purchase before setting forth on the trail. It is also a place to find fresh food after spending weeks eating iron rations. The prices are somewhat high, and again, one never sees the locals paying for anything, just placing things on credit.

Credits

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"The City of Hardby II; Fixing Hardby I" — another perspective, *Best of Greyhawk 1*, by Erik Mona, ed. Nathan Irving

"The City of Hardby.....again", *Best of Greyhawk 2*, by Samantha Quick, ed. Nathan Irving

West Hardby



1" = 300'
1 square = 25'

East Hardby



1" = 300'
1 square = 25'

Of Oerth and Altar

Trithereon: The Summoner

By Creighton Broadhurst

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Trithereon

(The Summoner, The Hunter, The Inescapable, The Vengeful One)

Intermediate Power of the Beastlands, CG

Portfolio: Individuality, Liberty, Retribution, Self-Defense, Protection, Revenge
Pantheon: Common (Oeridian?)
Aliases: None
Domain Name: Arborea/Olympus/Hunter's Hall
Superior: None
Allies: Kord, Rudd, Krovis (quasi-deity)
Foes: Pholtus and other strictly lawful deities, including St. Cuthbert, Bralm, Allitur, and Wee Jas; slave-owners, dictators, and those who deprive others of their freedom.
Symbol: A pursuit rune
Wor. Align: NG, CG, N, CN

Trithereon "The Summoner" is the power of individuality, self-protection and freedom. His symbol, the pursuit rune, illustrates the deity's, and his servant's, dedication to strive for freedom and to destroy those who seek to curtail others freedom and liberty. He is a vengeful god to whom the end justifies the means.

Scholars suspect that originally he was of Oeridian origins. It is thought in learned circles that his worship stems from the time of the Bakluni/Suel conflict from which the Oeridians fled into the central Flanaess. Some scholars go further than that; theorising that Trithereon was at one time a hero-god in the way that Kelanen is now.

"The Chronicle of Secret Times", penned by Uhas Neheli, records several myths told to the author by the peasant folk of central Keoland relating the deeds of an Oeridian hero called Trithenon, who fought against tyranny and oppression several centuries before the Oerid's migration into the Sheldomar Valley. One tale relates how Trithenon was instrumental in delivering the Oerids into present-day Ull after fleeing a great enemy or conflict. Uhas notes, however, that he believes this tale to have no basis in fact. Other myths surrounding Trithenon include tales of monstrous animals fighting alongside him. Uhas theorised that if Trithenon and

Trithereon were one and the same then this would explain why he is known as "The Summoner."

Trithereon's faith is currently the fastest growing in the Flanaess, apart from St. Cuthbert's which is also enjoying a considerable influx of converts. His worship is concentrated in disputed areas and borderlands such as the Geoff/Gran March border, Sunndi, the Highfolk, northern Furyondy, and in the Ulek states where humans fight alongside dwarves and elves to hold back the might of Turrosh Mak. Most of these converts are found amongst exiles displaced from their homes. Inhabitants of Geoff, Bissel, Sterich and the states of the former Iron League can all be found within the ranks of the priesthood. Many former inhabitants of the Shield Lands also worship Trithereon, and their dispersion throughout the Flanaess has further spread his worship. He has even found converts in the Yeomanry, an extremely lawful land. (Most of these are individuals who oppose the slave-holding tactics of the Sea Princes and the Scarlet Brotherhood)

Although open warfare between Trithereon's followers and lawful good sects is unknown, isolated acts of violence against those deemed to be tyrannical or overly repressive are not uncommon. His priests are renown for whipping small bands of followers into a frenzy and then turning them loose to find those who oppose their deity's values. Among the faithful this is referred to as "street justice". Authorities of areas in which this is practised almost always take a dim view of this practise. Indeed, in the City of Greyhawk the faith is on the brink of being banned unless it modifies its activities quickly.

The only lawful sect that priests of Trithereon are cordial to is the fledgling church of Mayaheine, demigoddess of protection, justice and valor. This sect has done much to defend those in peril in borderlands, and this has impressed many priests of Trithereon although they still find the Sons and Daughters of Mayaheine stuffy and overly regimented. In disputed areas these sects have actually allied themselves with each other in times of need. In the northern Sheldomar Valley both priesthoods have links to the Knights of the March, a secret society dedicated to keeping Hochoch free, and to the freeing of Geoff.

Trithereon's Avatar (Ranger 30, Illusionist 25, Priest 20)

Trithereon appears as a tall, red-gold haired, well built young man with grey eyes. He is normally encountered wearing pale blue or occasionally violet clothes under a suit of golden chain mail. He is always armed with *Freedom's Tongue*, a broadsword; *Krelestro*, a broad-bladed spear whose name means Harbinger of Doom in ancient Oeridian, and a sceptre known as the *Baton of Retribution* which he carries at his waist in a wide girdle of gold-studded leather.

He has access to all the wizardly schools except necromancy and abjuration. As a priest he has access to the spheres of All, Astral, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Summoning, Chaos, Charm, Necromantic, Sun, Travellers. As a vengeful deity he prefers to memorise spells that kill or injure. Trithereon rarely grants a second chance.

AC-4; MV24; HP183; THAC0 -2 (base); #AT2 Dmg by weapon +7 MR magic resistance; SZ M Str19, Dex 20, Con 19, Int 19, Wis 19, Cha 19
Spells P: 12/11/11/9/7/5/2 W: 5/5/5/5/5/5/5/4
Saves: PPDM 2; RSW 3; PP 4; BW 4; Sp 4

Special Att/Def: Trithereon possesses several unique items, which he carries with him at all times:

Krelestro (Harbinger of Doom). Krelestro is a broad-bladed spear +7, with a oaken shaft purportedly engraved with the symbol of every natural creature in the Flanaess, and a leaf-shaped bronze head. It can be thrown up to 90' and will return to Trithereon's hand in the same round.

Freedom's Tongue. Freedom's Tongue is a +6 broadsword of ancient design, which projects *fear* (as the fourth-level wizard spell) in a 30' radius to all opponents of the wielder. This effect can be negated by a successful saving throw vs. spells.

Baton of Retribution. This golden sceptre bears the Oeridian runes for freedom, revenge, and pursuit. The baton has several powers:

- ◆ It has the ability to locate any enemy of its owner anywhere in the multiverse unless that individual is protected by extremely powerful cloaking magic.
- ◆ Its wielder can summon deva to his side in time of great need by opening a gate.
- ◆ Grasping the sceptre allows travel to any location on any of the planes of existence without error unless that place is powerfully warded (by ninth-level or divine magic).
- ◆ The baton's strangest power is to warp the area surrounding it, creating a strange place utterly unlike anything the target has ever seen. Once in that place

Trithereon's enemy must answer him one question truthfully or be trapped for 100 years. To use this power the baton must be grasped firmly and brought into contact with the target while the wielder wills the creation of the plane. This takes one round, during which the baton-wielder may take no other actions.

When he enters combat Trithereon prefers to strike first, from a distance, with his most powerful and destructive spells. When he has subdued as many of his opponents as possible, he will melee with the intention of touching his intended target with the Baton and transporting them to a demi-plane of his own creation.

He does not summon his monstrous allies lightly, as they fight for him of their own free will. As Trithenon, he is said to have rescued them shortly after the Oerids claimed modern-day Ull as their own. A Bakluni sorcerer had created for three intelligent, magical constructs to act as his servants. He used them to rule his holdings. Trithenon slew the sorcerer who had been capturing Oerids for other foul experiments, and discovering the constructs' intelligence, determined to set the automa free. Once this was accomplished, the constructs freely and willingly pledged their allegiance to the Summoner.

He can summon his three beastly allies, Nemoud, Harrus and Ca'rolk once per day. Each beast takes a full round to summon. They are 100% loyal and will serve him to the best of their abilities. He can also summon deva to assist him if the evil is truly great. If slain each of these creatures takes a full week to reform in Hunter's Hall, and cannot be called upon again during this time.

Nemoud the Hound: AC0 MV21 HD8 HP64 #Ats1 D4-16 SA fastens bite until killed SD struck only by magical weapons MR30%. Nemoud appears as a huge bloodhound almost the size of a horse, with powerful jaws. He can track his prey as a 20th level ranger and is never surprised. It can conceal itself so that it is 80% likely to be undetected. Once Nemoud has successful bitten a target, it will locks its jaws into its prey until either it or its prey is dead. This inflicts 16hp of damage a round. Nemoud's jaws can only be prised apart when the hound is dead. Instead of biting, the hound can expel paralysing gas in a 10'x10'x10' cloud. Those caught in this area must save vs. poison at -4 or be paralysed for 4-16 turns. Nemoud can also fly at the rate given above, and can become *ethereal* at will.

Harrus the Falcon: AC2 MV3/30 (flying) HD9 HP72 #Ats2 or 1 D5-8/5-8 or 3-12 SD struck only by magical weapons MR40% Harrus is a huge bird-like creature with large talons and a wickedly curved beak. Its vision is more acute than an eagle's and it can plummet at a rate of 120". If it attacks in this way, bite damage

and “to hit” are at +4.

Ca’rolk the Sea Lizard: AC-1 MV3/27 HD10 HP80 #Ats1 or 1 D3-30 (bite) or 2-16 (tail swipe) SA over turns small craft SD struck only by magical weapons MR20% Ca’rolk is a terrible sight, a crocodilian reptile fully 40’ in length from snout to tail. It normally bites but its tail can easily crush the ribs of a giant if need be. The creature is so strong that it can capsize boats: It has a 25% chance of capsizing a vessel of up to 40’ long, a 50% chance of capsizing a 30’ vessel, a 75% chance of upsetting a 20’ vessel. Any vessel of 10’ or smaller is automatically capsized.

Other Manifestations: Trithereon manifests himself to his followers during times of oppression or danger. During these times he can cause the bells of his temples to ring, preferably when there is no wind so that the faithful know that it is a sign from him. During the fall of Geoff it is said that the bell of the Halls of the Hunter (the foremost church in Gorna) rang continuously for a week.

He has also been known to manifest his sign, the pursuit rune, in the middle of the ceremonial flames of the faithful. This is normally taken to be a sign of approval from the Hunter. Any worshipper putting his weapon hand into the flames and not suffering burns is seen as particularly blessed. This is seen as a sign of Trithereon’s favor and marks the one so exposed as a “favored one”.

Very rarely weapons normally displayed in the halls of worship move under Trithereon’s instruction, dancing through the air in a form of aerial combat. The skill with which they are “wielded” and the ferocity of the “combat” are seen as omens and clues by his priests. Weapons so affected are viewed as religious artifacts by the faith and if lost will be recovered at all costs. Weapons used by Trithereon in this manner are recognisable by the pursuit rune burnt into their tip. A rare few of these weapons have thereafter exhibited magical abilities, including vorpal properties and the ability to “dance” as the sword of the same name.

The Church

Clergy: Cleric (20%), Crusader (40%),

Specialty Priests (40%)

Alignment: CG

Turn Undead: C: Yes, Cru:No, SP: No

Cmnd Undead: C: No, Cru:No, SP: No

All clergy of Trithereon receive the Religion non-weapon proficiency for free.

The hierarchy of the faith is quite simple. Positions of power within the church are all reserved for those who gain spells from their god, specifically members

of the priest class. Lay worshippers can be of any class, but many are conjurers, good- or neutrally-aligned thieves, and rangers.

As befits a chaotic clergy the hierarchy of the church is relatively simple. It consists of 4 basic levels, the lowest of which are the Hopeful Initiates (1st – 3rd level). Next in the hierarchy are the Sacred Sons and Daughters of Trithereon (4th – 6th level) followed by the leaders of the individual temples dedicated to Trithereon who are known as High Fathers or Mothers of Trithereon. These individuals are normally of at least 7th level. Finally there are the Master Priests and Priestess. These powerful folk lead the worship of Trithereon across whole countries and it is they whom the Knights of the Chase report to.

A “Favored One’s” (a member of the clergy who has put his hand inside the ceremonial flame and not been injured) opinion is greatly respected among the rest of the clergy. In council his words carry more weight than others of his level. Many “Favored Ones” tattoo a pursuit rune on their forearm surrounded by flames. They are particularly fanatical in the service of their god and some have received divine assistance from Trithereon himself.

Trithereon’s followers are viewed by the general populace as hot heads with ready swords and tongues. Although not evil they can cause considerable disorder, making those in authority wary of them and their practices. The bell ringing and constant weapon practice means that only followers of Trithereon tend to live near the temple, as unbelievers are driven away by the almost constant noise.

Temples of Trithereon are built of durable stone and are well able to resist attack. They are always built with an eye to defense, and all contain a bell tower from which the faithful can be called to worship. The bell in this tower is crafted out of solid gold and is the most valuable item in the temple unless the church is extremely poor. In this case the main goal of that temple will be to accumulate enough money to commission such a bell. His priests are always battle ready, and his temples always maintain extensive armories which to arm the faithful in times of need. Many worshippers are trained warriors and so many temples also boast weapon smiths and armorers dedicated to making weapons and armor for the faithful.

Dogma: The greatest good is freedom; Denial of this is the greatest evil. To ignore this is a mortal sin. This evil must be destroyed, as must all those who practice it. To achieve this no sacrifice is too dear; the end justifies the means.

The faithful have several sayings, three of which are detailed below:

- ◆ “Summoned by Trithereon” means that one has heard the calling of The Hunter and joined the church.
- ◆ “He has the eyes of Harrus” means that the object of the statement is considered to be very perceptive.
- ◆ “By the Baton” An oath of the faithful.

Day-to-Day Activities: Each temple has a bell that is rung to call the faithful to worship. On normal days the bell is rung once at sunset. On Godsdays it is rung every hour on the hour from dawn until midnight. The ringing typically lasts for about one minute and tends to mean that only followers of Trithereon live close to the temple.

Services to Trithereon include the afore mentioned bell ringing, the parading of new converts (known as Hopeful Initiates) to the faith, the displaying of weaponry and the veneration of ceremonial flames. In the west the priesthood favors martial displays of weaponry while in the central Flanaess veneration of the Ceremonial Flame is seen as central to the faith. The priesthood also spends much time training their faithful in self-defence and in the use of weapons, notably the spear. The leader of the temple will also regularly harangue the faithful on the value of freedom.

Tithes to Trithereon are typically steep although there is no set percentage of a worshippers wealth that must be donated. In areas where worshippers have been displaced from their homelands they give as much as they can afford, as they believe that this will allow them to return to their homes quicker. The priesthood also hires adventuring parties to recover wealth for them and in borderlands hires them to strike deep into enemy territory. Monies gained are spent on hiring men-at-arms and for agitating for assistance from the country they shelter in to reclaim their homeland.

The clergy also organises “street justice” when it is able. In the countryside its priests act as spies and border patrollers, working with rangers and other woodsmen to ward against incursions by evil humanoids or despots. The church recruits rangers in rural areas and thieves in towns to teach covert warfare techniques.

Major Centres of Worship: Major centers of worship for Trithereon focus around disputed borderlands and conquered territory. Western Gran March has many converts to the faith, as does the Yeomanry whose worshippers are mainly clustered on the border with the

Tors. His faith is also well established in Furyondy where it is led by Master Priestess Cataryna (a 13th-level priestess) who has established a major temple of the faith in Chendl, capital of the country. The Free City of Greyhawk also has a temple dedicated to the Summoner, led by Janziduur Euroz-slayer. It is a small temple in size, but until recently had much influence due to Janziduur’s control of a member of the ruling oligarchy, Laup Coburn. His worshippers also create a lot more trouble than their numbers would seem to allow.

After the fall of Geoff to the giant and humanoid hordes the semi-independent town of Hochoch has “enjoyed” a large influx of the faithful. The existing temple (The Hall of the Avenger’s Blade) has been rebuilt and expanded with the purchase of many of the surrounding buildings after it was destroyed by catapults in the Battle of Hochoch. Weapons practice and worship go on here daily. The leader, Master Priest Danollen Redblade, a native of Geoff, constantly sponsors adventuring companies in their forays into Geoff. He also dispatches small companies of faithful across the Javan to gather intelligence on events in his homeland.

Affiliated Orders:

Knights of the Chase - Knights of the Chase are either fighters or priests of Trithereon who rove throughout a country seeking out those who oppress others. Knights have been seen in Gran March, Hochoch, Sterich, the former lands of the Shield Lands and the lands of the former Iron League. Several individuals have also been reported to be active in the Almor area.

These individuals are very devoted to their deity, as theirs is a life of loneliness. Without exception these knights are extremely individualistic and used to acting on their own initiative. The only people that the Knights will take orders from are Master Priests or Priestess. They are merciless opponents and relentlessly hunt down transgressors. Those caught are never turned over to the authorities but are dealt with by the Knight in question.

All are mounted on war-horses and skilled in both broad sword and shield. There is a disproportional number of half-elves and half-orcs within this order (many of whom are multi-classed) due to the unhappy circumstances surrounding the birth of many of these individuals.

Members are normally encountered alone but groups have been encountered when some great oppression needs to be overcome. They are easily distinguishable in their blue chain mail emblazoned with a silver pursuit rune. (A few of the knights have the rune etched in gold and this signifies an individual of great prowess). Members will never turn away from those in need of rescue or protection as this is seen as a terrible

sin unless they are themselves guilty of oppression. Church leaders can always request (and get) their assistance. Once again as befits a chaotic order there are no other organized groups affiliated with the church of Trithereon.

The Magsmen's Brotherhood - The Magsmen's Brotherhood before the Greyhawk Wars was the pre-eminent thieves' guild in the western Sheldomar Valley having sizeable contingents in all the cities of Geoff and Sterich. When both countries fell to the advancing humanoid and giant hordes the surviving Magsmen fled to western Keoland and Hochoch. The most senior guildsman to escape to Hochoch was Cloyer Bulse, who is both a Geoffite and a patriot famous for helping defeat the menace of the Drow some years previously. Now older and wiser he aids the Hall of Vengeance surreptitiously both with intelligence of Hochoch and the surrounding area and with funds to help Danollen fight his war of liberation. Danollen is not aware of the true source of this aid, thinking that Cloyer's intermediary is a wealthy exiled merchant known as Jovan of the City of the Hornwood

The Knights of the March - The Knights of the March can trace their roots back to the time of Keoland's northward expansion into Gran March and Bissel. Originally led by Valerius the Chivalrous, they were an order mainly devoted to Heironeous. After the successful conquest of Bissel around 400CY the order slowly began to be supplanted by the Knights of the Watch. By 450CY they had all but ceased to exist, although the fortifications and towers built by them still bore their sigil: the axe of Heironeous crossed with the black lion of Keoland.

Beek Gwenders was one of the heroes who, along with Clover Bulse and others, ended the menace of the Drow to Sterich after the capital was enclosed in a large black bubble of fiendish design. So shocked was he by what he witnessed beneath the Crystalmists that when he returned to his native Hochoch he began to carefully build a network of spies and informants dedicated to keeping the town and its environs free of all outside influence. The Knights now patrol the Rushmoors, the Oytwood and the Dim Forest looking for signs of humanoid encroachment. Before the wars they also used to range far into Geoff. A follower of Trithereon himself, many of Beek's followers also venerate the Vengeful One. His agents mainly consist of mages, rangers and priests of Trithereon although in the last few years a few of Mayaheine's faithful have also been accepted into the Knight's ranks. It should be noted that the Knights are also opposed to the influence the Gran March is exerting over Hochoch. To this end Beek's followers also watch the Gran March forces within Hochoch's borders, which number a full Battle.

Priestly Vestments: Priests of Trithereon wear purple or dark blue robes, trimmed with silver or gold to indicate their position in the church hierarchy. The more ornate the trim, the more important the wearer. During especially important events or ceremonies the priests wear golden red cassocks with the rune of pursuit emblazoned over the wearer's heart in silver edged with gold.

The possession of magical chain mail or a dancing broad sword brings great status to its owner. Priests always wear an amulet chased with gold on a golden chain in the shape of the pursuit rune. When going into battle they also typically wear blue surcoats over their chain mail with the symbol of their god emblazoned proudly on its front and back.

Adventuring Garb: When adventuring Trithereon's priests are always ready for action. They wear blue or purple chain mail with the pursuit rune emblazoned over their heart signifying their devotion to the Hunter. Whilst "in the field" they must be ready at all times to assist those in need, particularly those at risk from oppression, slavery or who have suffered a great wrong. They will typically carry extra weapons to give to those in need.

Speciality Priests (Avengers)

Requirements: Wisdom 9
Prime Req: Wisdom
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Weapons: Any, but priests of Trithereon must be proficient in spear and broadsword at 1st-level.
Armor: Chainmail only
Major Spheres: All, Astral, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Summoning
Minor Sphere: Chaos, Charm, Necromantic, Sun, Travellers
Magical Items: Any allowed to priests
Req. Profs: Riding
Bonus Profs: Tracking

- ◆ Humans, half-elves and half-orcs may be speciality priests of Trithereon.
- ◆ Speciality priests of Trithereon suffer no penalty to their tracking proficiency. (Under First Edition AD&D rules, priests of Trithereon track as a ranger of one level lower.)
- ◆ They can read wizard scrolls of any conjuration/summoning spells. In addition, they can use any magical item that invokes conjuration magic. Note that any monster summoned must be rewarded for its service.
- ◆ At 3rd-level a speciality priest of Trithereon can backstab with an edged weapon for double damage, as a thief (but damage does not increase with level).
- ◆ At 5th-level priests of Trithereon may use monster

summoning spells from the wizard lists as priest spells of the same level.

- ◆ At 8th-level they may cast *animal summoning I* once per day.
- ◆ At 12th-level, avengers may cast *animal summoning II* once per day.
- ◆ At 16th-level, priests of Trithereon may cast *animal summoning III* once per day.

Trithereian Spells

Locate Individual

(Divination)

Sphere: Divination

Level: 2

Range : 0

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 3rds/lvl

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 20 yds./lvl

Saving Throw: neg.

This spell is a priestly modification of the 2nd-level mage spell *locate object*. It has two versions:

When cast normally it allows the priest to locate any single known individual in the area of effect. The priest, and any worshippers of Trithereon, will see a blue haze (much like a will o the wisp) that will lead him to the target at a movement rate of 6. The priest must concentrate on the individual he wishes find during this time.

Cast in reverse this spell hides the location of any single individual from scrying magic for 4 hours.

The material component for this spell is the priest's holy symbol, and if cast in reverse a hair from the individual to be hidden.

Trithereon's Mark

(Charm)

Sphere: Charm

Level: 2

Range : Touch

Components: V, S,M

Duration: 2rds/lvl

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Individual

Saving Throw: Neg.

Priests casting this spell must touch the recipient on the forehead with his right hand. The spell brings into being a pursuit rune centred between the recipients eyes which lasts for 2rounds per level and fades at the expiration of the spell. The rune confers +3 to all saving throws against mind altering magic including such affects as a vampires gaze.

If cast on a creature that is already charmed the spell allows that individual to make another saving throw

vs. the charm affect at +3. If the saving throw fails no further attempt can be made to break the spell until sunrise on the next day.

To cast this spell the priest needs only his holy symbol.

Flight of Krelestro

(Enchantment)

Sphere: Combat

Level: 3

Range : 0

Components: V, M

Duration: special

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 1 spear

Saving Throw: None

This spell empowers a single spear that has been previously blessed by a priest of Trithereon. At the time of casting the priest must be holding the spear. The spell increases the spear's range categories by a factor of three to 30/60/90, and grants a +3 to hit and damage. (Range penalties must still be observed). The effect lasts for 6 rounds or until thrown. As part of the casting the spear can be thrown in the same round that the spell is cast.

Loosen Bonds

(Alteration)

Sphere: Charm

Level: 3

Range : 0

Components: V

Duration:1 round

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 10' rds./lvl.

Saving Throw: None

By casting this spell the priest forces all bonds in the area of effect to expand slightly so that those trapped can free themselves. The spell does not open locks but would affect iron collars, rope and chains. After 1 round has passed the bonds revert to their normal size, trapping anyone still entrapped.

Track

(Divination)

Sphere: Divination

Level: 3

Range : 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 3rds/lvl

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 20' R

Saving Throw: None

Once invoked this spell allows the priest to clearly see the tracks of the creature desired. The level

of the priest casting this spells allows the tracking of creatures over a variety of terrain:

5 th - 6 th	Soft or muddy ground
7 th - 9 th	Thick brush, vines or reeds
10-11 th	Occasional signs of passage, dust
12 th - 13 th	Normal ground, wood floor
14 th -15 th	Rocky ground or shallow water
16 th +	Deep water

The priests needs his holy symbol to cast the spell and to be able to visualize the creature to be tracked or to know its name. All normal modifiers for tracking apply.

Track Teleport

(Divination)

Sphere: Divination

Level: 4

Range: special

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 individual

Saving Throw: Neg.

Casting this spell allows the priest to be aware of the destination of any *teleport* or *dimension door* spell used in the previous round. The information is gained in the form of a mental picture good enough for small details to be made out. The caster must witness the spell to be tracked to be able to effectively cast this spell, otherwise there is only a 5% chance per caster level of the right location being divined. A roll of 96-00 always indicates failure, showing the priest an erroneous location. If the target creature makes its saving throw no information about its location can be gained. The saving throw is made at -1 for every 3 levels of the caster.

Trithereon's Retribution

(necromancy)

Sphere: necromantic

Level: 5

Range : touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 day/caster lvl.

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 individual

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is only used on those considered to be wrongdoers when measured against the precepts of the faith. Those "eligible" include slave holders, dictators, brutal army officers and those who oppress others. It can also be cast on those who have perpetrated some terrible wrong.

To cast this spell the priest must physically touch the recipient.

This spell has two effects:

- ◆ First, it places a pursuit rune on the recipient's forehead that cannot be removed.
- ◆ Second, when the target commits an act of violence aimed at the oppressed the target suffers a like amount of damage. This damage occurs in exactly the same place as it does on the original recipient. i.e. if a slave is struck in the face then the target will exhibit a similar bruise and take the same amount of physical damage.

If this spell is used improperly on a creature the priest must atone for his sin or loose all spell casting abilities and be ejected from the priesthood. Priests will normally be required to undertake a mission consummate to their abilities.

If the target creature makes its saving throw vs. spells then the spell has no effect. This saving throw is made at -1 per 4 caster levels.

Gateway to Adventure

The Mines of Elsidell

A Greyhawk Adventure for 6-8 Players, of Levels 3-5

By Sean Williams

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Background

The Lortmil Mountains, located in the south-central Flanaess, have long been a place in which many a foolhardy adventurer has sought his fortune. Nearly 100 years ago, the dwarves, gnomes, halflings, and human settlers of the region banded together to rid the hills of all humanoids. For years the struggle waged, with the forces of good finally scattering the humanoid tribes. As a result, the humanoid tribes were forced to flee south and east where they eventually laid claim to the area known as the Pomarj. Thus ended that time in the Flanaess known as the Hateful Wars, which ran from 498-510 CY.

Although from time to time humanoids were spied roaming through the Lortmil Mountains and hills bordering the Suss Forest to the south, they were never seen in force, and as such, no notice was taken. As the Wars progressed, Turrosh Mak and his evil humanoid armies pushed incessantly upon the eastern border of the Principality of Ulek as well as the southeastern corner of the Lortmil Mountains. By the War's end, the entire mountain region bordering the eastern edge of the Principality and County of Ulek were under the grip of those armies. The border of the Principality had been pushed so far back, that it was now a mere 10 leagues from the capital city of Gryrax.

In the past year since the Treaty signing effectively ended the war, the armies of the three Ulek States, combined with the gnomes of the Kron Hills to the north, have again pushed the thinly spread humanoid hordes south and east. The Lortmil Mountains remain a hotly contested area, especially for control of the Lower Pass, which allows quick and speedy contact between the Ulek States, the elves of Celene, and nations further north.

Turrosh Mak is bound and determined to take control of the mountains. His armies are thinly spread, with the main forces bordering the Principality of Ulek and the Wild Coast. He knows that a large army would be cumbersome within the winding and twisting trails of the Lortmils, and as such has resorted to using small-scale, guerrilla tactics. In particular, he has begun targeting the wealth producing areas of the states. One such is the

Elsidell Mines. Being one of the richest producers for the County of Ulek, it is a prime target.

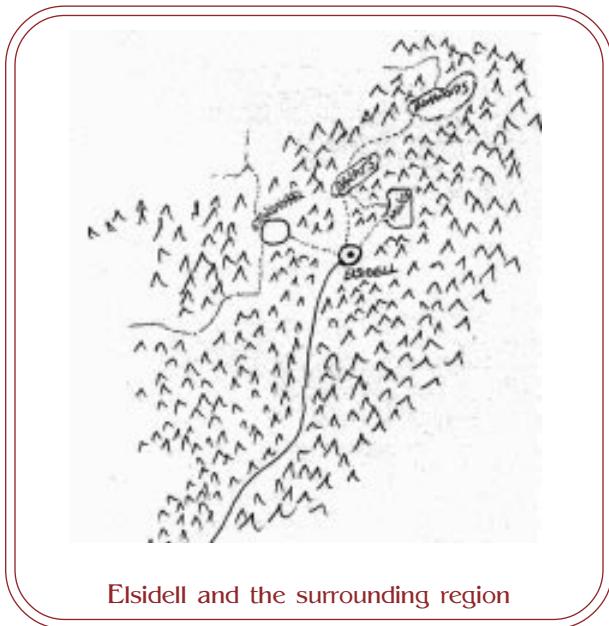
With the northern armies once again shifting and jockeying for position, the recently appointed Count Palatine of Ulek, Lewenn II, is concerned that it may again be drawn into unavoidable conflict. His father ruled the land wisely for years, and he has no wish to see the fruits of that labor come to naught. His garrisons are thin, as they are supporting the Principality to the south. Many of the finest warriors volunteered to aid the armies of Nyrond, Keoland, Veluna and the Shield Lands; and the raids on the country's wealth producers have increased alarmingly, stretching the garrisons even more as they search for the slippery thieves. So, the word was sent to hire freelance adventurers to investigate these recent attacks. It is for this reason the adventurers have come to Jurnre, the capital city of the County of Ulek.

For the Dungeon Master

The Mines of Elsidell is an AD&D adventure, for 6-8 characters of level 3-5, set in the World of Greyhawk (hex Q4-106). The party should have at least one ranger or druid, as most of this takes place in wilderness areas, but any PC with a Tracking skill should do well. The above background should be edited as necessary to make it fit within the DM's own campaign. With minor alteration to the background, this can be a pre or post-Wars adventure. The problem with the bandits raiding the mines and the problem with the humanoid invaders are interrelated, as the characters will discover. At the outset, only the former problem will be known.

There is a large group of bandits who are raiding the Elsidell Mines, but they are working together with a nearby band of humanoids. The bandits, having been active throughout Ulek and the Lortmils for several years, have had quite a bit of good fortune. For a time, these bandits had humanoids amongst their numbers- particularly half-orcs. However, with the onset of Turrosh Mak's offensive along the Wild Coast and the Principality of Ulek, those members were drawn away to aid their own kind. After the wars, former members contacted the ban-

dit leader, Orog Demishen, with a bold proposition. The bandits would begin assaulting the wagon trains bearing ore and gems from the mines of Elsidell. Keeping part for themselves, the bandits use the rest to pay for quality weapons and armor which would be shipped from the south. (*Although mentioned in this adventure, no attempt to expand the smuggling operation has been done, and DM's are encouraged to develop this area as they see fit.*)



The weapons, once received by the bandits, would be delivered to Chacklug Gohtucmag (Chak lug goth TOOK' mahg), the 'Mancrusher' as he is known, and his party of warriors. It is the goal of this humanoid band to attract members, foray upon local villages, to incite fear and panic, and eventually to capture the Lower Lortmil Pass. Once accomplished, the band will assist other Pomarj troops as they move into the Lower Lortmils, from the Pomarj, and begin to reclaim their homeland.

While this is a bold and brazen plan, the actual goal is to occupy the troops of Ulek so that the real target can be assailed: Gryrax and the rest of the Principality of Ulek.

A note on wandering monsters: The majority of this adventure is set in the open, mountain terrain. Any standard encounter table, such as those found in the *Monstrous Compendium Annual Vol. 2*, may be utilized if the DM does not have the time to develop one of his own.

Additionally, if the DM has access to the 1983 World of Greyhawk Boxed Set, there are many excellent country-based encounter tables there.

Elsidell Mining Community

Elsidell is a typical community whose sole livelihood is based upon the nearby mines. Set in the base of the southern Lortmil Mountains, it is by far one of the richest producers of wealth for the County of Ulek. The ground is mostly barren, with only scrub grasses being the norm, as well as the occasional group of bushes dotting the valley floor. There are, however, some small copses of trees, as well as two (very) small farms that produce fruits, vegetables and the like for use by the local population. It is everything the local druid, Peturen, can do to keep them thriving.

The valley that houses the town is perhaps a mile around, with the vast majority of buildings being grouped about the central area. There are four entrances to the valley, three are known, and one hidden. The two main roads in and out are gated, and twin towers flank the road. The south road leads up from the County of Ulek, while the northern route leads to the mines themselves.

The third exit lies in the northwestern corner of the valley. While there is no gate, there is a guard house to track movement along this path. This trail leads to the gnomish community Ettinstuffel some three miles to the northwest. The frequent and heavy patrols of gnomes have negated the need for a third gate to be placed here.

The fourth exit is a hidden trail which enters the northern edge of the valley, through the brush grasses and a copse of trees. Its users, the humanoids and bandits, take great pains to erase their passage through this area. As of yet, only one unfortunate person has discovered them using it, and he was quietly removed.

The following are detailed descriptions of key locations with the community:

1. Gate- There are two identical gates to the valley. The first is the entry gate along the south entrance, and the other the entrance gate along the north exit which leads to the mines themselves. Each gate has twin towers set against the steeply rising cliffs. Along the top of each gate is a walkway set with three parapets behind which archers may hide. The towers themselves are 30 feet tall and 20 feet around. At the top of each is a large ballista manned by two guards. There is normally a third guard, armed with a short bow, on each tower. Behind the center parapet is a cauldron of oil. The tower guards, in event of an attack upon the gate, will dump it on would-be assailants. Lastly, the interior of the towers are empty, save for a staircase leading up to the top. At the bottom, 10 foot level and 20 foot level are wide 'shelves' for additional archers (four per level) to stand upon and fire through the narrow slits provided.

There are 160 men assigned to the garrison, along with eight sergeants and four lieutenants, distributed as such:

The foot soldiers are broken up into two separate companies.

- ◆ Foot Soldiers (50 per)- Level 0 Fighters; AC6 (studded leather and small shields); HP d6; armed with pole arms and short swords.
- ◆ Four Sergeants (2 per)- Level 1 Fighters; AC6 (studded leather and small shields); HP d10; armed with pole arms and short swords.
- ◆ Two Lieutenants (1 per)- Level 3 Fighter; AC4 (chainmail and shield); HP 3d10; armed with a longsword.
- ◆ Archers (40)- Level 0 Fighters; AC8 (leather); HP d6; armed with short bows and short swords.
- ◆ Two Sergeants- Level 1 Fighters; AC7 (studded leather); HP d10; armed with short bow and short sword.
- ◆ Lieutenant- Level 3 Fighter; AC5 (chainmail); HP 3d10 ; armed with a short bow and longsword
- ◆ Cavalry (20)- Level 1 Fighters AC5 (Chainmail) HP d10; armed with medium lance, horseman's flail and short sword; rides a medium war horse with chain bardings.
- ◆ Two Sergeants- Level 2 Fighters AC5 (chainmail) HP 2d10; armed with medium lance, horseman's flail and short sword; rides a medium war horse with chain bardings.
- ◆ Lieutenant- Level 3 Fighter; AC5 (chainmail); HP 3d10; armed with medium lance, horseman's flail and short sword; rides a heavy war horse with chain bardings.

Notes on the garrison: There are four foot soldiers and two archers manning each of the two gates at all times during the day, and two guards in the guardhouse leading to the gnome community of Ettinstuffel. These numbers will double at night. Additionally, 40 foot soldiers, 10 archers, two sergeants and two Lieutenants will be patrolling the surrounding countryside in two sepa-

rate groups. They normally return just prior to sundown.

2. Mill/Smithy/Armorer- This trio of men came to Elsidell several years ago, and have since managed to become some of the more prosperous folk. Each sits upon the town council, along with the mayor, Jasper Dent (q.v.), Cormyr Dane (q.v.) and Peturen Peakwatch (q.v.). Characters can get armor and weapons repaired here, but at a 20% cost over the normal rates. Should it be necessary, new items can be made at 150% of the normal cost.

These men have lived in the region for many years, and are a good source of information should the characters need some. They know that the bandits have been in the area for a long time, but only within the last few months have they begun to actively target the mines. They also know that recently, a man by the name of Artemis Ackwater, a painter, was discovered missing. His last known whereabouts was the Ellis Inn, where he had been boarding for several weeks. Further information may be provided as the DM sees fit, for they are a

wealth of local information.

3. Ellis Inn/Elsidell Trading and Bartering- These buildings are amongst the more prosperous in the town. The Inn is a large, L-shaped structure three stories tall. The Trading company is a large, single story structure right next to the Inn. A long porch connects the two together, though they are actually separate buildings.

Behind the inn is a large barn which is capable of holding up to 10 horses. Characters may stable their horses at a cost of 1 sp per day. This will include exercising, feed and currying of the mount on a daily basis.

The inn is a busy place regardless of the time of day, though the busiest times are breakfast and dinner. An average of 5-30 people can be found at any one time. Most are miners and soldiers, but Cormyr Dane, the mayor and other prominent NPC's may be found eating here. Each



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Godsday, at dinner time, the place is full to standing room only, as this is the time for town meetings. At these times the mayor hears all complaints, propositions, etc from the locals. It is also a time to spend time with friends and families, and although semi-formal to begin with, the meetings usually end up in a rather large party.

Meals at the inn are hot and filling if not extravagant, and the cost is normally 2 cp per meal. There is no menu to speak of, with the daily specials being posted on a slate just inside the entry. Ale and wine, along with water and juices are normally available with each meal. Special orders for wines or ales may be available, but usually at exorbitant prices.

The inn has two floors of rooms, with the bottom floor being occupied by the Dent's and the servants/stable hands. The second floor has a common room which sleeps 10 and costs 2 cp per night, and six two-man rooms which cost 1 sp per night. The third floor has four two-man rooms at 1 sp per night and four private rooms at a cost of 4 sp per night.

Jasper Dent is the proprietor of the inn, and has been for the past 15 years. He has three servers working for him, along with two stable hands, a cook, and his wife Melinda. The Dent's have no children. Hilgo Bandylegs (q.v.) frequents the inn as a cook, being trained in the culinary arts when he was in Greyhawk many years ago.

Jasper Dent - Level 0 Human (NG); AC10; HP3 AT1; D1d3 (hand axe or knife)

S12	I13	W8	D13	C11	Ch16
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The Elsidell Trading and Bartering Company is run by Dieter Cane. Having arrived some eight months ago, Dieter bought the business from its former owner. Since that time, the business has started booming, as Dieter began to offer goods from across the Flanaess. His merchant trains make frequent trips to Verbobonc, Dyvers and Greyhawk, as well as the Principality, Duchy and County of Ulek. The people of the town like the affable man very much, and are thinking of holding a special election to vote him to the town council.

What the town does not know, will surely hurt them in the long run. Dieter Cane is, in fact, an agent for the smuggling ring which has been sneaking armor and weapons to the humanoid raiding party in the area. The shipments arrive hidden in false bottoms of his wagons, and are secretly off-loaded to the bandits under cover of darkness. Dieter maintains his air of friendliness and openness with all he encounters, but he reports anything unusual as soon as possible. Thus, within 1-3 days after arriving, the characters will be reported to the bandits, and they will double their patrols around their camp.

Otherwise, Dieter will act as a fair and reasonable trader, making fair offers and asking fair prices for his goods. Almost anything in the standard items list may be bought from this shop at a 10% overpricing. Non-standard or special request items may be ordered at double the normal cost.

Dieter Cane - Level 4 Thief (LE); AC 5(+1 leather and Dex bonus); HP18; AT1 D1d8 (longsword)

S9	I11	W11	D16	C10	Ch12
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4. Water Hole- This small area is looked after by the an elderly man and his good wife. They fill casks and barrels with water and haul it to the Inn and other places requesting it. The water is fresh and clear here, with no chance for harmful bacteria. Characters are free to fill their waterskins from here as often as needed.

5. Secret Path to Bandit Camp- This hidden path is used by the bandits to enter and exit the town without being seen. They are extremely careful to erase any and all tracks from the place, and in fact, unless characters actually decide to search into the hills for 100 yards or more, the trail has only a 5% chance of being located. Druids and Rangers get a 10% chance regardless of their normal chances.

Characters searching the woods in this area will have a 30% chance of finding some paint brushes here. They were dropped by Artemis Ackwater, a painter who had been visiting the area. Leaving the Inn one night, he brought his painting equipment with him to paint the glade as the moons were hanging across the tops of the Lortmils. Unfortunately, the same night saw the bandits visiting, and he was accosted and taken away. He has not been seen since.

6. Temple to St. Cuthbert- This large, one-story building is a holy place of worship dedicated to the church of St. Cuthbert. Telemond the Patriarch, a 4th level priest, was assigned here three years ago. He very much enjoys his work and hopes to remain for a long time to come.

Also located here, sharing the rectory out back with Telemond, is Hilgo Bandylegs, a 5th level priest to Ulua. He shares the house with Telemond, but his services are normally held in the foothills to the west of the town. His clergy is actually the largest of the three faiths in town (Ulua/St. Cuthbert/Beory) due to the fact that there are many dwarven miners living here.

Hilgo is a culinary specialist, and when not engaging Telemond in some theological debate, he may be found at the Ellis Inn preparing some special meals for close friends.

Both of the priests welcome strangers into the rectory, and if need be will allow them to stay in the rec-

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tory for a night. They are both aware of the trouble of late, the missing Artemis Ackwater, and also have heard rumors of a giant, 10 foot tall, magic-wielding ogre rampaging through some of the tiny villages bordering the mountains.

Just north of the temple, along the base of the rocky cliff on the northern edge of town, is a small graveyard maintained by the two priests. Currently there are fifteen persons interred there, including the mayor's wife.

Telemond the Patriarch - Level 4 Human Cleric (LG); AC4 (+1 chainmail); HP 25; AT1 D1d6+2 (+1 mace); Spells: 1st- *cure light wounds, command, magical stone*; 2nd- *charm person, chant*

S10 I10 W18 D9 C11 Ch13

Hilgo Bandylegs - Level 5 Dwarven Cleric (NG); AC2 (plate mail); HP 31; AT1 D1d4+3 (+2 warhammer); Spells: 1st- *protection from evil, create water, sanctuary*; 2nd- *spiritual hammer, withdraw, slow poison*; 3rd- *call lightning*

S15 I9 W16 D12 C11 Ch12

7. Money Changer- Idyllic Goldweaver is a greedy gnome whose sole desire is to make enough of a fortune to retire in style in the city of Greyhawk. he has been in the town for 2 years, and has nearly managed to alienate everyone he has come in contact with. His only friends are his two pet guard dogs- "Glitter" and "Gem". He refuses to discuss any local rumors or happenings, though he has suspicions about the Merchant trader Dieter Cane. He believes the man too honest to be a trader.

Characters dealing with this gnome will find his sarcasm bitter, and all reactions are at a -2/-20% penalty. His prices for exchanging currency are high, usually running from 20-30% of the total amount exchanged.

Idyllic lives in his shop, in a small room in the back. His total cache consists of 200 gp, 500 sp, 1000 cp, 20 gems ranging from 10-1000 gp, and 2 pearl necklaces worth 1500 gp each. If characters have ore or gold dust to cash in, he uses leaded weights so that characters only get 75% of the real value.

Idyllic Goldweaver - Level 3/4 Gnome Fighter/Thief (CN); AC7 (studded leather); AT1; D1d6 (short sword)

S13 I16 W15 D16 C11 Ch8

8. Elsidell Merchant Trading and Bartering Warehouse- This large warehouse is where all shipments arriving into Elsidell are brought. Inside are bales of cloth, clothing, dried foodstuffs, barrels of ale, hunting and fishing gears, items of interest from across the Flanaess, etc. Additionally, there is a secret basement which houses the

latest shipment of smuggled arms and armor. Currently, there are only two crates containing 10 short swords each. Normally there are four men on guard at night, and 5 men working during the day. The four night shift men and two of the day crew are aware of the secret trade going on. The remainder are completely unaware and are hard, honest workers.

Hired Hands (6)- L 0 Human Men(LE); AC10; HP d6 each; AT1; D1d6 (clubs)

9. Mayor Ungwelf's Home- This fine home is two-stories high and surrounded by a low, stone wall. The entire back area also has plush, low bushes, all of which is neatly kept and maintained by the house gardener Skitch Beastfriend.

Unknown to the mayor, his 'common gardener' was sent by agents of Keoland to keep an eye on the Lower Lortmil Pass. Keoland fears the return of Turrosh Mak and his tribes to the Lortmils and as such wants firsthand information on the area. Weekly, a courier arrives, via *teleport*, to get Skitch's reports on the situation. Cormyr Dane has become fairly good friends with the young man, and sometimes asks Skitch to act as a scout or guide as his lore of tracking, plants, and animals is excellent.

Skitch Beastfriend - Level 3 Human Druid of Beory (LN); AC3 (bracers AC7, a +1 ring of protection + Dex bonus) AT1 D1d6 (quarterstaff). He also possesses a *staff of the woodlands* (15 charges).

Spells: 1st- *pass without trace, locate plants or animals*; 2nd- *speak with animals*

S15 I16 W18 D17 C12 Ch16

Mayor Alderidge Ungwelf is a former adventurer who settled in the County of Ulek many years ago. In return for his service to Lewenn, Palatine of Ulek, he was awarded the title of mayor of this community. Ungwelf was deeply honored at the gesture by his former liege, and as such takes his duty very seriously. Although he fancies himself as a 'people person', rarely does his honor take visitors. Instead, he hears them out at the weekly township meetings in the Ellis Inn. If characters are hired by Cormyr Dane to investigate the recent troubles, the mayor will, at Cormyr's request, see them privately in his home.

The mayor is a well traveled man, having adventured to the Crystalmist mountains and the lands of Iuz and Blackmoor. He fears that the humanoid beast seen leading the orc/goblin war party is in fact an Ogre with a powerful magic item, though he has shared his thoughts with Cormyr only. The marauders have yet to attack the mine or its wagons, so he does not want to incite panic

amongst his townsfolk. His number one priority is ridding himself of these pesky bandits. If forced to fight, he will fight at 3 levels lower due to his age (62).

Alderidge Ungwelf - L9 Human Fighter (LG); AC3 (bracers AC3); HP 55; AT1 D1d8+2 (+2 longsword).

S11 I15 W16 D12 C9 Ch14

10. Peturen Peakwatch's Home- This small, two-room hut is home to the township's local druid. He is a priest of Beory, and spends most of his days tending the two small farms and the coves of trees planted around the town. Each Godsday, he attends the local town meetings to help the mayor and other members decide upon each issue.

Peturen is aware of the troubles in the local area, but has not yet been out to investigate. Between his duties as town council member, the local farms and trees, and his services to Beory conducted each day, he has been extremely busy. Peturen is unaware that Skitch is also a priest to Beory, but has noticed the young man's gift with plants. The two are friendly, if not close.

Peturen Peakwatch - L5 Human Druid of Beory (LN); AC 5 (+3 leather and Dex bonus); HP 29; AT1 D1d6+2 (+2 quarterstaff) Spells: 1st- *Animal Friendship, Create Water, Locate Animals or Plant*; 2nd- *Charm Person or Mammal, Goodberry, Speak With Animals*; 3rd- *Plant Growth*

S11 I15 W16 D16 C12 Ch13

11. Cormyr Dane's Office- This large building houses the township's jail as well as the office of the captain of the guard, Cormyr Dane. Formerly a member of the elite guard of Jurnre, when his time came for a command of his own, Cormyr was given this assignment. Attacking his new task with zeal, he has shaped his troops into a formidable force capable of defending the mines and surrounding lands.

Though the recent attacks on the mines have Cormyr concerned, he does not agree with the Palatine's decision to hire outsiders. Still, he is an honest and upright man and will give characters his full support. If no ranger or druid is within the party, Cormyr will offer to hire Skitch Beastmaster to accompany them as a scout or guide. Additionally, he will offer up to one-fourth of his troops to aid the characters should they feel the need.

Cormyr knows that the bandits are a force to be reckoned with, and estimates their numbers to be between 20-30 members. He cannot afford to place large contingents of soldiers on every caravan, and the bandits always seem to have enough men to overcome the troops he does send.

He and the mayor are also aware that a large force of

humanoids has been raiding the small towns along the southern edge of the Lortmils. While they have (so far) left the mining town alone, Cormyr is certain it is only time before these creatures set their sights on Elsidell.

Cormyr will offer interested parties 500 gp per man for successful information about the bandits. Additionally, Characters hired by Cormyr will have the cost of their rooms paid for one week's time (meals not included). Also, any treasure collected during their investigation is to be kept by the characters as compensation.

Cormyr Dane - L8 Half-Elven Fighter (NG); AC2 (+2 chainmail + shield); HP 60; AT1; D1d8+4 (+3 longsword, frost brand, +6 versus flame using/dwelling creatures + Str bonus)

S16 I12 W12 D11 C13 Ch16

12. The Mines- Although no map is provided, the following information should suffice for the DM to run investigating characters through any encounter:

The mines of Elsidell are some of the most wealth-producing in the County of Ulek. Each week, the ore and precious stones mined are gathered and shipped to Elsidell. Monthly, the town ships the cargo to Jurnre for minting/cutting. The bandits normally attack the cargo train as it passes from the mines to the town, as the number of guards is less than the full monthly shipment to Jurnre.

The mine foreman is Chipper Wilkens, "Chip" to all who work for him. He runs a tight operation, foregoing the hiring of others to help him manage the operation. His size is intimidating, being 6'3 and solidly built, so he has little trouble getting his workers to co-operate. He can be found moving from mine to mine, shaft to shaft, talking with men, giving instructions, working with engineers on the starting of new veins, etc. Once tracked down, he will give the characters a few minutes of his time, but no more; He has much work to do.

Chipper is frustrated by the recent events, for he is the one held responsible for the loss of revenue by the mining company. He feels his job is at stake if something is not done, so he will tell characters all that he knows (even though limited).

The bandits appear to know when shipments are coming, which alludes to an insider. He has had his men checked out, and feels them loyal and uninvolved (he is correct), so it is either the bandits spying on them (true) or someone in town (also true). Beyond that, he has no information.

If asked, he will show the characters the mines themselves. There are eight different openings, each with one or two shafts leading down. Deep below, they all connect at one level or another. The majority (60%) of the miners

are dwarven, though many humans and gnomes are present.

(DM's are encouraged to develop their own mines, for many a good underworld adventure can be spun from here).

There is a worn path around the upper rim of the valley, primarily due to the daily Elsidell patrols. On the western rim, a small trail may be discovered. It is old and overgrown, but a PC with a successful check against his Tracking ability may find that it has seen recent use. Following this trail west will lead the party to the bandit camp.

Chipper Wilkens - L1 Fighter Human Male (NG); AC10; HP 7; AT1 D1d6+4 (mace + Str bonus)
 S18/64 I14 W13 D10 C15 Ch12

Bandit Encampment

Orog is a thoroughly corrupt individual who will stop at nothing to achieve his goals. His group of bandits has been enjoying a moderately good life raiding local villages, merchant trains, and caravans around Ulek and the lower Lortmils for the past few years. All the while, he has sought newer and bolder means of acquiring wealth and status. Naturally, he was eager to join forces with Chacklug (q.v.), for not only was he receiving additional help, but the money was good, and being on the right side of an Ogre Mage was always a smart idea.

Using some contacts to the south, he aided Chacklug in establishing a smuggling ring to import quality weapons and armor from the south into the Elsidell Trading and Bartering Company. There, his contact Dieter Cane would deliver them to Orog as he brought goods from Elsidell to the mines. Hidden in false compartments of the wagon, the operation has been extremely lucrative thus far. Orog's group is mainly responsible for procuring payment for the weapons. Twice a month, they raid wagons laden with ore and gems mined from Elsidell in order to pay for the incoming shipments of arms. Of course, a 20% cut on all booty is taken.

The camp is plain, with only a general description being given:

The encampment lies in a long, narrow ravine, approximately one-half mile long, and 200 yards across at its widest point. The embankments are steep all the way around, except for the southern end, which is much easier to navigate. Thieves wishing to scale the steep faces gain a +10% to their climbing ability due to the number of foot and hand holds found.

There are two trails leading from the camp. The first heads up a steep embankment at the north end (which then leads north and into the hills as depicted in the area map), and the main trail which exits to the south. Some

200 yards south, the trail branches, with one headed south to Elsidell and the other east to the mines (again, as shown in the area map). Though fairly well traveled, the trails at times become nothing more than animal tracks. However, a Ranger gets a +10% to his tracking ability to follow them. Those characters with just a Tracking proficiency get a normal chance to follow these trails where they become difficult. In either case, no check is necessary where the trails are well defined.

The center of the ravine holds a small copse of trees, in the center of which is a large fire pit. The fires are lit from one hour after sundown until one hour prior to sun up, so that there is almost no chance of the smoke being seen by passers-by. Several small, makeshift huts are built around the copse of trees, for the general troops.

There is a single cave, visible from the eastern rim of the ravine. In here, the bandits keep their cache of weapons and plundered treasure. Here, also, is a separate set of chambers. In one, sleeps Orog Denishen, and in the other his two lieutenants, Fenwick Alyson and Darrius D'lamen.

The current cache of plunder and weapons consists of 10 suits of fine studded leather armor, four crates holding 20 good short swords, 2 crates of 20 good long swords, 15 long bows, 100 arrows crafted from hornwood, 10 pike awls, 500 gp, 1000 sp, 3000 cp, two 5-lb bags of gold dust (1500 gp), and 10 rough cut gems of various quality. There are two men on guard here at all times. Stats for all are provided at the end of this section.

Around the upper ledge of the ravine may be found a worn path. Characters making an intelligence check will conclude that it is not a trail, but rather a well worn area around the ravine. Thus, it is logical to conclude that someone passes around the ledge rather frequently. This gives indication of the roving patrol.

Each patrol consists of two men as depicted below. Each has a whistle, however, to warn of intruders. If the characters are hiding, there is a 20% chance of being noticed. If the bandits know that the PC's are looking for them (from Dieter Cane), the chance of discovery is 40% due to the increased awareness. If spotted, the patrol will wait until they are near the southern entry of the ravine before blowing the whistles. They are not dumb, and will want as much help as possible. There are always two sets of patrol roving during the day and three at night. Characters who have been discovered will find themselves chased by the entire camp, with the exception of four normal men and a sergeant who remain back to guard the camp.

Players may have time to look down into camp, or perhaps sneak down under the cover of darkness. If so, they will see two orcs and a hobgoblin meeting with Orog Denishen. If the players manage to get close enough, they

will hear them arranging for the delivery of goods of some sort.

Losses incurred by the bandits can be replaced at a rate of three members each week. They will fight hard, knowing the consequence if they don't, but if Orog or more than 50% of the band falls, they will likely (40%) try to escape. For every man above 50% that falls, another check at an added 2% must be made. Orog and his lieutenants rarely enter melee, unless it is necessary.

Leader

Orog Demishen: L5 Human Male (Baklunish) Fighter; LE

S16 I11 W9 D10 C14 Ch12
 AC 5 (+1 studded leather and shield); Hp 24; AT 1; D1d8+3 (+2 longsword and +1 damage Str. bonus)
 Orog's personal treasure is a diamond(1000 gp) and 50 gp.

Lieutenants

Fenwick Alyson: Level 3 Human Male (Baklunish) Fighter; LE

S14 I9 W10 D13 C11 Ch10
 AC 7 (studded leather); Hp16; AT 1; D1d8+1 (+1 bastard sword)

Fenwick's personal treasure consists of 2-100 gp amethysts.

Darrius D'Lamen: Level 3 1/2E Male (Flan/High Elf) Fighter; CN

S15 I9 W9 D11 C10 Ch11
 AC 7 (studded leather); Hp15; AT1 or 2; D1d6 or 1d6 1d6 (short sword or short bow)

Darrius' personal treasure consists of an opal (100 gp) and 45 gp.

Sergeants

Nicholas Foreman: L1 Human Male (Suel) Fighter; LE

S17 I8 W10 D16 C10 Ch12
 AC 6 (leather); Hp8; AT1; D1d8+1 (longsword and +1 too hit/+1 damage Str.bonus)

Nicholas' personal treasure is 30 gp.

Shelena Drame: L1 Human Female (Baklunish) Fighter; LE

S12 I14 W10 D17 C10 Ch12
 AC5 (leather +Dex Bonus); Hp6; AT1; D1d6 (short sword)
 Shelena's personal treasure is 30 gp

Common Troops

Bandits (20): Level 0 Fighters; LE; Hp 1d6 each; AC8 (leather); AT1; D1d6 (short swords)

Each bandit will have 1-8 sp and 1-10 cp on his person.

Bandits (6): Level 0 Fighter; LE; Hp 1d6 each; AC8 (leather);

AT 1 or 2; D1d6 or 1d6/1d6 (short sword or short bow). Each has a quiver of 20 arrows. Their favorite tactic is to shoot volley after volley into the ranks of their opponents, trying to keep them pinned until the main body attacks. Each archer will have 1-8 sp and 1-10cp on his person.

The Humanoid Camp

This is the lair of the humanoid raiding party. It is a medium sized box canyon, with one noticeable entrance from the south. Hidden in a dense copse of bushes and shrubs is an steep, overgrown trail leading to the north. If hard pressed, the band will try to escape that way. Ckacklug will save his fly ability for just such an escape; he has no concerns about leaving his troops behind, if he can live to fight another day.

Just inside the canyon, two goblins will be hiding up in the rocks (G1). They will warn the main camp of anyone approaching, and will roll hurl rocks down upon the intruders as they pass through the narrow passage. These rocks will cause 1d8 hp of damage if they connect, but the more important fact is that each rock is large, and may cause a small rock slide, trapping characters underneath and causing 1d20 hp of damage. At the worst, characters may become partially separated.

Further into the canyon, hidden behind some large boulders, are four orcs with two spears each. Their main goal is to hold off intruders until reinforcements arrive. Lastly, where the canyon bends, are two hobgoblin guards. They will rush to the aid of the orcs at any sign of alert.

GOBLINS AND HOBGOBLINS

This wide cavern area houses the goblin and hobgoblin groups. Though they are not kindly disposed to one another, the power and ruthless leadership of Chacklug keeps them all in line. Although none will aid in an assault against the other, in combat they will most likely (85%) leave the others to their fate.

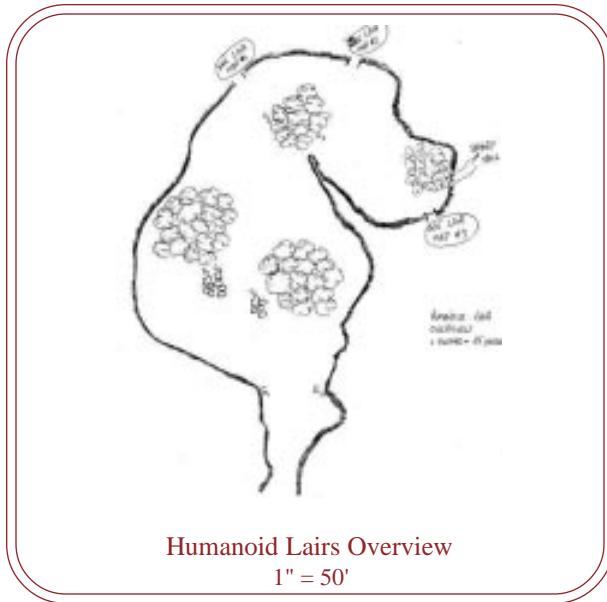
The caves themselves are moderately dry. Each goblin and hobgoblin has its own canvas-like matting which it throws on the floor as a bed, as well as numerous old wool blankets, furs, etc as a means of keeping warm at night. No fires are allowed in the cave.

The Chambers

1. This open chamber has two exits leading from it; one left, and one right. Normally this area is devoid of anyone or anything, though there is a 60% chance of

meeting a goblin (60%) or a hobgoblin (40%). Unless the alarm has been sounded, those inside here will not be wearing their armor, and it will take two rounds for them to react to any attack.

2. This is the sleeping quarters of the goblins. Strewn about the place are 10 sleeping mats of various material (fur, hide, straw, wool, etc). Many of the orcs have their own concealed 'treasures' within the rags, but none are of any value. They are just rusted items such as arm bands, knick knacks, toy trinkets, etc. During the day all of the goblins will be here, for they abhor sunlight. At night, 50-75% will be here, with the rest out foraging or spying on Elsidell and its mines.

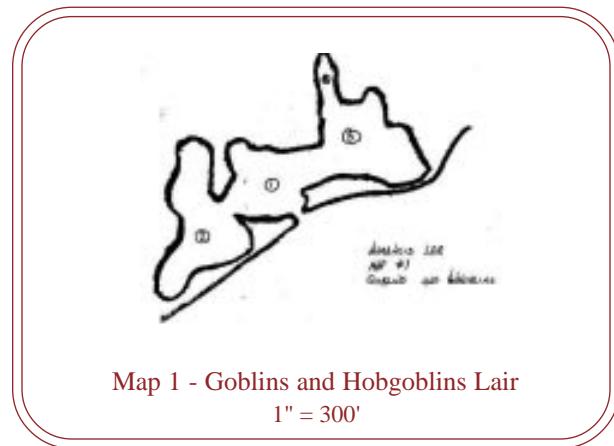


Goblins (10): (AC6, HD1d7 HP 7(x2), 5, 4(x2), 3, 2, 1(x3) AT1, D1d6 or 1d4 based on the use of the short sword or sling and stones.)

Each wears ratty leather armor, though the one with 7 HP wears good quality leather and has a well-crafted sword. Each goblin will have 3-6 silver coins on its person. Inside, buried under one of the goblin's bedrolls (the 'leaders') is the group payment of 400 cp plus a gold bracelet worth 100 gp. Additionally, this crafty fellow pilfered a cache of magical +2 crossbow bolts (13). He doesn't know they are magical, though he is aware of their fine craftsmanship. His intent is to sell them when he gets the chance.

At any one time, there will be two goblins on guard at the G1 area of the Map. They fight at a -1 in daylight, and are considered small creatures.

3. This is the sleeping quarters of the hobgoblins. There are 16 sleeping mats strewn about the place. As in the goblin area, many trinkets and baubles adorn the bedding areas, but none are of value. In the northern area (A), there is a chunk of wall dug out along the left side, at the base. A small chest is pushed up inside, and contains the hobgoblin treasure as detailed below. Like the goblins, the hobgoblins will be here during the day, while 50-75% will be here at night. There are always two on guard at the G3 areas of the canyon map. The remainder will be out on patrol or spying on Elsidell and its mines.



Map 1 - Goblins and Hobgoblins Lair

1" = 300'

Hobgoblins (15): (AC5, HD1+1, HP 9, 8(x2), 5(x10), 3(x3), AT1 D1d8 or 1d6 from light crossbows or longswords depending on the situation.)

Each wears worn out studded leather and carries a wooden shield for protection. The leader (9 HP) has fine studded leather in good shape, and his crossbow bolts (10) are silver tipped. (A run-in with a were-creature a long time ago taught him well, so he melted some coin to tip them).

Each hobgoblin will be found carrying 3-24 copper and 2-8 gold on its person. Hidden in their chamber is a locked, iron banded chest. Inside they house their payment of 9 gems (3-10 gp banded agates, 1-50 gp citrine, 1-50 gp jasper, 2-100 gp amethysts, 1-100 gp jet, and 1-1000 gp fire opal). Although not trapped, the gems are in a false bottom (treat as concealed) and the lock is picked at a -15% due to its quality. Also within the chest are various furs, rags, burlap sacks, etc. All are mottled, old, and worthless.

ORCS AND OGRES

This series of caves houses the band of orcs as well as the four ogres who have just joined the band. The ogres, by virtue of size and strength, intimidate all of the other humanoids, and in particular the orcs. The orcs are in constant fear of beratement by this nasty quartet, and the ogres take delight in menacing the orcs at every chance.

As such, the orcs have, amongst themselves, established a guard within their cave to warn of the ogres approach. The caves themselves are slightly damp, and the far cavern (#5) has a pool of water which the entire band uses.

The Chambers

1. This entry way is normally empty, although during the day there is a 30% chance of encountering an orc here, or a 60% chance of meeting either an orc (80%) or an ogre (20%) moving about the caves after dark. There is some scribble on the wall leading to the north passage and area #2. Those with the ability to read orc will read it to be "Beware the" with the rest faded and unintelligible, which refers to the cave fishers that have taken up residence there. The inhabitants of the caves know to avoid the area, although a prisoner or two has been brought there as an intimidation factor.

2. In the northernmost alcove area (B) lair four cave fishers. Having taken up residence here, the beasts are always looking for a way to draw more food in. At one time, a host of bats resided in these caves, and there is a small, 3' round chute escaping up from the roof of the cave fishers' lair. The fishers set up their strand-traps and would catch the bats as they flew out the tunnel at night. Over time, however, the bats decreased in numbers, until all that remains is the guano found in area (A). Intelligent characters may question the bats' disappearance (+200 XP). There are the remains of two orcs inside area (B), across the room, and they have been left there as entraptments for whoever might follow.

The cave fishers have their strands all set up just past the narrow entry to their lair. Any party member first through must roll a percentile dice for each. There is a 20% chance to see them, 40% if looking for traps. If caught, the player must roll vs. strength of the monster (18/00). Also, only a +1 weapon or better can cut the strands. The beasts can each pull up to 400 lbs at a rate of 15' per round until they have their prey in their grasp. The fishers will not try to shoot their threads at an escaped prey, unless the odds are at least one prey to one fisher.

Cave Fisher (4): (AC 4; HD 3; HP 15, 13, 9, 9; AT 2; D 2d4/2d4)

The cave fishers have an accumulated treasure of 15 cp, 8 sp, and a gold armband of one of the orcs (25 gp). The treasure is still on the skeleton's remains.

3. This large cavern has three large rock pillars stretching from floor to the ceiling some 60 feet up. It is home to the four ogres, though at most only three will

ever be found here. The fourth will be with Chacklug, acting as servant and guardian to the ogre mage. During the day, the three will always be here. At night, there is a chance (01-10) for 0, (11-40) for 1, (11-70) for 2, and (71-00) chance for all 3 to be present. If not here, they are out on a patrol.

The ogres each have several large pelts to use as sleeping beds. Most are rotted and worthless, but one giant beaver pelt is still in good condition and could fetch a price of 20 gp in a market. In addition, each ogre has the following treasure: 3 gp and three gems of 50 -100 gp value. One of the ogres has two potions (*Frost giant strength* and *oil of timelessness*). Another has three more potions (*extra-healing*, *oil of fumbling* and *super-heroism*). In a locked and trapped chest is the ogres' combined booty, which they have as yet to split up: 1000 gp, 7 gems (azurite-10 gp, jasper(2)-50, star rose quartz-50 gp, topaz(2)-500 gp, and an oriental amethyst-1000 gp), and a suit of +1 chainmail. They know the mail is valuable because of its excellent make, but are unaware of its magical properties.

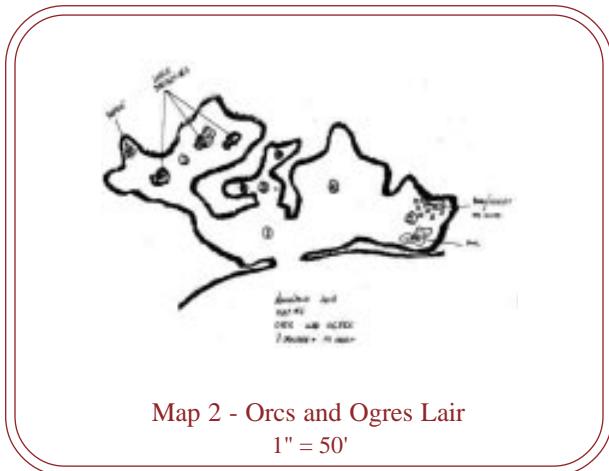
In the northwest corner is a pile of rotting carcasses. Most of them are animal of some type, such as goats, deer, boar and the like, but there are three which still wear the armor of militia men from Elsidell. One has a hidden purse containing a letter to his wife, Elise, in Jurnre, which he never got to send along with 50 sp he had meant for her.

Ogre (4): (AC 5, HD4+1, HP 19, 18, 11, 11 AT1 D 1d6+6 if using a club, or 1d6+4 if throwing one of the four large rocks they may be carrying).

4. This large vaulted chamber houses the small group of 20 orcs who have joined Chacklug. At any time, there will be four standing guard at G2 on the canyon map. Additionally, one will always be on watch in here, watching for the ogres. At night, there will be from 1-10 left in here, with the rest being out on patrol. The sleeping mats are strewn about the place and in no real order. Most of the sleeping mats are made of hides, straw, rotted wool, etc. In the northern corner is a buried sack which has the entire group's booty thus far, consisting of 200 gold, 150 silver and an 100 gp amethyst. They are waiting to split it all up. Each orc can be found carrying 1-6 sp and 10-20 cp on his person.

Orc (20): (AC 6 HD1 HP 8(x2), 6(x4), 5(x3), 4(x3), 3 (x4), 2(x3), 1; AT1 D1d6 if using a short sword or spear. The two leader orcs (8 hp each) carry a short sword (D 1d6) and a footman's flail (D1d6+1)

5. This is a large, open area. Stored here are many pilfered crates of various goods; items like wool, cloth, baking soda, barrels of water, casks of ale, building supplies, etc, can all be found thrust in this spot. Many have been broken into and ravaged, but for the most part, the foodstuffs and ales in the casks are in good shape. A small underground brook bubbles up into a small pool in the northern alcove, and it is here that the various groups gets their water.



Map 2 - Orcs and Ogres Lair

$$1'' = 50'$$

Cave of Chacklug Gothtucmag

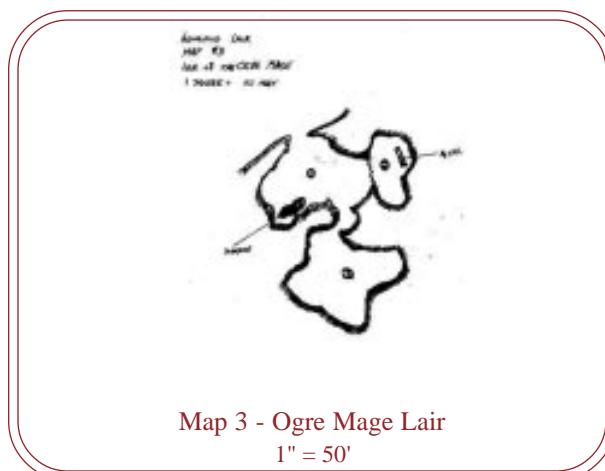
This entire area has an eerie feel of dread to it. Torch sconces line the walls, and several of them have a putrid-smelling incense burning. The light is always dim, and the cave smoky because of the black smoke being emitted. Chacklug will be here 80%, the other 20% of the time being on a raiding party. There is an orc shaman sharing this cave, and he is here 90%, with the other 10% spent out gathering items for his spells and potions. Lastly, there is always an ogre(q.v.) guardian found here.

1. The entry cavern is dimly lit with sconces, but otherwise is bare. The southwest corner has a sinkhole that drops 10 feet down. Party members coming within 2 feet of the edge stand a chance of disrupting the edges and causing them to fall into this pit (35%). Chacklug has a nasty surprise for anyone who does, for at the bottom, hidden under the dirt, is a medium sized (6') grey ooze which he feeds the remains of the shaman's (or his) prisoners.

Grey Ooze: (AC 8 HD 4 HP 23 AT 1 D 4d4 + poison)
Spells and fire or cold based attacks do no damage. Lightning and weapons do normal damage, though weapons may corrode. It will corrode chainmail in one round, plate in two, magical at 1 additional round per plus.

2. This is the shaman's temple dedicated to the orc pantheon. He may be found here most of the time. The long altar of blackened rock leans slightly down to the right (where the head would go). At its right edge is a large indentation. The sacrifice bleeds onto the altar, where the slope causes it to run down and into the indentation where it is collected.

Behind the altar is a fine black tapestry depicting the triumph of orcs and other humanoids over the lands around them. It would fetch a fair market, but good aligned characters should burn it (+200 XP). On the altar are the sacrificial blade made of silver (25 gp) a silver chalice (30 gp), a brass gong (5 gp), and a decanter of unholy water. It is foul, and anyone drinking it must save vs. poison or gag and heave up for three rounds. Good priests and paladins suffer 1-4 hp of burn damage also. All around the base of the altar are various skulls of the orc's past sacrifices (25 to be exact). In one corner of the chamber may be found painting equipment and a canvas with a partial painting of the hills around Elsidell. This should give characters a clue as to the demise of Artemis Ackwater.



Map 3 - Ogre Mage Lair

$$1'' = 50'$$

Orc Shaman: Level 5 priest

AC 6; HD 3; HP 20; AT 1 D1d6 or 1d6 (short sword or spear) Spells - 1st - *cause fear, command, magical stone*; 2nd - *chant, hold person, silence 15' radius*; 3rd - *curse*

3. Here is the abode of Chacklug Gothtucmag, ogre mage and cause of the recent uprising. With the wars over (for some), the humanoid tribes have been ever-seeking a way to reclaim the lands they call their own. As such, Chacklug was given a group of warriors to aid him in his goal of taking control of the Lower Lortmil Pass. He is very confident in his ability to succeed, and the recent series of successful raids have only boosted his and his troop's morale and confidence. He will never surrender,

knowing a swift death will be the response to his failure.

The Pomarj hierarchy is not sure if he will be successful, but regardless, he is bound to cause enough of a disturbance to dissuade the troops of the County and Duchy of Ulek. With those states so occupied, Turosh Mak and his generals intend to sweep into the Principality and lay siege to Gryrax. With control of that seaport, Turosh's hold on the lands around will be tight indeed.

So, Chacklug was charged with rallying the humanoids of the area. He then established contact with Orog Demishen through his former half-orc comrades. A means of importing fine armor and weapons was devised, and the raids on the mines are going to be the means of paying for it.

With the success he has been having, he has naturally attracted more followers, and his losses can be replaced at a rate of five orcs, five goblins, and two hobgoblins each week until he is stopped or has assumed control of the Lower Lortmil Pass. Eventually, if unchecked, the ogre mage will have a small sized army and will assail the small towns at the base of the mountains, forcing the local governments to send troops to stop the spread. Characters may find themselves recruited by leaders of such troops.

In his room is a fine bed of furs and a huge chest. Locked and trapped (poison gas), the chest is full of his skins and his treasure of a diamond (1000 gp) 500 gp, 100 sp, 500 cp, three gold chains of 100-500 gp value. In a false bottom are two potions of *healing* and a potion of *fire resistance*. The gas released will cover a 10' area around the chest. Saves made versus poison result in 2-8 hp damage regardless. Failure to save means death.

About the room can be found various tapestries depicting humanoids crushing their enemies in battle. Any character/NPC with a wisdom of 14+ will feel very uneasy by the entire scene, based on the debasement and torture scenes depicted thereon. The tapestries themselves are worth 100 gp each (four of them), but should be destroyed (+200XP)

Chacklug Gohtucmag : Ogre Mage

AC4; HD 5+2; HP 34 AT1 D1d10+6 (halberd) SD Nil
SA Spells

Ogre Magi have the following special abilities:

- *fly* (12 turns at a class B speed of 15);
- *anvisibility*;
- *cause darkness 10' Radius*;
- polymorph into human/bipedal creature (4-12 feet);
- regenerate 1 hp per round (includes regenerating lost limbs).

Once per day, they can perform the following:

- *charm person*;
- *sleep*;
- *assume gaseous form*;
- *cone of cold* (60' long, w/ terminal diameter of 20') for 8-64 hp of damage.

Epilogue:

Characters who successfully stop Orog and his bandits should receive an added bonus of 1000 XP, for he is a major contributor to the ogre mage's plan. Those who manage to make the connection between the humanoids and the bandits and then put a stop to the humanoids gain an added 500 XP. This, of course, is over and above any experienced gained from combat or treasure.

Should the characters fail, Orog will continue his raids, and Chacklug will slowly increase his troops until he has enough to seize control of Lower Lortmil Pass. With that accomplished, the Duchy and County of Ulek will send troops to retake the pass. In the interim, Turosh Mak will launch his offensive on Gryrax. Results of those conflicts are up to the individual DM.

Return to Hommlet: 591 CY

By Scott Knowles

(summerhawk@angelfire.com)

Cartography by Scott Knowles and Nathan Irving, after Dave Sutherland

AUTHOR'S COMMENTS

In 1979 I was introduced to D&D via S1: The Tomb of Horrors. Reading it, I was terrified by the gruesome traps & pitfalls held within. I tried to think of myself, the seventh grader, experiencing those traps/pitfalls for real, and how I would get around them. Exciting, but I noticed that it was an adventure for high level characters (off-hand I don't exactly remember which levels anymore). I couldn't help but wonder, hey, what about level 1?! So I went to my local hobby store, and there I found T1: the Village of Hommlet. It was a dream come true. Just right for a brand spanking new character fresh from home. Although I never actually played it myself, I DM'd it, as well as letting my imagination run wild. I was hooked. Through the years that followed, every adventure was compared to Hommlet and Greyhawk; when the boxed set came out in '83, I snapped it up and pored over it. Ever since then Greyhawk (and Hommlet) have been my 'anchor' in the stormy seas of the RPG world. I always come back to it.

In this treatment, I have tried to remain faithful to the intentions of Gary Gygax while at the same time incorporating the Greyhawk Wars, etc. into what was essentially just a faded, water-stained, and keyless old map I made about seventeen years ago. Yes, circa 1982. I set that large colored map aside, intending to make a module out of it, but the real world (college and work) intervened, and it was all but forgotten as I toted all my gaming supplies with me wherever I moved during the next seventeen years. Occasionally I would take it out and just look at it (really!), imagining a future for the little town that with TSR's cancellation of Greyhawk would, most likely, never see the light of a gaming campaign.

Fast forward ten or so years: Just last year I finally joined the 20th century and signed on with AOL, thus discovering, much to my surprise, that Greyhawk was not dead, but had only been hibernating. The Greyhawk forum was, well, as good as anything is on AOL, and so I found out there was some interest in the work I had done so long ago. After getting in touch with Nathan Irving (nellisir@aol.com), I decided to finally put fingers to keyboard and finish my future Hommlet.

The game has changed so much, and knowledge of Greyhawk grown so much, that I knew I had to do it right, because satisfying true Greyhawk lovers is a task

not to be taken lightly. I was stymied by some of what I created, and looked frantically for ways to explain it all. With some serious logical wrangling, and intensive research into canonical Greyhawk as well as the Greytalk archives, I was finally able to put together what I can say with some pride is a good product. I hope everyone enjoys it!

For the sake of simplicity and brevity, I have assumed that readers have a copy of either T1 or T1-4. I have in all cases tried to keep it general so that it can be adapted as an outline into any Greyhawk campaign, to be detailed as needed by the Dungeon Master. As you will notice I put names to most of the NPCs. This I did simply to keep the populace straight in my own mind; I decided to leave them in there in order to give DM's a little bit of personality to start with.

Thanks to Kate Monk's 'Onomastikon' at <http://www.fairacre.demon.co.uk/index.htm> for most names.

NOTES FOR THE DM

The events in T1-4 are assumed to have occurred between 578 and 580 CY. By 591 CY, a lot has happened to the tiny town at the big crossroads. The Greyhawk Wars have come and gone, leaving their mark on Hommlet. Unlike many locales in the Flanaess, though, Hommlet benefitted from the Wars. Sitting astride the High Road where it runs between the Viscounty and Celene, Hommlet was an important stop for travelers, refugees, and armies from both directions along the easily passable road. Most of this extra attention was from those of good alignments, so Hommlet was able to prosper. Unfortunately, during times of war there is plenty of misery to go around, and Hommlet had her share of hard times. The Temple of Elemental Evil is long dead and buried, no longer an apparent cause for any concern, except perhaps to young children who don't do as they are told by their parents...

A page of history from Leofrum, Sage of Verbobonc, native of Hommlet:

During the Greyhawk Wars, Hommlet stood to gain much. Its position astride the crossroads of the High Road (north/south) and the Greenway (east/west) ensured that all traffic heading from Keoland or Celene to

Furyondy or Greyhawk (or vice versa) would pass through our humble town. Taxes were raised slightly to enrich the city, which though unfortunate for travelers was a great boon to the City Council of Hommlet! Soon the coffers were overflowing and, due to humanoid raids, the first calls for a protecting wall were heard. Although well known to historians, perhaps a brief mention of the reasons behind construction of the Wall are here appropriate.

As the half-orc chieftain Turosh Mak (may St. Cuthbert crush his misbegotten skull) came to power, he overran Elredd, Badwall, and my family's beloved Fax on the Wild Coast. But his savagery did not stop there. Although many know of the heroism displayed by dwarves and gnomes during the Battle of Celene Pass, lesser known is the valiant defense of the lower Gnarley by the Rangers of the Gnarley Forest. For many renegade orcs, kobolds, and other disgusting humanoids broke away from their commanders to raid the Gnarley and the eastern Kron Hills. Unfortunately, a few of these loathsome creatures picked Hommlet farmsteads and homes to raid.

Fortunately, most of the raids were simple thefts in the dead of night from barns and houses at the edges of town. Humanoids are evil, scheming, and thoroughly dangerous, but they are also cowardly, and so Hommlet's citizens were rarely in danger. The castle-keep of Rufus and Burne surely deterred the worst that might have happened. What pushed the few cries for a defending wall to a shouted roar that would not be denied was the abduction and murder of the gentle-lady Mycla Miller, beloved wife of Hommlet's Mytch. On the 20th day of Wealsun in 583, she was out on picnic with two of her children in the fields north of the lake when a horrendous roar broke the quiet stillness of the sunny day. An ugly brute of an ogress broke from the trees, while other humanoids lurked in the shadows. The vile ogre wrapped one long arm around poor Mycla (batting the children out of the way), and absconded with her back into the trees.

Mytch and his oldest child burst from their house too late to save Mycla. A party of town guardsmen was quickly organized to track the horrid beast and retrieve its helpless hostage, but unfortunately Mycla's rescuers were too late. Although the ogre was found and dispatched, along with a band of evil goblins and orcs who were with her, some militia men were killed and only the broken, bloodied body of poor Mycla was found. Undoubtedly slated to be their next meal, the body of the Miller's wife was saved from that horrific fate only by the quick action of the town militia. Deeming it only a matter of time until some other revolting creature attempted another horrific kidnapping, "Remember Mycla!" became the unanimous rallying cry of those saying a wall around the growing town was the only possible protection. Even Burne the Fighter and Rufus the Magic-

User had to agree that their keep, though strong, could not protect the entirety of Hommlet. The City Council, and Mayor Jarros, were easily convinced that the city's overflowing coffers could finance such a thing.

And so, plans began to be assembled and put together in order that construction of this mammoth wall could begin as soon as possible. Skilled artisans came from far and wide to answer the call, and help even came from a most unlikely source: the gnomes of the Kron Hills! But it was actually not so unlikely after all; although the fortress of Kron provided protection, the gnomes knew that another fortification could only aid in defense of their homeland as well.

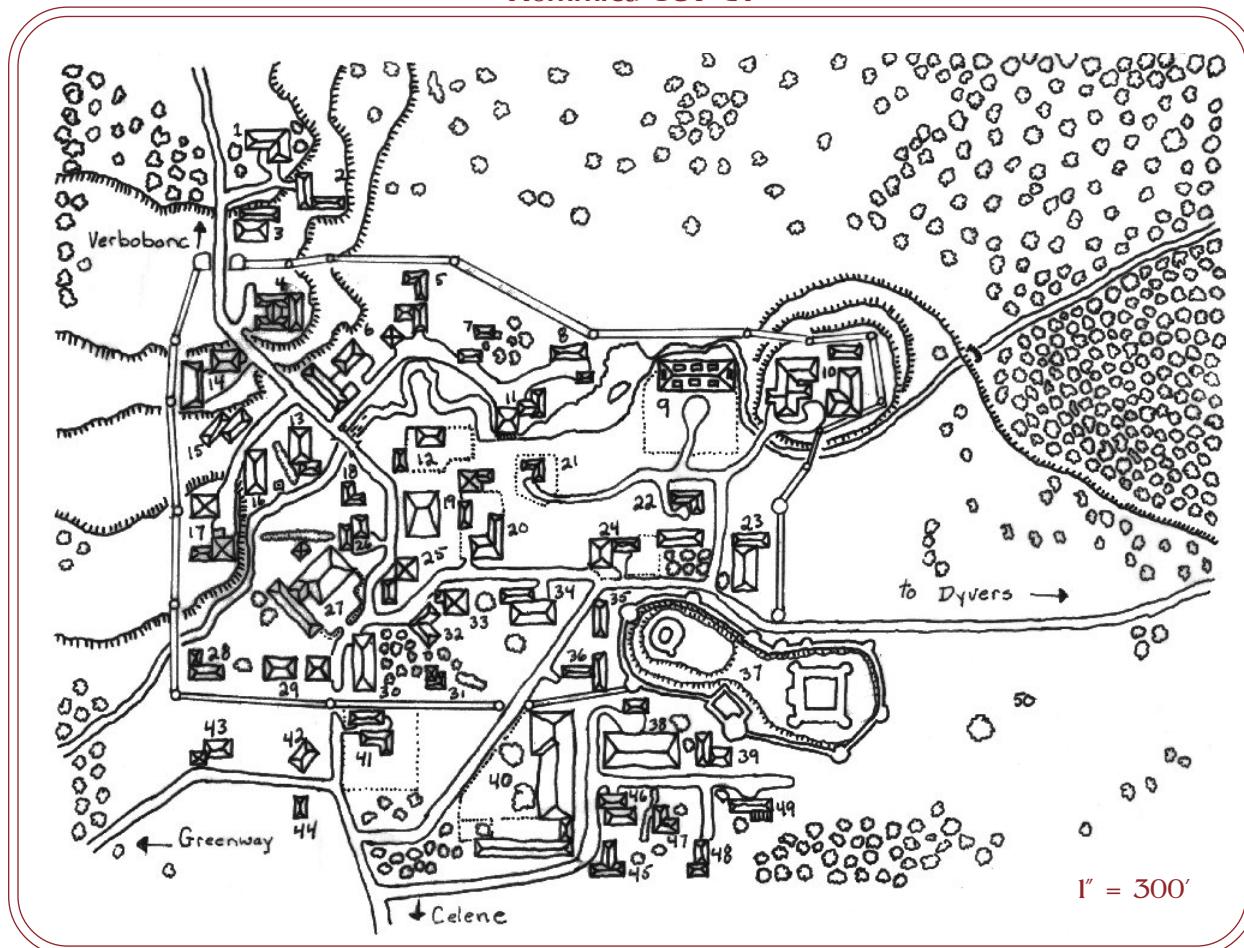
Planning was thorough and concise, perfect in every detail. With the aid of the gnomes, and with the blessing of Lord Wilfrick himself, the Viscount of Verbobonc, construction was begun three months later. That winter was a particularly cold and lonely one for Hommlet, yet construction proceeded apace. Thankfully, the evil humanoids that noticed our town's efforts kept their distance. No great disturbances delayed construction, although the blizzard of Sunsebb 8 & 9 did halt construction a few days. Finally, the capstone on the final section of wall was placed (with great ceremony) on the 7th of Growfest in 584.

Mycla's Wall (for it has come to be known formally as such), has rightly been considered a work of art. Gnomes are, by their very nature, fun-loving and artistic, and their skill with a hammer and chisel, though secondary to a dwarf's, is still widely renowned. Although Mycla's Wall is but a scant seven years old, it is still as smooth and white as the days when it was constructed. Surely it will last many, many more years; the townspeople are very proud of the handiwork they themselves contributed to the undertaking (for citizens donated many hours of their own labor to the job), and relations with the gnomes, as a result, are at an all-time high. The Growfest celebrations that year were legendary and explosive, thanks to the illusionary and incendiary contributions made by the many gnomes who joined in the festivities. Certainly, the anniversary of the completion of Mycla's Wall will continue as a major celebration every year!

—Sage Leofrum, 591 CY

Although the general look of the town is the same, there has been some growth and new buildings have gone up. The biggest thing, however, is not the construction of Mycla's Wall, but the recent death of Ostler Gundigoot. A new villain is also introduced for the Town of Hommlet, someone who can be stopped, but who is wily and very, very cunning. Unlike Rannos Davl ten or so years ago, Damian Fardoragh is outgoing, charismatic, and popular. Although it seems at first glance that the good Ostler died of natural causes, he actually is a victim

Hommlet: 591 CY



of evil, thus giving rise to a potential murder mystery for the players, as well as a springboard to further depredations from Damian's associates. Damian is a moderately powerful, mid-level thief who will duck out of sight if investigators should get too close.

There is also a potential economic disaster looming: with the end of the Greyhawk Wars, the town has seen the river of souls passing through dry up almost completely, which means money does not flow into Hommlet quite as readily as it once did. It has been seven years since the end of the Wars, so times are tough once again, but as usual, the town gets by on its farm production and its deep well of services (blacksmithing, moneychanging, leather and armor working, etc.)

Mycla's Wall is eight feet high and four feet thick. It is backed by a wooden catwalk; the towers are two stories high, and also of wood, but their outward-facing surfaces are faced with slate, to deflect fire attacks. Each gate in the wall is an arch of stone, backed by twin wooden towers. Those abutting the Verbobonc Gate, in the north, are slightly wider than the others. The three gates are the Verbobonc Gate in the north, the Gnarley Gate in the west, and the Greenway Gate in the south. There are grates across the stream, where it passes underneath the wall.

ENCOUNTER KEY:

1., 2., 3. NEW HOUSES

These three sturdily constructed houses look fresh, clean, and well maintained. They are the homes of three former adventurers, veterans of the Temple cleansing. They passed through Hommlet, decided they liked the place, and returned after their career was over. All are married, with children.

4. TEMPLE OF ST. CUTHBERT

This is the Temple of St. Cuthbert. There has been a major addition to the rear of the building: a new rectory with parish offices. The three story addition dominates the older two-story structure, as if in thanks to St. Cuthbert for its prosperity. It was constructed to house Terjon, Calmert, and six lower priests who joined the order during the boom times. The Temple is now the center of worship of St. Cuthbert throughout the wilderness from the Wild Coast, up towards Greyhawk, and down the Jewel River. [#20]

5. RESTORED HOUSE AND BARN

This house belongs to the local carter. The sign showing a horse-drawn cart is new, and the house has been restored to a fresh luster. Many carts and wagons in various states of repair populate the yard, and the whinny of horses, lowing of oxen, and the clink-clank of heavy bells can be heard from the barn.

Yayhar Carter lives here with his wife and two of his children. During the boom times brought on by the Wars, Carter made enough money to fix up his deteriorated domicile. Four children have left home for the wider world; his oldest went off to fight in the Wars, and was killed. [#14]

6. RANNOS DAVL'S FORMER TRADING ESTABLISHMENT

Once belonging to Rannos Davl, agent for the Temple of Elemental Evil, this house stands empty and forlorn. When the true calling of Davl, Gremag, and their two lackeys was discovered, they met rather gruesome ends and their trading post was seized by the town council. Realizing that trying to run a business as well as a town was difficult to say the least, Mayor Jarros eventually sold it off to a merchant passing through (585 CY; see location 38., below). This new shopkeeper, Ottavio, then closed up shop and moved to location 38. when the business outgrew the small building. He is looking for a buyer for the old building, one who won't open a competing business. [#13]

7. COTTAGE AND LARGE BARN

A small cottage and large barn belong to Etheran Mandel, the local dairyman, and his five youngest sons. His wife passed away, and his eldest two sons are gone, having fought in the Greyhawk Wars. The air is thick with the odor of aging cheese and fresh milk. Most of his product goes to the two inns (locations 27. and 40.), or passing merchants. [#21]

8. SMALL COTTAGE AND BARN

This small house is also in good repair. The barn is smaller than Etheran's, and wheat fields lie behind it. Siagran Farmer lives here, and his daughter, Deandra, is still a spinster. Although she is unaware of it, Egredd Stabler (location 22.) is quite taken with her. Time does not seem to have changed them much. They are still as unfriendly and faithless as ever. [#23]

9. PROSPEROUS MANSION

This is an immaculately kept large mansion with a strong wall and a metal double-doored gate. Simon,

an exiled former thieves' Guildmaster, fled a far-off with a large quantity of gold. He originally came to Hommlet seeking to blend in anonymously, but his ego eventually overcame his fear and he used his wealth to build this mansion. He also hired three servants. Although safe for now, perhaps his carelessness will attract unwanted attention.

10. MAYOR'S COMPOUND/CITY HALL

Atop the hill overlooking Hommlet sits a large, fenced-in compound with three large buildings and a small guard's hut. After the Wars began and money started flowing into Hommlet, the village Elder was elected to the newly-created post of Mayor, and moved here. The westmost-building is Mayor Jarros' house, where he, his wife, three of their four sons, two wives, and three children all live. The large eastmost building functions as a city hall with a large meeting room and some offices. The small building to the north are stables, with quarters for the five servants upstairs.

11. MILL AND ATTACHED HOME

This is still the home of Mytch Miller and his family. See **Notes for the DM** for a history of what happened to his wife, Mycla. Three children, two servants, and two dogs all live here. An air of sadness hangs over the place, although Mytch still toils away. [#22]

12. AVERAGE FARM BUILDING

The house looks very good, as does the barn. The split-rail fence has seen better days however; although still solid and not broken, the wood is old and very dark. Zileth Farmer, a strapping fellow, lives here with two of his six daughters. Four of the daughters have grown up and moved away, and Zileth's son, Vog, has moved out into location 45., having joined the Hommlet Town Guard. [#12]

SPECIAL NOTE: Locations 13., 14., 15., and 16. have been rebuilt after a mysterious fire last year destroyed all four dwellings. The exact nature of the fire is left to the DM's discretion. [#15, 19, 16, 17]

13. STURDY NEW BUILDING WITH A SIGN

This building looks new and strong. A sign out front shows three yellow balls. One town guardsman stands out front. This place belongs to Nira Melubb, the local moneychanger. Except for the fire last year, times have been very good for Nira, and his wealth and holdings for his business have grown. He has also married, and has a daughter and young son. As Nira is getting on in years, he is looking to his daughter, Fredrika, to take over his business. Nira

now has a magically locked, room-size safe in his new house which opens upon the speaking of a password known only to Nira.

A second town guardsman is always inside the shop. At the first sign of trouble, the outside guard will blow a loud whistle, alerting the town. [#15]

14. TWO NEW HOUSES

This used to be the home of Black Jay, the herdsman, and his dogs. He died bitter and broken nine years ago, in 582. The militia was moving in to take possession of his property when a will was found amongst his belongings, naming a sister in Dyvers as sole heir. This sister, too, had passed on, so ownership passed to her children. Two of them, Lujza and Jodeco Kenneil, moved here, and hired two hands to work the herd. When Mycla's Wall was built, the herd was moved and a barn constructed (location 44.). They made a deal with Finn Colcroft, the other herdsman at location 32, who also keeps his herd there.

After the fire last year, a second house near the road was built for the hands, Haakon and Hendrick. [#19]

15. SMALLHOUSE WITH ATTACHED WORKSHOP

A nicely painted sign shows a painted shield and a chest of drawers, showing it to be the home of the local cabinet maker. Cobard Limner lives here with his wife, two grown children, and an assistant. The two children are apprenticing elsewhere. Cobard's former apprentice is named Allax, and has now become a journeyman, and is taking on more and more of the work as Cobard ages. [#16]

16. MODEST HOUSE

This looks like a normal, non-descript dwelling, but looking from the west, the southernmost twenty feet or so of the building is a pottery barn. Theryk Potter lives here with his wife, daughter, her husband, and their two children. Busily at work during the daylight hours, Theryk can be seen at his wheel or tending the dishes, pots, and other pieces drying in the sun. His kiln is the small square on the map behind the house. [#17]

17. TYPICAL COTTAGE AND IMPOSING STONE BUILDING WITH A BARREL HANGING FROM CHAINS

This is the home of the local brewer, Rego Caskey, his wife, two grown sons, and an aging old dog. Two

apprentice brewers live in the attic above the brewery, which is the southernmost building (with attached shed). Business is still very good for Rego, as it has always been, regardless of the town's economic state. The nephew, his wife, and now four children still live in town and assist Rego, but they have moved out and now live in location 26.

His dwelling and business were spared in the fire, but he did renovations anyway with spare materials left over from construction of his neighbors' new houses (above). [#18]

18. SMALL COTTAGE WITH NEW ADDITION

This is the home of the local tailor, Arwen, small, mild-mannered, and still a bachelor, although deadly with missile weapons. He still fights with missile weapons as if a 7th-level fighter, though due to aging he has lost the damage bonus. He knows dwarven, elven, and halfling as well as Common. [#11]

19. WELL-KEPT DWELLING WITH A SIGN

On the wooden sign out front, a bag of wool and a loom is depicted. The village weaver, her husband, and her aging mother all live here, as do two of the four apprentices (now journeymen).

The elderly weaver passed away a few years ago, so his daughter, Richel, took over the business. She is quite good at management, but leaves the actual weaving/sewing to the former apprentices. [#10]

20. WALLED MANOR HOUSE; FORMERLY HOME OF VILLAGE ELDER

This manor house is now the residence of Kull, the youngest of Mayor Jarros' four sons. He lives here with his wife and three children. Two female servants live above the stable, but the hired farmhand has moved into the upper floor of the barn. [#27]

21. SMALL WALLED HOUSE

This small house surrounded by a stout wall belongs to Rannulf, the Captain of the Town Guard. He lives here with his wife and infant daughter; he was formerly a nondescript officer in the City Watch in Verbobonc who was offered the job in Hommlet by Wilfrick, the Lord Viscount of Verbobonc. Lord Wilfrick handpicked him because of his great self-discipline, loyalty, and devotion to duty. He has only been here about four years, but has made many friends and been very successful in bringing a greater measure of discipline to Hommlet's defenses.

22. HOUSE WITH LARGE BARN

The fence surrounding this property is made of stout wooden planking and is 10' high. The large barn

holds 2-12 horses of various kinds appropriate to the climate; Egredd Stabler, a horse merchant, lives here with three fellow horsemen. Originally from the Wild Coast, he moved his business here just before Turrosh Mak attacked. He met Deandra Farmer (spinster at location 8.), and is attracted to her, but has not made her aware of his intentions.

23. LARGE FARMHOUSE WITH ATTACHED BARN

A farmer lives here with his wife, three sons, and four daughters. The seven children variously help their father, work at one of the two inns, or assist any of the local farmers in tending their fields.

24. STONE HOUSE

This is a well-crafted stone dwelling where Jedrek Mason lives with his wife and two teen-aged children. Only one of the three apprentices remains; he will take over when Jedrek retires. [#29]

25. OPEN SHED AND HOUSE BEHIND

The smaller building is open on three sides, and contains the forge and bellows that Leigeld Smith uses to ply his trade as a blacksmith. He is still the assistant to Jaroo, the druid of the Grove. [#8]

26. NEW HOUSE

This new house stands on the former location of the Town Hall built by Rufus and Burne. When the compound at location 10 made the Town Hall obsolete, the building was sold to Hensel Caskey, son of the town brewer. See location 17. for other details. Hensel thought the old building was too spartan, and being the industrious sort, he came up with a new floor plan and built the new house out of the lumber from the old. Hensel lives here with his wife and four children. [#9]

27. LARGE BUILDING WITH FADED SIGN

The painted sign showing a buxom and smiling girl holding a flagon of beer is weather-beaten and faded. The inn has obviously seen better times, as the roof and stables seem to be in bad repair. The main building, however, is not yet showing any bad effects from aging.

Ostler Gundigoott passed away (of not-so-natural causes; see location 40., below) recently. His wife and two daughters run the place fairly well with assistance from various townspeople, two servers, one cook, a stableboy, and a groom. Unfortunately, competition from the Oaks Inn (location 40.) for the few passers-by who come through town has made the going tough. [#7]

28. COTTAGE

The local carpenter lives here with his wife and three children. The children work in the town and are rarely at home. Elohan Piper has become well known for his decorative woodworking skills, especially his pipes, which he sells either here or at the large General Store (location 38.). [#3]

29. PROSPEROUS FARMHOUSE

This farm is the home of Driago, still a widower, with three of his children and a hired laborer. His eldest daughter left home to seek her fortune, the second eldest staying behind to help raise her brothers. The next oldest, a son, lost his life in the Greyhawk Wars.

The barn burned to the ground five years ago, and Driago, with his brother (location 42.), decided that land could be best used if they plowed it and worked it together. Driago and Bitrem rebuilt his barn behind the house, on land once occupied by a small orchard. It is stuffed with hay, grain, and so forth. [#5]

30. IMPOSING STONE BUILDING

This stone building is three stories tall, though not actually a tower. It was built to house the Town Guard's offices (as well as dissuade lawless activity) as Hommlet grew. Unfortunately, with the slow-down in passing traffic, most of the building is empty. The top floor has been given over as living quarters to those members of the militia who do not have houses elsewhere in town.

[#6]

31. WOODCUTTER'S HOME

The former home of Jaroo Ashstaff, the druid of Hommlet, this modest home is now owned by Aer Liefern, a young and handsome bachelor from outside Verbobonc. He works closely with Jaroo, who has moved outside of town, and harvests deadwood and diseased or dying trees for firewood for the villagers. He is friendly and cheerful, and has captured the hearts of most of the town's unmarried women (and not a few married ones!) with his rugged good looks and charming manners.

[#21]

32. LARGE BARN WITH CONNECTED HOME

The town's other herdsman, Finn Colcroft, lives here with his grown son, Neely, his son's wife, and their three children. Neely has taken over care of the flock

from his aging father; a cousin, Ozner, helps along with his two aging dogs. The herd is located in the field with the barn at location 44. Lujza and Jodeco (location 14.) partnered with Finn to split the profits; Haakon, Hendrick, Neely, and Ozner share the work necessary to feed and care for the (currently) 41 bulls and heifers on the property. [#25]

33. BARN-LIKE HOUSE WITH A WHEEL NAILED TO A POST

Crisman, the local wheel and wainwright, lives here repairing cart- and wagon-wheels. He has a teenage daughter and two helpers living here with him. Over the last ten years or so, his tendency to drink heavily has taken its toll, and he is not well.

[#26]

34. LARGE BUILDING WITH NEW ADDITION

A newly painted sign shows a saw and a hammer, showing this to be the home of the local carpenter, Wender. He lives here with his wife, younger brother, and young son. The new addition in back is half-workshop and half-house, as the younger brother is getting married soon. [#28]

35. MODEST COTTAGE

This simple structure has a new sign out front showing an open book in front of a shelf of books. It is the new library, constructed by the town and overseen by the sage Leofrum (see location 36.). Books on a wide variety of topics may be found here, although there is plenty of empty shelving for future acquisitions. Leofrum has spread the word via many connections that Hommlet is looking to increase its collection, so booksellers can find a buyer should they pass through town. Leofrum can be found here most days, putting around (20%), reading (70%), or teaching a local child to read (10%).

36. SPACIOUS HOUSE

This is the residence of Leofrum, local sage and native of Hommelet. He is Bitrem Farmer's son (location 42.), and grew up showing great intelligence. He was educated in Fax, then went to Verbobonc to pursue sagely studies during the Greyhawck Wars. He fully intended to make visits but was so busy he was unable to do so. He returned last year and is attempting to help increase the educational level of his fellow citizens. During the daylight hours, he is either at home (10%), next door at his library (80%), or in consultation at the home of a townsperson (10%).

37. CASTLE-KEEP HOME OF RUFUS AND BURNE

Construction of the castle was completed quickly, and it provided adequate protection for a few years. However, it could not provide foolproof protection to those outside its walls; therefore, it was decided that should Mycla's Wall ever be breached, all townspeople could find sanctuary within the keep as a last means of defense. Sturdily constructed and augmented by large rooms deep underground, certainly the castle could withstand all but the most determined of sieges, and all but the most prolonged attacks... 21-30 Guardsmen live here, guarding the castle.

Some gnomes who stayed behind after completion of the Wall as part of the Castle Guard. The Castle Guard sees themselves as superior to the Town Guard, and a kind of rivalry has built up between the two services. [#30, 31]

38. LARGE STURDY BUILDING

This is the new trading post, which has become a large General Store. Ottavio the Merchant is the proprietor, and is a good businessman. Though times are tough, there is still enough demand for his wares from townspeople and travelers passing through to keep him somewhat well off. An assistant shopkeeper, Tersia, who was traveling with him and stayed with Ottavio and his family, lives in the small building just north of the store.

Ottavio was a merchant on vacation (585 CY, just after the Wars) from his home in Keoland when he discovered the Town Council of Hommlet was running the old Trading Post poorly. Pitching in by buying out the business and eventually moving it, he has shown his long-term dedication to the town and has gradually been accepted into the society.

39. MODEST DWELLING

One of the things that eventually endeared Ottavio to the people of Hommlet is his frugality. He realized that if he flaunted his riches, it would appear to the town that he was enriching himself at their expense. Ottavio is very wise, and enjoys the slower paced lifestyle here in Hommlet. Therefore, although he is successful, he does not revel in his success, and his wife and two children are equally humble.

Ottavio is ambitious, however, and is considering asking Leofrum (to whom he has taken a liking) to tutor his children in the hopes that some day, he or one of his children may be elected Mayor.

40. LARGE NEW BUILDING

There is a metal arch and gate in the low stone wall surrounding this very inviting inn. The sign shows three large trees, matching the three on the property, and is inscribed simply, "The Oaks". When the Greyhawk Wars started, it soon became obvious that the Inn of the Welcome Wench could not house and feed every traveler desiring a warm bed and a delicious meal. Damian Fardoragh, an enterprising merchant, decided he would take it upon himself to build another inn. Very intelligent, dashing, and charismatic, Damian had no trouble bringing together the resources he needed to get the Inn built. Currently, three servers, two cooks, a stableboy, and a groom all live and work here.

For the remainder of the Wars, things went very well. Both Inns were very successful. Damian became very well-respected and well-known. What was not so well-known was Damian's lawful evil alignment. With the aid of magic, he has been able to disguise his alignment and true intentions while being outwardly good at heart. Very carefully Damian has wormed his way into the good graces of Mayor Jarros while trying secretly to consolidate a core of evil within the very walls of Hommlet. Knowing the history of the area in relation to the Temple of Elemental Evil, Damian made contact with an agent of Iuz and so allied himself secretly with the demigod. Damian became a solid source of funds for evil operations in the area.

With the drop in business after the Wars affecting his apparent livelihood as well as his relationship with various agents of Iuz, Damian decided to eliminate his competition. He brought in a trusted outsider to assassinate Ostler Gundigoot by poisoning him and making it seem natural. Since the good Ostler passed, The Oaks Inn has done well, while the Inn of the Welcome Wench has begun to show the signs of decline...

The overly large common room has a stage with a backstage area; traveling acting troupes will put on shows there, charging admission and cutting Damian in on the take in exchange for room and board.

41. WELL-KEPT BUT FOUL-SMELLING FARM

This farm belongs to the Widow Ediwen. She lives here with her two sons, their wives, and four children. Pigs root in the mud while chickens and goats roam about the fenced yard. Although the livestock stinks to high heaven, the grounds and house are in excellent condition. [#4]

42. PROSPEROUS FARM COTTAGE

This home is well-kept, bright, and bustling with activity. It is the home of Bitrem Farmer (brother of Driago, location 29.), his friendly wife, and one son. His youngest son, Leofrum, is the sage at location (36.). His eldest son, Destin, now lives with his wife and three children at location 46., although he works these fields full-time with his father and brother. [#1]

43. MODEST FARMHOUSE AND BARN

The buildings here are clean but slightly run down. Their livestock are plump and healthy. Although not very prosperous, Elmo and Otis together work the fields next door to their neighbors, Bitrem and Driago. Unfortunately, both of their parents passed away some years ago, but the two former adventurers have taken quite readily to the quiet life.

Although retired from adventuring, the two of them still daydream and reminisce about those days, and are eager to talk to any who will listen to their stories. Although unwilling to talk openly about Damian (location 40.), they have their suspicions about him, and would prove to be powerful allies against him. [#2]

44. BARN WITH LIVESTOCK IN AN OPEN FENCED FIELD

It is obvious that someone cares for these cattle, but during the daylight hours there is only a 35% chance that someone is here working. This land is owned by Lujza and Jodeco from location 14. Most of the cattle are theirs, but several head belong to Finn (location 32.). Haakon, Hendrick, Neely, and Ozner will all be here if anyone is at all.

All of the Town Guard at the gates know the situation, and will surely take notice of any strangers trespassing in this field or harming any of the cattle.

45. COMFORTABLE COTTAGE

Zileth Farmer's (12.) son, Vog, lives here alone. He is Rannulf's lieutenant in the Town Guard.

46. NEW PRIVATE HOME

This is just an average new home. Destin Farmer, son of Bitrem (location 42.), built this and moved here with his wife and three children.

47. ANOTHER NEW HOME

This comfortable little house is the abode of one Furnok of Ferd, a successful thief who at one time roomed in the Inn of the Welcome Wench. Although his eventual career took him far away from Hommlet, he always remembered the little town, and passed

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back through rather often. He has taken up residence permanently, gambling and skimming cash from travelers as in the old days, hoping to one day start a Thieves' Guild in Hommlet. Everyone in town thinks of him as just another retired adventurer or traveler. Damian (location 40.) is aware of Furnok's thieving ways, but Furnok has no knowledge of Damian's evil intentions, although he is suspicious. If shown proof of Damian's murderous guilt, he, like Elmo and Otis, will be a powerful ally.

48. ECCENTRIC BUT TIDY COTTAGE

This unusual dwelling has all kinds of unrecognizable knickknacks scattered about the yard, mostly useless and broken things. To keep it interesting, there should be a greater than 50% chance that some obscure item needed by the party will actually be found here.

The front part of the dwelling is actually a storefront, inside which is an old, wizened, eccentric woman who specializes in rare, mystical herbs and spell components. Her name is Abbie, and she is a mage, though generally considered by the townspeople to be a witch. She came to Hommlet as a refugee from up north during the Wars; she stayed at The Oaks until Goodwife Farmer (location 42.) took her in for a time. Destin and his brothers helped her build her home, and she was soon in business.

Abbie is not feared, though, as she is not reclusive, is quick with a joke and a laugh, and can often be seen creaking her way slowly around the town. She carries a cane which she is not afraid to use if she must defend herself. Although elderly, plump, and matronly, she is still a fighter (spiritually). Over the years she has mastered many annoying little cantrips which she can cast quickly should she be accosted during her walks. Therefore, those who do not know her learn quickly enough to either be nice, or give her a wide berth. No one truly believes there is enough business in Hommlet either from residents or travelers to keep her in business; how she supports herself is for the DM to decide.

49. NEW HOUSE WITH SHED IN BACK

This is the new home of Dirk Tanner, the local leatherworker. He lives here with his wife, her simpleton brother, and three children. They were only too happy to sell their property across from the Inn of the Welcome Wench when the Town Council approached them about the proposed Town Guard headquarters. This was during the height of the Wars and the noise of passing traffic was such as to be quite unpleasant to Dirk and his family.

They built this new house and moved in as soon as possible. Dirk continues to ply his trade with the assistance of his eldest son, Galen, now a strapping man of 23 years.

50. OPEN GRASSY MEADOW

This open meadow serves many purposes. Rannulf and the Town Guard use it for a parade ground and drilling practice; it is the town's Festival Grounds; and it hosts the town's Market Days during Harvest time. Most of the time, however, it is just an open meadow or park, ideal for safe picnics and romantic walks.

51. DRUID'S GROVE

Jaroo Ashstaff, the druid of Hommlet, moved from his small cottage in the village to a site in the forest when the wall was built around Hommlet. His new home is a small cave complex near the Old Faith grove he tends. The cave's entrance was sealed with local stone, and a number of shrubs conceal the low door, concealing his home from the casual passerby. Jaroo is still accompanied by his black bear companion.

CREDITS

T1 - *The Village of Hommlet*, by Gary Gygax, TSR, 1979

T1-4 - *The Temple of Elemental Evil*, by Gary Gygax, TSR, 1985

The Good Oerth

The Fading Lands

The Maze of Skin & the Mines of Dumathoin

By Jim Temple

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The Maze of Skin

Possibly the most unbelievable of the Fading Lands, the Maze of Skin is often sought out by ambitious adventurers who learn of its reputation. While no treasures or secrets of note have been reported from the Maze, it seems that this very reason urges more explorers to its labyrinth. This is apparently due to the constant desire these rogues have to make a name for themselves. Generally, the name given to those who enter the Maze of Skin is “(your name here) the Dead.”

None have ever claimed to have reached an end of the Maze, and no exit or final destination is apparent. Those who have returned claimed to have only done so through the use of powerful magic (such as *wish*, *alter reality*, *teleport without error*, etc. Note that these methods allow exit, but not re-entry).

Rumors

- ◆ The Maze is actually a layer of the Abyss, as its chaotic and sinister nature will verify.
- ◆ After the wars which separated them, the olve constructed the Maze of Skin to safeguard the powerful magic used to drive the drow to the depths.
- ◆ The Land is the hiding place of a group of Outer Planar refugees. Who they are, and why they are hiding here is unknown.
- ◆ Devised by Graz'zt, the demiplane is the resting place of the Iron Flask of Tuerny.
- ◆ Having foreseen the Twin Cataclysms, a group of powerful Suel mages constructed the Maze to safeguard some of the most powerful magics of the Imperium.
- ◆ The demiplane was originally a secret nursery for a powerful, forgotten race of oceanic dragons who sought refuge from enemies seeking to destroy the next generation.

Groups Interested in the Land

While rumors would place all important figures of the Flanaess as interested in the Maze of Skin, the following are thought to show a definite interest. Note that

explorers have already reported encounters with parties from some of these groups.

- ◆ **Priests of Lendor and Cyndor.** Working in concert, these two cults are said to fund or even engage in exploration of the Land. Most believe that they seek to monitor and study the temporal effects exhibited by the fish found within.
- ◆ **Citizens of Geoff.** Hoping to find powerful magic to use against marauding giants and humanoids, desperate explorers search the demiplane for magic which has eluded others.
- ◆ **Troops from Keoland.** In hopes that this may strengthen their position, the southern kingdom seeks the same sort of magic the Geoff explorers desire.
- ◆ **Elves.** From any of the nearby locales (possibly including valley elves and/or drow), ambitious groups of elves explore the Maze with the hope that the legendary relics from the Kinslayer Wars¹ were hidden within.
- ◆ **Henchmen of the Ring of Five.** Apparently unknown to the Circle of Eight, the powerful Ring of Five is highly interested in the contents and the structure of the demiplane.
- ◆ **The Cult of Dalt.** Virtually unknown in the Flanaess, the God of Portals and Doors has apparently deemed the Maze of Skin a place of interest. Groups of his priests have been encountered within the Maze and in the Rushmoors, indicating that they are currently conducting research. What they seek to find or achieve is unknown.
- ◆ **The Silent Ones of the Glimmerwood.** In -415 CY Uhas-b-kurn, Prince of the Se-Ul House of the Neheli, and his followers split from the Zolites, turning north across the Sheldomar Plains...As they approach the Rushmoor, the House Mages of the Neheli, the Silent Ones, mysteriously leave the encampment overnight, heading east toward the Glimmerwood.¹ It is believed that their departure may be related to their discussions of the aquatic maze recently discovered

within the swamp. Though this is simply common conjecture, some believe that this enigmatic group still studies the land from their forest holds.

Reaching the Land

Located deep within the Rushmoors, this is not an easy location to reach. Besides the usual difficulty associated with movement through a deep swamp, the denizens of this bog are particularly hostile to explorers. The majority of the creatures encountered are of a reptilian nature, including some varieties not generally found in such an area (such as troglodytes, which are generally subterranean). Most local villages are very fearful of the swamp, and a local guide is nearly impossible to come by.

Unlike some of the Lands, the exact location of the Maze has never been documented, and the entry method is unknown. Many explorers have promised to record the validity of their research upon their return, but this return has never occurred.

Geography

Consisting entirely of a huge maze of unknown culmination, this Land's name is an apt description. The walls of the Maze are a grayish-pink colored membrane, with the occasional hairy patch. Lighting is not a problem, as a strange glow fills the entire place (the source of this glow has never been noted). The entire maze is filled with a clear, watery fluid which allows air-breathing creatures to function without much difficulty. The true disadvantage here is that the liquid hinders attacks in the same way that other underwater movement does (see the DMG, page 79, for a brief description, or *Of Ships and the Sea*, pages 79-80 for a more detailed accounting of the effects). This also allows all travelers to explore the 3-dimensional maze more easily, as one can swim up to passages leading off of the current ceilings, and down into the floors.

As if the added dimension were not enough, the walls of the region change continuously, and seem nearly immune to any form of damage. This will be covered in detail below.

All of this makes mapping extremely difficult. Finally, the labyrinth is filled with puzzles, traps, tesseracts, and other frustrating and difficult obstacles.

Obviously, the size of the demiplane is unknown. Aside from the notes above regarding its 3-D nature, no notes regarding height or other helpful features are known.

The Walls

The paths of the Maze are said to change at irregular intervals, creating multiplying and then dwindling options. This happens very quickly, and anyone attempting to rush through a disappearing corridor (or cast a

spell at a wall, or otherwise act before the change is complete) must pass a check for surprise before actions can be attempted. Depending upon the action attempted, Dexterity or other checks may be required.

All attempts noted at damaging the walls have proven futile. The small fish encountered herein attack without hesitation whenever this is attempted. Tales indicate the speed and efficiency of their attacks exceed even those of piranha and quipper. It is apparent that something desired the rules of the Maze to be followed, as no account records a group victorious in conflicts with the fishes.

As if this were not deterrent enough, the walls are said to be extraordinarily resistant to damage of any kind, whether magic or physical, and is said to *regenerate* at amazing speeds. Also, see the Magical Effects section, below.

Flora and Fauna

No plant life of any sort has ever been reported within this Fading Land, though a few of the rumored denizens certainly resemble some fungal forms. Also, no intelligent race seems predominant within, as if the entire demiplane were left to fend for itself.

Sinister creatures of a transparent nature are said to lurk within the maze's confines, snatching many an unwary traveler from around corners. For obvious reasons, not all inhabitants are believed to be included in the listing below, but those suspected include floating eyes (from WGA3 *Flames of the Falcon*, or the 1st Edition *Monster Manual* hardback), water weirds, yphoz (from WGA2 *Falconmaster*), & gelatinous cubes. Two unusual variant creatures are found here as well. Slithering trackers are generally not found in water, but they apparently thrive in the substance of the Maze, and crystal ooze are also said to lurk herein; possessing an unusual psionic ability (see the gray ooze entry in the 1st edition *Monster Manual*). There are also some accounts which indicate that skulks (from *MC Greyhawk Appendix*, and the 1st Edition *Fiend Folio* hardback) may be found therein, though this is extreme speculation.

A few learned sages on the subject believe that, while the substance within the Maze of Skin may be water-like, it does not prevent certain creatures of elemental air from being added to the listing above, such as invisible stalkers. This is simply a theory, but it may possibly aid adventurers attempting to prepare for possible hazards.

The strangest creatures known to exist within this Land are the small fish encountered throughout. Apparently harmless in most circumstances, they are seen as small blurs of color. They are believed to exist within some sort of temporal anomaly, as the wake left in the displaced fluid clearly shows that they are moving at a

highly accelerated rate. Communication with them (including spells such as *speak with animals*) has proven impossible, most likely due to this temporal effect. The danger associated with them only becomes apparent when explorers attempt to damage the walls of the Maze, as indicated above.

Magical Effects

All reports from the demiplane indicate that magic is affected as normal for underwater spell and magical item use (see *DMG*, *The Complete Wizard's Handbook*, or *Of Ships and the Sea*). Strangely, the oxygen-rich nature of the liquid here does not change the limitations generally associated with fire-based magic in water.

Two additional traits reported concern the ever changing walls. First, all are apparently immune to any sort of transformation magic, such as *flesh to stone*. The more noteworthy trait is that the spells *phase door* and *passwall*, and, strangely enough, the *Silver Key of Portals* (from *WG5 Mordenkainen's Fantastic Adventure*) exhibit curious effects. None will function properly on the fleshy barriers until they are in the process of fading into or out of existence. If the caster is able to pass the surprise roll indicated above, as well as an additional Dexterity check on 4d6 (with a -2 modifier if *phase door* is cast) then the spell may be cast (or the *Key* may be used) before the fading is complete. The effect produced is that the wall remains semi-substantial for the spell's duration (for the *Silver Key of Portals*, the duration is 2 hours). Adventurers may pass through it, though while within the wall they are treated as if affected by a *slow* spell. This semi-solid area is apparently air-filled, which allows magic use as normal, including fire-based spells. (*Note that this does not change the magical conditions of the demiplane which coincide with the DM's Origin Theory.[see OJ9]*) Any desired contact with the walls may also be made, as if the wall was completely solid.

Resources and Treasures

Only death and suffering are known to come to those who enter this Land. What possible knowledge, riches, or power are to be found within are unknown. Due to the nature of the denizens, no trade or communication with the Flanaess has ever occurred. Also, none of the inhabitants are known to be edible, and the fluid breathed does not substitute for drinking water. Provisions must be brought along, as the demiplane apparently consumes instead of providing.

The only possible compensation known for explorers must be sought from those elusive wizards known as chronomancers. Rumor has it that these time travelers are highly interested in living samples of the fishes found within, though this is a highly daunting task.

Locations of Note

Enough tales persist of the following locations to provide a strong argument for their validity.

- ◆ **The Dry Cave** - The only known part of the demiplane not filled with the strange, oxygen rich liquid, entrance to this area is often a rude awakening. Explorers often find the sudden lack of buoyancy a surprise, as they forcefully land after entering through the tunnels in the walls and ceiling. Worse still, the liquid filling the character's lungs must be cleared for air breathing, or the character will shortly drown as their system depletes the oxygen within the liquid. Aside from this, this stone cave (unusual here) is chiefly a resting point. No accounts tell of creatures encountered within, and some sources even list fresh, drinkable water as a resource of this room. Some have claimed that careful observers will find markings on the cave by previous travelers, sharing their warnings, knowledge, and cautions with those who may follow. Other accounts indicate no such writings are to be found...
- ◆ **Damage to the Maze** - A few accounts have indicated that a section of the demiplane has somehow been permanently damaged. The strange glow of the Land is not found here, and the fish seem to be absent in the corridors before the section comes into view. Some accounts were by explorers who passed through the area, and some were by those who thought it best to seek another route. All who have found this place stated there was an eerie, disconcerting feeling there, almost tangibly so. Unfortunately, no further information on this is available, as even those brave souls who passed through here found it wise to expedite their travels.
- ◆ **The Board** - Many explorers have described a large, open room. The flooring is described as containing strange, geometric designs in mosaic. All descriptions indicate that transparent walls, set at strange angles, separate the viewer from the main room, but no accounts have indicated that entry to the floor was achieved. Two accountings indicated that the room was viewed from above, each with a differing, yet startlingly similar description. The first described the angles of the transparent walls forming a pattern very similar to a backgammon board. The second description cited no such detail, but indicated that the chamber held several levels, each with transparent floors, which formed a structure very similar to the Dragon Chess boards found in the homes of nobles across the Flanaess. Why this is located here, and what this means to explorers remains a mystery.
- ◆ **The Hall of the Maze King** - Another huge chamber, this area appears as a giant throne room. The

walls here are said to be of white marble, with grand columns and arches throughout. The room is said to allow entrance on one side only, and the opposite side holds the huge seat fit for a giant king. While the room appears empty, explorers have assured us that this is a false impression. A few clever souls had been traversing the Maze with a *gem of true seeing*, but found that in this room, it did not aid them in their plight. The complete invisibility, increased speed, impenetrable armor, and powerful magic of this giant-like inhabitant has apparently driven or killed numerous powerful parties. {Note, this may be highly exaggerated, and DM's should tailor this as appropriate.} Only one accounting has indicated an additional note, that a small podium can be found in the passages nearby. The tome found there is said to include a Guest Ledger, and the request to announce your presence before entry. While the group ignored the ledger and the request, they felt that this may be helpful to future adventurers. Note that this group stated that they had never entered the Dry Cave, so it is not likely that notes on this can be found there.

- ◆ **Muddy Waters** - As the name indicates, in one section of the Land the liquid takes on a brown, clouded appearance. While it apparently does not harm the eyes, it reduces visibility to a mere 5 feet. Most accounts indicate the separation of parties here, but a few quick-witted explorers have tied themselves together and avoided this. Most accounts also tell of attacks by mudmen in this area. The true danger here is the apparent thickening of the liquid, which halves the number of attacks available elsewhere within the region (unless, of course, the PC's have a *ring of free action*, or other such aid).
- ◆ **The Altar** - A small number of explorers claim to have located a hidden chamber. Small and sparse, the room is said to be of solid stone construction, with walls covered with a black soot based substance. A small shrine is located against one wall, with a small basin atop it, and an engraving in the wall above it. The carving has not been colored, and is said to form a crescent moon. The unusual aspect of this is in its simplicity; apparently, no additional features are present. When one considers the number of religious symbols within the Flanaess which are based upon this (examples include Celestian, Fharlanghn, Pholtus, & Lendor) it becomes clear that interpretation is guesswork at best. Some believe that this more simplistic design designates a common origin, or possibly a being even older than Lendor (though this can hardly be believed, some believe that some primordial being may be represented by this. Such a being may very well be older than the formation of Oerth, and could possibly be the creator of the gods).

Mines of Dumathoin

The most recently discovered Fading Land is an unusual mining complex found within the Stark Mounds. Filled with all the trappings of a mine one would expect, the roles filled by the contents of the mines are incredible. The rocks, gems, gases, and even the mining tools are sentient and eager to converse with outsiders. Living creatures generally expected are also present (such as moles, fungi, fish, and lizards), but they are immobile and seem as rock. One of the more unbelievable Fading Lands, the complex holds many surprises and dangers for explorers.

Rumors

- ◆ The Mines were once used by Dumathoin (obviously), but he may have worked with other earth-loving gods, such as Ulaa, Fortubo, or Callarduran. The surplus magical energies of the god(s) affected the area until the current state of affairs was reached.
- ◆ The “frozen” creatures found within the mines have been caught in a dangerous temporal anomaly. Explorers who remain in the Mines for too long will suffer a similar fate.
- ◆ A powerful group of illithids used the caverns as a laboratory, infusing the pit props with “life” through the use of *psionic circuitry*, and experimenting with their *collapse time* discipline on the various “frozen” creatures found therein (see *The Illithiad*). Some believe the friendly pit props simply act as marionettes for the controlling illithids, others believe the objects are as they seem. The latter view holds that the illithids left the area and sealed off the Mines in order to starve their creations, since no tasty brains were to be had.
- ◆ The demiplane was created by the Mad Demigod, Zagyg. Experimentation with elemental life resulted in the creatures found herein.
- ◆ The inhabitants of the Land are the descendants of a group from the Elemental Plane of Earth. The original group was a good-aligned group of refugees, seeking a safe place to build their society, which was apparently persecuted on their home plane.
- ◆ The Mines were created long ago by a being attempting to hide some of the horrid weapons used on the Doomgrinder.

Groups Interested in the Land

Some of these groups are obvious, others unexpected. Some factions advertise their interest, others will kill those who discover it. Surprisingly, the priesthood of Dumathoin does not show any interest in the Mines, and believe that the demiplane was named inappropriately.

- ◆ **Priests of Boccob and/or Zagyg.** Unwilling to comment on the rumored involvement of Zagyg, the two priesthoods are known to be interested in the mines, both in concert and separately.
- ◆ **UnderOerth Groups.** At least one unnamed group of subterranean dwellers is seeking information on the magical energies controlled by the gases, rocks, and gems of the Land.
- ◆ **Gnomes of the Stark Mounds.** These good natured folk seek an alliance with the inhabitants of the demiplane, including trade, mutual defenses, and the exchange of mining and crafting techniques.
- ◆ **Chronomancers.** Due to the unusual nature of the effects, it is said that these time specialists are very eager to study the frozen creatures found herein. Due to the unusual nature of these wizards, nothing else is known about their plans or activities for research.
- ◆ **Cult of Beltar.** Only horrid, unthinkable evil can come from this group's success. What they seek is unknown.
- ◆ **Mountain Dwarves.** Descending from the Crystalmists, these isolationist dwarves are said to seek the exploitation of the inhabitants of the Fading Land. The greed of mountain dwarves is well known, and it is believed that the demihumans will treat the creatures of the Mines as little more than slave labor.

Reaching the Land

The Stark Mounds are a generally hospitable region, and gnomes are found throughout. A few halflings call this home, as well as a few hill dwarves which live in the areas closest to the mountains. This is not to say that travelers should not be cautious, as bandits and unpredictable hillmen (see *Glossography*, pg. 7) are not unheard of, and creatures occasionally venture down from the Crystalmists.

The cave system which touches the demiplane is said to be fairly simple to find, and multiple entrances are known to exist. This complex is inhabited by two separate cultures, both of which are a danger to adventurers, but which seem more preoccupied by their struggle for dominance than with small groups of explorers.

The entire complex is home to what used to be a tribe of goblins. Part of the tribe somehow succumbed to a rare condition which transformed them into creatures known as nilbog (see *Fiend Folio*). Previous explorers have noted effects generally associated with nilbog, such as the surrendering of treasure, battles with the nilbog resulting in the healing of the creatures, etc. Actions do not match intentions in the presence of these humanoids, making the journey to the correct portion of the caves difficult at best.

The remainder of the tribe has somehow become infected by zygoms (see *Monster Manual II*, or the

Greyhawk MC Appendix). Not usually found this far from the Barrier Peaks, the strange fungi had spread through many members of the goblin tribe before the situation stabilized. Now, the fungus-controlled goblins try to infect the nilbog mutations. While the zygom-drones are not affected by standard mind-controlling magic, it appears that the strange nature of the nilbog power is able to keep them at bay. No regular goblins remain within the system.

Once the intrepid explorer has made it to the central portion of the system, they will encounter no goblin-mutations of any kind, as the caves here are always empty. In the very center lies a column of natural rock which extends from floor to ceiling. Entrance to the Mines of Dumathoin is gained by traveling clockwise around the pillar 3 times, then walking backwards around the pillar 3 times in a counter-clockwise direction. After this is completed, the adventurer must step backwards "into" the stone column, where she disappears in a manner similar to a *passwall* spell. As the outside cavern disappears from the person's view, the demiplane beyond springs into view, lit by torches in wall sconces. These sconces will undoubtedly begin the first conversation the explorers will have with the inhabitants.

Geography

The Mines are very similar to any dwarven or gnomish mine found throughout the Flanaess. The tunnels are 4-5 feet in height, making travel awkward for humans. An amazing diversity of stones, ores, minerals, and sediments are found within the system, and some theorize that every known variant of Elemental Earth and Mineral are found within, save only pearls of any type. Indeed, some specimens of unknown origin have been sighted by adventurers. Whether or not these are new to Oerth is unknown, as the specimens had no desire to leave their magical domain.

A small spring enters the system at one point, with the water collecting in an attractive pool. The waters provide the inhabitants with drink, and seem to have unusual properties for explorers. If the newcomers pose a threat to the denizens of the Mines (even if the inhabitants have not yet realized this), the waters are deadly poison. Worse yet, this poison is said to be completely undetectable. If adventurers intend to aid or cooperate with the natives, the waters bestow the effects of a *bless* spell for a 24 hour period. The effects of the waters are not cumulative, but those staying for more than 24 hours may again receive the benefits of the *bless* effect (or may again be poisoned, if appropriate). Note that explorers with an indifferent attitude do not seem to experience any odd effects from the water, and the natives also seem unaffected by its powers.

Most of the tunnels are carved rock, while most of the caverns seem to be natural. Stalactites, stalagmites, and other strange formations of rock are found within these natural caves, and no dangerous creatures (such as ropers, piercers, and the like) have been reported.

The Frozen Creatures

The many creatures native to Oerik which "inhabit" the caves include lizards, snakes, moles, earthworms, gophers, fungi of various types, mice, badgers, toads, and various others. Only common, generally harmless animals have been noted.

As stated, these creatures appear as if they were frozen in time, and some exhibit poses indicating that they are seen in the middle of an activity of some kind, with some appearing to run, some seeming to jump, while others seem "frozen" while simply standing or lying down.

The mineral-based inhabitants of the demiplane have apparently fed off of these statue-like figures for some time. It is unknown if the figures multiply in any way, or if they remain a fixed number, but the caves are vast, and the current number of figures would appear to quite readily sustain the inhabitants for quite some time.

Since the recent discovery of the Mines of Dumathoin, the inhabitants have noted the similarities the figures have with their new neighbors. This has caused many heated discussions among the earthen folk, and a few have taken to consuming only the fungus figures. It is unknown what the reaction would be to the discovery of myconid culture.

Due to the intense controversy among the inhabitants, very little experimentation and research has been performed upon these immobile figures. The only known properties they exhibit duplicate that of stone. While they are identical in appearance, texture (including hair!), and even scent to their Oerthly counterparts, they do not seem to bleed when cut, and are only affected by methods which would harm stone. Indeed, when struck by picks or hammers the figures break off in the same manner expected by sculptors the world over. The only noted difference is that the interior of most rocks in the Flanaess do not contain bones, veins, ligaments, and tendons.

Flora and Fauna

All beings determined to be alive within the Land are of a mineral-based nature (as opposed to the water-based nature of most other life). Forms include stones (ranging from pebbles to boulders), sand, gemstones, crystals, ores, and even gasses. Beings can be shaped of raw or worked materials, and do not seem to grasp the concept of this difference.

Some of the life forms take on animal and plant roles, though all seem domesticated and cared for by their

more intelligent companions. The "animal" creatures cannot communicate effectively, even with their masters, but seem to fill the roles of common pets. The "plant" creatures seem to fill a decorative purpose, and are cared for by methods unrecognizable to foreigners. As appropriate, the "plant" beings seem immobile, though nothing seems to hold them in place. The "animal" life is generally harmless, unless another creature is harmed. The forms capable of movement generally roll along, or float if formed of gas.

All creatures of the demiplane are dependent upon air, water, food, and rest, just as on Oerth. All are highly susceptible to attacks of an Elemental Water nature, and *earthquake* or *stone to flesh* spells will apparently kill them outright (unless they successfully save versus spells). The exceptions to this are the gaseous creatures, which are not harmed by these methods. They remain vulnerable to water-based magic, and *cloudkill* and *stinking cloud* will kill them instantly (unless they fail their saves, of course).

If attacked, the creatures will fight in numerous ways. Depending upon the individuals encountered, the gaseous folk (nearly all consisting of poisonous substances) will surround an enemy in an attempt at forcing inhalation. Rocks will roll over or throw themselves into attackers, and those crystals, ores, and other minerals which hold sharp edges will attempt to slash intruders. All varieties detest these activities, and will only use them if hard pressed.

The more intelligent beings have a strange culture. Their language cannot be spoken naturally by creatures not of an elemental nature, so travelers must rely upon *tongues* spells and the like. The beings have no concept of the flow of time, so queries about the "frozen" creatures do not provide much information. They are aware that events have previously happened, but have no method of measuring the amount of time which has passed. Patient explorers have tried in vain to teach this to the creatures. The future is also a concept they seem unable to grasp, which presents a major obstacle in attempts at mutually beneficial exchanges.

The sentient inhabitants seem to have developed strange powers. They are capable of conjuring any mineral-based object desired, whether of worked or natural material. However, the object will always be sentient as well, with abilities similar to the conjurer. The beings can also summon creatures from the elemental planes of Mineral, Earth, or Dust. Note that these abilities do not seem to be magical in nature, as summoned creatures are not subject to spells which would normally affect them, such as *protection from evil*.

As may be expected, these creatures seem utterly flawless in their work with earth. All mines and structures created are absolutely sound, perhaps even surviv-

ing powerful quakes. Most dwarves visiting the demiplane are brought to tears by its perfect construction.

The inhabitants are often offended by common actions (such as coughing, sneezing, or other bodily functions), and by some common objects (such as metal armor, flint and steel, utensils, etc.), making patience the key to any encounters here.

Magical Effects

As strange as this demiplane is, no strange or unexpected magical effects have been noted, other than those effects which are chosen by the DM for their Origin Theory (see *Oerth Journal*, #9).

Resources and Treasure

The details of this actually depend upon the scruples of the plunderers. Many of the beings are made up of precious metals, gems, and gases, and enough material is here to make a family rich for generations. Unnamed groups have apparently tried to harvest these folk in the past, as they have numerous tales of glorious battles thwarting the aggressors.

Beyond this, these beings will willingly trade their “plants” for foreign objects they may find pleasing (animal or plant based items will be considered food, and earth-based items will be considered corpses), though outsiders should be cautious of the strange ways of these folk. Fire is known to them as a tool, as it generally does not harm them (a few of the gaseous folk are an exception to this). Like dwarves, they have a healthy fear of water, though they must drink it to survive.

It is said that the creatures know more about mining and crafting of stones (which they consider nursing of the young) than any soul on Oerth. Many try to convince these beings to share their secrets, but so far the efforts have not produced results.

Strangely, no explorers have yet returned to Oerik with the “frozen” creatures. While many parties would be interested in examining a specimen, it is unknown what transformation (if any) would occur in the metabolism or in the very nature of the figure. Obviously, this makes the value of such a retrieval questionable.

Locations of Note

♦ **Sulfur Pool.** One area of the caverns holds a rather deep pool, shrouded in steam and smelling strongly of sulfur. The residue on the pool’s edges confirms this, and the casual explorer may desire to enjoy the hot springs. However, the cautious explorer will soon be grateful for their wisdom. It appears that the mineral life here is an aggressive, territorial form with animal intelligence. Most of the other natives steer clear of this part of the demiplane, and will warn outsiders, if they are aware of their destination.

The sulfur creatures will scald enemies with searing water, and ignite flammables carried. As a last ditch effort, a spray of sulfur will permanently blind opponents failing to save versus breath weapon. The creatures will not pursue any who flee the cavern, but they will leave the pool to pursue those remaining at the edges of their territory.

♦ **Dark Cave.** A taboo area to the inhabitants of the Mines of Dumathoin, the vast, intimidating entrance to this cavern gives the distinct impression that it may collapse at any moment. This will not occur, but should serve to further discourage exploration. The rock here is riddled with small, worm-like holes. Worse still, the entire tunnel found within is slowly sealing itself up, as stalactites and stalagmites of various sizes completely cover the ceiling and floor, with water rich in minerals constantly dripping and adding to the formations.

Approximately 250 feet down the tunnel’s length, the air begins to warm considerably, and at 500 feet adventurers risk being burned by jets of steam. At 750 feet, the explorers will begin to feel suffocated, though this is simply in their heads. At 900 feet, the tunnel opens out into a large complex of twisting, natural caverns. The passages here are narrow and are rarely level. Sinkholes are a constant danger in this area, ranging from 50 to 150 feet in depth.

At the base of the largest sinkhole, 300 feet down, lies a large, natural appearing shrine. This will not be visible (even with magical aid) unless seen from the floor of the pit. Here, a large, forgotten(?) shrine to Beltar lies. Dwarves within the party will find evidence of duergar here; ancients runes of a cruel, selfish nature which are never used by other dwarves. Touching the altar will cause 2 points of damage per level for any good aligned characters, and 4 per level for any dwarves (other than duergar). Beneath the altar lies a small depression, which holds potions of *gaseous form(2)*, *elixir of madness*, and *treasure finding*, a *wand of earth and stone*, a *ring of feather falling*, and a *luckstone*.

♦ **Tunnel of Slime.** Completely covered in a green, slimy, acidic substance, this passage does not contain the fungus known as green slime. This is simply an unknown corrosive substance which is highly flammable. While not explosive, if set aflame a thick, black smoke will fill the area (treat as a *pyrotechnics* spell’s smoke producing effect). As circulation here is poor, the smoke will persist for several hours. Beyond the slime-filled tunnel (which will not harm a creature unless they spend hours within) lies a crevasse. The heat within the room is nearly unbearable, and a red glow fills air. A patrol of the earthen

folk is always here, though they appear very nervous about their post. They will warn visitors of the magma found at the base of the chasm, and will tell tales of fiery creatures which occasionally invade the demiplane. Explorers of the crevasse will encounter thoqua (see *Planescape MC Appendix 3*, or *Fiend Folio*), magmen (see *Planescape Campaign Setting*, or the *Monster Manual II*), and minor creatures of elemental fire (fire snakes, firebats, grue, etc.).

- ◆ **Wall of Crystal.** One cavern commonly used by the inhabitants holds two large, round, transparent crystals. One glows slightly, and the other remains dark. If either crystal is touched, examined, or even watched, the observer will hear a rough, scraping sound. Soon it becomes apparent that this is speech of some kind, though the speaker's voice has been changed by the nature of the crystal. Careful listening will make the onlooker aware of the meaning of the communication, which will inquire of their intentions toward the natives of the region. As the adventurers address these concerns, a *suggestion* will be attempted on party members one by one. This is extremely subtle, and those who successfully save to resist this will be unaware of the attempt.

The light crystal actually brings communication with a powerful dao, who will attempt to manipulate the party to bring it into the demiplane where it will destroy the inhabitants. This is done through offerings to the dao, placed under the crystal. The dark crystal will contact a powerful servant of Ulaa, who will attempt to persuade the party to seal off the demiplane from humanity forever. This is accomplished through a series of rites which will be taught

to those successfully enchanted by the magic of the crystal.

- ◆ **Margoyle Warrens.** An unusual tribe of particularly peaceful margoyles claims a section of the caverns as their own. While they will not allow intruders near their territory, they do not attack if left alone. The band consists of about 4 members, but they appear very regimented for creatures which are generally so chaotic.

Observant individuals may note that the creatures remain on the cavern floor. They have trained two rock reptiles as watchdogs for intruders. The earthen folk know that their neighbors are constructing something, though they do not know what it is, as they are also not allowed near the area.

The "margolyes" are actually stone golems shaped this way intentionally. The earth elementalist which created them desired their protection while he continued his work. Due to their smaller size, they do not possess the *slow* ability normally available, but in all other ways they are typical stone golems. DM's are encouraged to promote stealth here, rather than open combat. The elementalist is not evil, he simply desires solitude, but he will attack if a large combat begins.

The construction is actually a cover for the noise of a tunnel being dug from the cave. The wizard believes that he has discovered the location of powerful magic. The truth of this, and the nature of the magic, is left to the DM to design to fit their campaign. It is recommended that the wizard's notes survive the battle, even if the wizard was wrong in their conclusion, as a possible adventure hook.

1 From the History of the Sheldomar, by Kirk Wackford

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Dyvers, City of Adventure

Faiths of the Western Gate

Part Two of Two

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Fellowship of the Gilded Knot

The only Bakluni deity worshipped in Dyvers, the degree of Istus' influence in the city surprises many visitors. Most Dyversians seek a beneficial relationship with the Lady of Our Fate. Business is one prominent reason for this, for even the best and wealthiest of merchants longs for an inkling of good fortune on a regular basis.

The Fellowship of the Gilded Knot offers services at dawn and welcome large congregations on holy days. They only control a single temple, but it is a large and expansive building.

The temple is rather plain in most respects when compared to the other temples in Dyvers. Still, its traditional Bakluni design, borrowing aspects from Ketite and Zeifish examples, gives it a wonderous quality. The complex is constructed of pale stone, tall and circular. Numerous pillars offer support and these are intertwined with thin, silk curtains of coral and pastel shades. The inner sanctum is dominated by a great marble statue of Istus, a veiled woman of indeterminant age. She sits in a lotus position, both palms held upright. The statue itself is a marvel of design. From one hand pours water, as might any fountain; clean, pure, and blessed. From the other, sand. Each flow into its own receptacles and represent the twin aspects of fate.

The Fellowship is a body of twenty priests, both male and female. They dress in simple hooded robes and keep their faces veiled. Their numbers are occasionally swollen by pilgrims and missionaries, who venture to the temple from throughout the central Flanaess. The priests keep close to the temple, residing in monastic fashion within. They seldom involve themselves in city politics, believing such to be unfitting of a follower of Istus. One must let the fate of man weave itself, or so it is said.

Soranni (P7), the Lama, leads her sisters and brothers in their benedictions. She is well known throughout the city, though not from her own efforts. She is addressed as "holy mother" by her underlings. Soranni does not speak; she, like those Lamas before her, has taken an oath of silence so as not to tip Istus' scales on her own behalf. Rather, she uses simple gestures to lead the meditations and choruses of the Fellowship. She is also the

only member to go unveiled in her activities. The people of Dyvers view her with a sort of mystery and fear. No one dares to speak ill of her except in hushed whispers far from the temple's bounds.

A merchant will usually visit the temple of the Gilded Knot once per week. Always, she will offer as a sacrifice some trinket — always something she has crafted herself or is offering for sale. For an weaponsmith, this may be a small, ornamental dagger. For a tailor, a small ball of woven thread. Excessive gifts are considered bad form, and are frowned upon by other worshippers. Istus rewards earnest efforts — not flamboyancy. She is drawn to simple beauty, not decadent displays. At the same time, the business sense of most Dyversians prevent them from leaving the simplest of offerings, fearing such will insult the goddess. Thus any offering will be of particular value in some way.

The Fellowship also collects alms. It is considered poor taste for anyone who does receive the blessings of Istus not to share some of the rewards. It is customary for merchants, upon any noteworthy sale, to devote a small percentage to Istus. In a city full of merchants, such small offerings add up to great amounts, and have allowed the Fellowship of the Gilded Knot to invest in many interests throughout the city.

The Gilded Knot is unique among the temples of Dyvers, for it is not taxed for its practices. As fate does not discriminate between any class of people (or so the Fellowship preach), the oligarchy has chosen not to invite bad tidings by imposing taxes upon the temple. However, the Fellowship is also not allowed to participate in the business of government, unlike representatives of the temples of Zilchus, Procan, and other highly influential faiths observed in the city. These things are of little concern to the Fellowship.

The Temple is in possession of a select few minor relics to Istus, many captured from Ket during the Wars and transported to Dyvers by various means. Some were gifts of prominent nobles who sought the smile of Soranni, and thus, they believed, the favor of Istus herself. Among these relics is the fabled Tablet of Enorsoj

the Prophet, believed to be among the oldest writings of the Baklunish people. It is said to have predicted the Invoked Devastation, and fortells of many events which lie even now in the future. The ambassador to Ket in Dyvers has sought many times to negotiate its return to his lands.

SHRINE OF THE OPEN PALM

Erythnul has a small but vocal following in Dyvers. This body of worshippers is mostly composed of the destitute; failed merchants, beggars, and the maimed. The Fellowship has little influence in public life, and occupies little more than a simple shrine in the poorest quarter of the city. The Fellowship of the Open Palm operates a number of homes for folk who are otherwise homeless, offering shelter and food to those who have lost everything. This compassion disguises the more sinister aims to the Temple.

Few would ever recognize the shrine for what it is. Unlike most of the formal establishments in Dyvers, the Open Palm is little more than a ramshackle hovel. Set amidst the squalor of one of Dyver's poorest districts, the building housing the shrine and its priests appears to have originally been a single story building. Now three, somewhat disjointed stories tall, the building bares no outside markings of its true intent. Most of the folk in the area are aware of it, however. Right minded souls avoid it. The walls of the second and third floors are scrawled with markings and symbols of Erythnul. Most of the priests live on the top floor, in only slightly better accommodations than their guests.

The priests of the Open Palm wear no special garb, except on days holy to Erythnul. They dress finer than their subjects and neighbors, but not so much so as to invite the envy they seek to inspire on themselves. "I am like of my neighbors," is a popular saying among the fellowship. All the while, they horde what is given, marveling at it in private and making small gestures only large enough to increase their followers without actually empowering them. "Only through Erythnul does one have power," they preach. "For alone we are but one poor beggar. Together, we are the city of Dyvers itself, and its riches are ours for the taking."

Master of the shrine is a man named Maynard (P5), a true mongrel of a man. Despite physical deformities which leave one arm stunted and useless, the man possesses a brilliant shrewdness and a silver tongue. He grew up on the streets of Dyvers and in its orphanages, and escaped from the city for a time after his fourteenth year. He returned a self-styled prophet of Erythnul, full of anger and spite. His greatest desire is to see Dyvers burn with her own greed and envy, and he plans to see this vision through by whatever means. Though not an exceptional priest, he possesses a rather interesting artifact,

a *cup of promises*. Drinking from this vessel binds a man's loyalty to him, and he has used this device to bring some of his vilest enemies to his cause. Of course, these men will burn with the rest of Dyvers when the day comes, and Maynard will simply smile.

Above all things, the Fellowship of the Open Palm preach envy. Those who succeed do so on the backs of others. Those with means keep their true wealth close to their vest, and offer little of it to those in the most need. All men are equally deserving of success, but those who hoard their good fortune from their neighbors are deserving only of spite. This mantra would strike most Dyversians as insane, for to them hard work is a way of life. But to those who have fallen to the bottom of the pile, or have never known success by their own hand, it sometimes rings true.

The Fellowship actively solicits the favor of the poor and downtrodden, moreso than any other faith in Dyvers. While many first seek the fortune promised by Lady Istus, some eventually find themselves with only the Open Palm to turn to for aid. Through their dealings with the thieves' guild and a few oligarchy contacts, the Open Palm has come to own a great portion of the district surrounding their shrine. This allows them greater control of the citizens who have been reduced to nothing, eventually winning them over to the envious mantra espoused by the priests. The Fellowship discourages the customary polytheism of their followers, preaching only through the utmost devotion to Erythnul will their followers gain (or achieve) what is rightfully theirs.

The Open Palm have made a few connections in the oligarchy because they can deliver a number of votes from their followers. As such, the occasional riot is ignored, as is their steady accumulation of property. They have many connections within the shadowy Dyversian underground. The thieves' guild seeks to manipulate the priesthood and its following to its own ends, and the Open Palm is only pleased to return the favor. Theirs is a delicate trust, a give and take where each side seeks to come out the victor. The thieves' guild uses the Fellowship and its rabble to distract the city government from its true aims, while the priesthood takes advantages of the secrets these rogues offer in return.

THE SHRINE OF ABSOLUTION

In the day to day life of the City of Sails, the promise of Zodal plays a very small role. How could it be otherwise in a city whose soul is ruthless entrepreneurialism and competition? Despite this, the priesthood at the Shrine of Absolution is among the most active sects in the city proper. They are small, but far reaching, and are in good relations with most other faiths, who recognize the aims of this fellowship and would see its intentions prosper.

The shrine lies on the fringes between the main

commercial district and one of the poorer districts of the city. It is a fine place, though not outstanding. Its grounds support a large garden in which the priests grow their own food. Everything is done by their hand, and only simple tools are used, for no creature who live in the garden must suffer for the benefit of the priests. These would include birds and the few stray cats as likely as earthworms. Man, it is believed by the fellowship, is by his nature beyond the natural order of things, and thus to take at the loss of another is to debase the purity of the spirit. So he who is true to Zodal does not feast on the flesh of animals, nor make his fortune on the backs of his fellow man.

The priests of Zodal dress in formal regalia, robes of white with gold trim, only on holy days. Their normal working garb is only little better than a peasant's. They are among the most humble faiths operating in Dyvers. Perhaps this is why they are so often overlooked by the populace. Theirs is a monastic order, and includes a vow of poverty and celibacy. The priesthood has a very loose hierarchy, with each sharing in the day-to-day chores of the shrine. All are encouraged to speak their mind, to find their own equilibrium, and to share their findings with their fellow priests. The doctrine of Zodal is highly philosophical, and can take a lifetime to master.

The high priest is a tall man with sandy hair and a crooked nose named Soldin (P6). He grew up among the street gangs and was blinded in a rumble as a young man. Afterward, he was raised in the shrine's orphanage, where he was first exposed to the teachings of Zodal. While he is not conscientious of his appearance, he is

aware it makes other uncomfortable and so chooses to wear a white cloth bound as a blindfold. He still bears the scars and tattoos of his youth and makes no apologies for them.

The Shrine of Absolution holds services at sunrise and sunset, welcoming day and night with similar ceremonies. These are lightly attended by citizens, most of whom are seeking peace of mind or wish to pray for the well-being of a troubled (or ill) family member. The majority of the priests' duties lie in the shrine's other properties, an orphanage and a hospice. The latter was a product of Soldin's leadership, and is owned in conjunction with the temple of Pelor. These properties are not lavish or extravagant, but are kept clean and sanitary by the priests. At least one is found in these places at all hours of the day, usually as many as five during the daylight hours.

Zodal's priests tend to shun the politics of the city, as political aims are somewhat contradictory of Zodal's doctrine. This has not set well with all the priests, however. In recent years, a splinter faction of the Shrine of Absolution, headed by a proud young priestess named Renije (P3), has broken off from the main priesthood. They believe Dyvers has become too emeshed in its own self importance. The only way to combat this, they feel is to engage in city politics — a concept that is distasteful to the tenets of Zodal. Naturally, the rest of Zodal's fellowship does not support their efforts, and believe these upstarts are flirting with blasphemy.

The Shrine of Absolution possesses no outstanding relics of any sort.

Tales from the Green Dragon Inn

Leomund's Life

By Lenard Lakofka

(LEOMUND@aol.com)

Leomund's1 Life

By Lenard Lakofka2

Scribed this 14th day of Goodmonth 6105 S.D. (590 Common Year)3

Gentle reader, if you are quite ready, let us go forth.

The time is ripe to tell a little of my lowly life, I suppose, and to clear up some confusion about what I have and I have not done, where I've traveled and where I've been during the Greyhawk Wars (I am delighted that I missed them).

Always let the record be reasonably accurate. That simple statement leads me to my basic philosophy and I may as well address it now as later. Measurements (including *detect alignment*) have always shown me to a Lawful person with a definite Neutral position on Good versus Evil. Well, okay, that is not accurate either. I have a bit of a Good spot in me but I often ignore it when it troubles me too much or gets in the way. In any case I have viewed The Law as a way of adding structure to things. Without Law there is Chaos and I hate that! The Spirit of the Law is far more important than the Letter of the Law. Many an amateur lawyer has wanted to nitpick me to death and beat me over the head with a book or books. If a person is consistent in interpretation, while reserving the right to change his/her mind, then everything is okay. And if that's not good enough, er lawful enough for you, then; "Oh Well!"

I was born on Fireseek the 3rd 479 CY (5994 S.D. – for those of you who are civilized) ".... in a forest somewhere", or so my mother told me. She was not very clear on exactly where and I never did press the issue. My guess is the Celadon Forest since she once said that she lived in Beetu in the Kingdom of Nyrond for a dozen or more years. When I visited Beetu I found it populated by a number of full-blooded elves as well as a number of people who are a mixture to human and elf.4

Mother lived in Irongate for a couple of years after I was born but I remember nothing of the city and she told me very little. The exception was a sign of one

of the thief's guilds that existed in the Iron League. These rogues were of a lawful nature and politically inclined as well. Years later I came to know a number of them personally and they helped me with the organization of my own 'guild'.

Mother took ship to the Spindrift Islands, far away from the turmoil of the Flanaess, during the fall of 482 CY. I passed my early years in the town of Kroten5 and then on a small farm on the outskirts of Lo Reltarma6 on Lendore Isle.

I never met my father but as the years passed I discovered that he was part elf, likely a quarter elf7 as best as I can determine. His heritage manifested itself as a very slight resistance to <sleep> and <charm> but more importantly by giving me a limited form of <infravision>. Being able to see a source of heat in complete darkness, when that source is about ten feet away, has saved my sorry rear end on more than one occasion! A least I did not get pointed ears out of the deal. Thanks dad. His heritage has also helped when it comes to my life span. I'm III now and I only feel like I'm 50 or so, not too bad for an old duffer like me.

My mother, Elsieadar, was a pure blooded Suel. She was born in the Duchy of Urnst but found that her profession ".... was not always welcomed with open arms", and, therefore, she decided to move to a more receptive locale. She had a typical Suel pale complexion, purple eyes and light curly red hair. She usually dressed in clothing that was bright red and orange splashed with yellow. My earliest memories of my mother were that she seemed to be aflame when she often wore her bright red town cloak. The cloak was red at the hem and gradually changed into reddish orange, orange and became yellow by the time it got to the neck and shoulders. The garment, at a distance, made the wearer look as though they were bathed in fire. I

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liked the look a great deal and copied it later in my career when I dabbled with “pyrology” and founded the Red Star League8.

I had the look of a Suel male. I was thin and pale with dark blue eyes and reddish blond hair, which, alas, began to fall out when I was the tender age of 29. I topped out at 5'11 and have stayed below 150 pounds my entire life. I, like my mother, like to dress in red and orange but while adventuring I learned that a dark green or dark gray cloak is far more practical9.

Mother was a devout worshipper of Norebo and because of her I took up the profession of cleric at the age of ten. (Mother was a thief, I mean rogue, just in case you were unclear.) However, I did not become a cleric of Norebo. When I attended a Church of the Big Gamble I was torn between laughter and protecting my purse. Even at ten years of age I discovered Norebo's house of worship to be a ludicrous place. Instead I found that Lendore was a bit more to my liking. His temples were clean and orderly and somehow that produced a feeling of tranquility that I found refreshing.10

The years of study at Lendor's temple showed me that being taught to read was the most important aspect of religion, or, at least, it was to me. I was often discovered in the temple's library at times when I was supposed to be praying or doing other tasks. This desire to read everything I could get my hands on made Rallyman, my clerical mentor, both upset with me and proud as well. After the early years of my training had past he gave me the job of librarian. Soon I knew more about the odd hundred scrolls and eight score books that the temple owned than any one else in the clergy. I liked being locked up in the library and reading every text three or more times. I liked the opportunity of being the first to read a new scroll or book that came into the possession of the temple as others of the clergy adventured and traveled in the Spindrifts and the Flanaess.

Rallyman had to literally kick me out on my first adventure just after my 16th birthday. At the time I was told it was an opportunity to go down the road about thirty miles and get a book given to us by the Sage Elesar 'a Bendar, who lived in Kroten11. A new book! Okay, that was motivation I suppose. So off I went. Well read, poorly trained (with a weapon I should say), armorless, but with high hopes of being the first to read the new tome, off I went. I took along a couple of the sons of Rallyman's old adventuring party, a fighter named Sormat and a roguish fellow named Tegger or Toggar or something like that. I'm sure I carved it correctly on his grave marker, which is, after all, the only thing that matters.

We got the book all right and were on the way back when the little band of thieves hit us. Tegger was surprised by the first volley, surprised to see three arrows protruding out of his belly. Sormat and I were lucky to be missed by arrows as we watched Tegger go down to his knees and then kiss the ground. I pulled out my trusty hammer and dropped it. Sigh. I guess I should not tell every agonizing blow in this melee but when it was done there were five dead thieves (including Tegger) and Sormat was cut up badly enough to be unconscious. I was fortunate that the thieves took Sormat as the threat and not me. Thank you Lendor. I did have a cure and after some work I got him bandaged enough to get back on the trail.

I did learn my first lesson in being a scavenger from this melee. I got a reasonably good fitting set of leather armor out of the deal and a few coins as well. More importantly I found the scrap of parchment with the map to the place where the thieves were to drop the book off. Sorehead, I mean Sormat, wanted to avenge poor Tegger and since I absolutely needed a guard I had little choice. It also taught me not to tell everything that I discovered to a fighter in the party while we were still on the adventure. “What an idiot!” I thought to myself – I called him an idiot actually but then he punched me in the nose and this reinforced the lesson of not speaking to fighters.

That little foray of revenge cost Sormat his right ear (snicker) but we did gain a lot of experience during it. We arrived back at the temple two weeks later but with the book intact! I had a new hammer, two books I found at the site where the thieves were suppose to rendezvous, and I had a chance to practice a number of spells. My first promotion came from this adventure and it only cost both of the books I had recovered for training. However, since the books went into the library and I was the librarian I can't really say I lost them. (This taught me how to pay for something with treasure but keep contact with the treasure anyway.)

Rallyman kept sending me on adventures. I can't say those years were unprofitable because I did gain the *ring of protection +3* that I wear to this very day12. Boring you with my progression up the clerical ladder will put us both to sleep, so I won't.

I made one life long friendship during those years. That was with my companion Amosnandy13, a Druid of Phyton. He is still alive and well and living in the Celadon Forest which was another reason for my frequent visits to Beetu over the years. However, by the time I was twenty-three and a 5th level cleric14 I decided that the cleric life was just not for me. Spell

casting took too long even with the bonus that Lendor gave his clergy at 7th level. I did not get to study and read as much as I wanted to and there was no research into things at all. I wanted to create new spells and even craft magic items. When I asked if new Prayers could be offered to Lendor Rallyman fell to the floor in a faint. (A rather loud impact I might add – politely.)

I decided to leave the active clergy and I went to work for Elesar ‘a Bendar who had subsequently moved to Loreltarma. He was a practicing Sage at the time but he had been a Mage first. He told me that I could have access to 90% of his library in exchange for a lot of grueling work and copying to and from texts and scrolls. That was fine with me and my next four years were spent learning the basics of magic¹⁵ and copying until my hand was numb and my eyes were watering. To this day I cannot read by candlelight for more than ten minutes without getting a headache.

Elesar was a prominent citizen in Loreltarma and in 506 he was appointed to the Council of Five¹⁶ that ruled the city. I had become a 5th level Mage by that point in time. This allowed me full access to both my clerical and magical spells and abilities! Because of this fact he began to send me on adventures in the Spindrifts, The Lordship of the Isles, Medegia and in the Iron League.

I did not go alone or I would never have lived though this thirty-year period. Usually I was a member of a party of from three to six members. While I was not the ‘leader’ I was the representative of the person (Elesar) who was funding the projects. Two of my companions who accompanied me on all thirteen of my major adventures during this period of time¹⁷ were Harper¹⁸ and Rogan¹⁹. We saved each other more times than I can recall and became steadfast friends. Both are now gone, of course. Harper was cremated in his boots by an old red dragon with one more breath to take. I was just a little too slow that day and I will always regret it. Rogan is dead too; well, actually I do not know that for a fact. I suppose he could still be alive. After all he was alive when I left Oerth before the Greyhawk wars. By then he was a bit too old to accompany me on adventures anyway.

A notable adventure when I was 37 years old and an 10th level Transmuter²⁰ occurred in the Hold of the Sea Princes. As you know the Sea Princes had mostly ‘retired’ by this year (516CY). A few, who did not live along the coast, had taken to keeping and selling slaves. It is a popular misconception that all the ‘princes’ held slaves. That is not the case. Many of the coastal nobles abhorred slavery but they were not powerful enough in the central plain and western

mountain valleys to stop the practice. Also the Island Fleet Commodores still favored slavery as well.

Elesar sent the three of us to meet with Prince Jeon (the 1st). He was to direct us to the probable location of a book of great potency that was carried from the Suel Empire and had somehow made its way into the possession of the Plar of Hool. The Plar, then Yestiman ‘ad Grep, was a fat, totally detestable fellow with blotchy skin who constantly scratched at himself in many uncomely ways. Yestiman was in Monmurg at the time for an annual festival celebrating the Hold’s former seafaring prowess. We tried to negotiate with Yestiman and offered the splendid diamond our master had given us (fully worth 20,000GP) to buy the book. He was intractable. He did, however, send an assassin to kill us in our sleep at the palace of the Prince. The assassin was truly amazed that a little halfling coming up behind him could do that much damage but his amazement was short lived. He died in the next few minutes. The Plar had already left for Hool. A place I did not want to visit! Accompanied by a few select mercenaries provided for us by Jeon we took off after the Plar. Poor Yestiman was last seen floating in his beloved Hool Marsh and we did get the book Elesar sent us for.

Yestiman’s treasure trove contained a *cloak of displacement*. I had, a few years before acquired a *cape of blending*. Much to my joy they seemed to work together, one over the other. This combination worked well for me for three full years and then something went terribly wrong.

Perhaps I should not have trusted to my luck a second time vs. a cyclops I was foolishly battling. He had just missed me with a boulder about twenty minutes before. Had he been binocular I might not be here writing this now! I was using the *cape* to hide along a mountain path. I hoped that the cyclops would pass by me by and then I could enspell him. I unblended from the rock wall just as he turned to face me. He was very fast, I have to give him that, and he flung a rather large boulder at me in the next few seconds. This caused the magic of the *cloak* to operate. I stood there beginning to cast a *lightning bolt* at the cyclops when I realized the boulder was headed right for me. I was going to take a major hit without the support of Harper or Rogan to bail me out. But then the strange thing happened. The boulder ‘hit’ just as I was about to finish the spell. To my astonishment the boulder went right through me! I was so shocked I almost forgot to finish the evocation I was working on. Off went the *lightning bolt*. “Off” described it very well. It headed right at the cyclops and passed right through him! However, he was not only not affected, he was staring at me with his one eye

in total disbelief. He came running toward me and as I wielded my staff to thwart him he overran me, literally. He ran through me while madly swinging his cudgel and looking about wildly. I realized that he could not see me at all and that somehow I was not on the prime material any more.

I was, in fact, on the ethereal plane. As I took a single step everything began to turn an opaque gray color and my frame of reference vanished. As I took a few steps I realized I could no longer see my surroundings at all. I stopped. After 20 or 30 seconds the gray haze began to clear and I could see the mountain again but I could only see a limited distance. Objects beyond a few hundred feet away began to dissolve into a gray haze. "Fantastic!" was my first thought but it was replaced by "and now what?" as I realized that I could not just step back to the prime material. It in fact took me two full days to figure out the secret of the *ethereal doors*²¹.

Upon returning to Lendore Isle I put down my ethereal notes and observations into a book I called my "Tiny Hut", after the magic spell I created a few years before. My notes on the inner planes were published and spread far and wide over the years. With the notes were the text to *<Leomund's secret chest>*, another spell I researched to take advantage of the ethereal plane.

I should probably stop here for a few minutes and talk about the pupil I took in the year 539 CY. I had turned 60 but looked 39, or so my more polite friends told me. An earnest young mage named Guy Gas came to me for what turned out to be two years of additional training²². As coincidence would have it, if you believe in coincidence, Guy Gas looked very much like me at the time. Not identical by any stretch, he was a little taller and heavier and his hair was a brighter shade of red than mine. However, people not knowing both of us, often thought he was I and would call him Leomund. I had somewhat of a reputation at that time (no, not that reputation – the good one), and Guy Gas seemed to like the recognition.

I left Oerth in 541 and began an adventure on the Dwaerth World. I went with a good dwarven friend named Dobfur. Dobfur's god, Fortubo²³, had selected him to free a large segment of his people from slavery on Dwaerth. It was success on that adventure²⁴ that made Dobfur a High Priest.

Guy Gas now traveled to Greyhawk where he set up shop and began to mingle with fellow mages there. That would have been fine but he took on my persona and identity! The faux Leomund even went so far as to join the Circle of Eight! He retired there, as me, in the year 576 CY!

I came back from Dwaerth in 542 but did not learn of Guy Gas' impersonation of me. I simply settled back in Loreltarma for an extensive period of research²⁵. These were years when I was on the Council of Five, replacing Elesar the Sage whose library I inherited. I did hear, just before I left this world again, that Guy Gas had cloned himself but those clones were claiming to be me! In fact I think I met one of them once in 579. He said he was I but I refuted him with a dazzling burst of logic. He looked dumbfounded by it all, but he was the clone of an imposter after all, what did you expect?

In 580 I made history. I had just gained enough knowledge to begin dabbling in 9th level magic. I was so overjoyed that I started work on a special *hourglass* that I had thought about creating for a few years. My studies were going well and I was about to cast *enchant an item* on the *hourglass* when I got a visitor. She was a female elf mage named Delorn, as she introduced herself. She said she had "heard of my research" and that she was here to help and warn me. Well, I have always been an idiot when someone praises me and I did not realize that I had not talked of my research on the *hourglass* to anyone. We worked together for six months. Her knowledge of temporal mechanics, as she called them, was breathtaking! On the 1st day of Brewfest 580 (6095 SD) I turned the *hourglass*, which I had named *Lendor's Matrix*, over for the first time.

Two things happened. Delorn *shapechanged* into a robust bearded man in his 80's or so. I happened to recognize him, since I cleaned and polished his statue more times than I would like to remember some 90 years before! It was Lendor! "Success", he said. "You will be just in time to save some of my people. Fare well!"

I had plenty to say at that point but then the second thing happened. I teleported through time and space and arrived in the highest pinnacle of a tall silver-blue building. I looked around and found that I was alone in this small circular room that had nine equally spaced windows around its perimeter. The room had a nine-sided table in its center and upon it stood the *Matrix*, its sand still running. On the table were a number of books and a supply of inks and quills. The decorations on the walls were ornate and looked as though they were made of real, inlaid, silver. I saw a trap door in the floor but no other exit. I paused to look out of the windows. The city that I as in was huge and stretched as far as I could see in every direction. Many of the multi-colored stone buildings had four or more stories. There were a number of temples to the gods of the Suel. Lendor's temple, about 250 feet away from me, could not be mistaken. The city had the ancient

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Suel Empire look about it. "Good grief! I realized that I was in one of those ancient cities, probably the capital. I went to the one chair in the room and sat down. Before me was a large book with a silver and red cover. Written upon it an ancient Suloise was the title **Tome of the Scarlet Sign**.

The trap door opened and an amazed man paused on the ladder he was climbing and stared at me. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" he said in Suloise. The pronunciation was not quite what I expected but I understood him. "I am here because of Lendor's labor. That is the item that brought me here." I pointed at the hourglass. "It is called *Lendor's Matrix*. It teleported me and took me out of my time." The man was about to reply when we both noticed that the last grain of sand in the glass was just running out. I dematerialized immediately and reappeared on a large ship in the center of a huge body of water, land was not in sight in any direction but two other ships were traveling with us on our starboard side. The crews did not seem to take note of me. They were all looking astern at a wall of dark black fog that was rolling over the water and moving after the ships. The roiling fog had lightning flashes escaping along its length.

I was dressed in no more than the simple robe I had worn while testing the *Matrix*, which, by the way was not to be seen. The only items I had were my +3 *ring of protection* and my +2 *dagger*. I was not wearing my robe or cape nor carrying my staff since, after all, I was not planning an adventure. I was also wearing the ring is used to summon my *secret chest* from the ethereal plane.

I also had, as luck would have it, a large gem in my pocket. Now how did that happen? I had acquired the gem as payment for casting a *symbol of fear* on a book of dogma for my friend the High Priest of Jascar. I just had not though about putting it away in a proper place. My thoughts were not on the gem at this point, of course.

"What is that cloud?" I said. A few of the men on board turned around to face me. More than one drew their weapons. "Hold on hold on, I'm not an enemy". Then I looked at them to realize that they had not understood a word I was saying. I quickly tried five other languages, one after the other as four of the men began to approach me in a menacing manner. Then I tried elfish. One of the crew, who I had not really noticed, spoke aloud to the crew. He came toward me. I was obvious that he was an elf, but like no elf I had ever seen. His hair was black, as were his eyes while his skin was olive. He came towards me. Whatever he said to the crew at least had put them off from immediately attacking me.

"Do you know what that black fog is?" he said in elfish.

"Well no", I didn't. "Where on Oerth are we?"

"Oerth? What is Oerth? This world is, as all know, Dyrth".

Oh boy, I was on another world. Charming. All of this wonder was put on hold as the black fog boiled and flashed up closer and closer and began to overtake the ship farthest from us. In another two or three minutes it would be upon our ship.

"Have you tried to *dispel* it?"

"Yes we have, to no avail."

I stepped down from the bow and moved to the stern. No one hindered me. I conjured a *dispel magic* just before the fog caught us. To my great joy the fog that was about to overtake us evaporated into a white mist. The black fog, as it turned out, just a wall of fog and it was only a few dozen feet thick. We were on the other side of the wall of darkness and it was rolling away at the same speed. The hole I had created in the Fog was 'healing' itself as the wall moved on and in another minute the gap was gone. I had 'saved' our ship from the consequences of the fog and my popularity suddenly changed. I was hoisted aloft and, thank Lendor, NOT cast into the ocean. Once the joy subsided we looked to the other two ships that had taken the full brunt of the wall. We were still sailing at full speed and chasing the wall, which was already a mile beyond our ships. We maneuvered closer to one of the ships over the course of the next few minutes.

We looked at the crew of the ship that was now only twenty feet away. A few of the men were standing their, mouth agape, with no emotion showing on their faces. A few others were administering to fallen men and another few were still handling the ship. A man known to our captain called to us. Nine men were dead (all were low-level sailors / fighters or rogues) and another seven seemed to have their minds erased (these were all spell casters – mages or clerics)! Everyone had been 'wounded' by the fog in one way or the other. We were going to slow down when a lookout cried from above. He had seen land at the horizon when the black fog had finally disappeared. Everything else was again of secondary importance as the three crews took control of the ships and headed for landfall some fifteen miles away. We arrived along the lush coastline in about three hours just as the sun was beginning to set. We saw that we could come in fairly close to the shore and we took the opportunity to anchor and move parties from all three ships to the land.

While I was confused and amazed I found that my companions, all 107 of them that were still alive and sane, were standing on land that "did not exist". This was the "Land That Is Not" according to prophecy.

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The undiscovered continent seemed to answer the prophecy according to the shiploads of people that had just landed there. When all was tallied 21 had died and 7 had been erased out of a total embarkation of 135. Twenty-four of the crewmembers were women, a fact that would take on more importance soon.

We landed and established a small town even though we did not have too many of the items we needed to accomplish the task. I was told that the people of Dyrth did not have open ocean navigation skills. While this knowledge existed on Oerth I was not a navigator and did not know the secret of the skill. Well, you can't know everything! In any case the ships were badly battered and many sails were torn. Were we to embark again only one or two of the ships could leave. The mages in the group, there were three left untouched²⁷, tried to use *clairvoyance* to contact their homeland but to no avail. Some barrier existed to their spells. I learned that the mages topped off 6th level and when they learned my level they were stunned. Men on this world had only learned 3rd level magic!

It would take time, but time we had in abundance, to learn their language to a high enough level of proficiency to begin teaching them the magic I knew. They did have blank spell books so I could scribe the spells I had memorized that fateful day into a book to have them as a permanent record. That process alone took me over three months! Since I know many other spells it was just a process of trial and error to get the majority of them to work here and to be scribed in their language.

Throughout this process the people had to build up our small town in preparation for winter. There were more than enough tasks for everyone including forays into the nearby area to learn what was there. We were not looking for any engagements of course, but we had to know if animals, monsters or intelligent beings were close enough to be a hindrance to us. There was always the hope of finding help but that hope was a tiny one.

The drudgery of day to day life is not the stuff of adventure and I'll not go through it with you. The patrols that went out about five miles in each direction did discover an array of animals similar to those native to the known continent. The few that were new were not major predators and provided either a source of food or, at worst, annoyance. We found no sign of civilization of any kind but we did discover a very nasty monster. This beast was a two-headed canine about the size of a very large wolf. What made them 'monstrous' was that like the winter wolf of Oerth these beasts had a breath weapon²⁸.

There is much to say of this long adventure but I have been sworn not to say it. At the end of the 9th

year of it Lendor appeared to me in the form of an old crippled man. He told me not to speak of the time after the black fog. I had done my job on Dyrth; I had revealed the secret of 4th, 5th and 6th level magic to my pupils. Now it was up to them, natives of this world, to either fulfil their destiny or be consumed. I was being asked to LEAVE.

However, Lendor confided that I was asked to be away from Oerth because otherwise I would surely have died in the Greyhawk Wars. My own Red Star League was compromised on many levels by the Scarlet Brotherhood and I would have had great difficulty sorting out who was true friend and who was a spy. But my Master was good to me and gave me a Red Eye Cusp that I now wear in my left eye. It allows me full infravision out to 90 feet, how nice, no more of this having to get within ten feet. More importantly it allows me to see an aura of yellow around Lawful Mages who are NOT part of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Thus I can do some traveling in the next few years and sort out who's who in the various strongholds of the League. Knowing whom you can really trust is very important after all.

So that is what I can safely tell you of my travels and can recall from memory (which is getting worse and worse over the years). Individual questions may be asked. I might even know the answer!

Where am I now? Well, in the Spindrifts, of course. I am a friend to the High Elves and Lendor put in a word with Corellon that gets me into most places where the High Elves still exist. I did rescue my library without losing a book and I've been known to do a good Sage job from time to time. I'll be more visible in the next few years if the damn assassins from the Scarlet Brotherhood don't catch up with me. The last time I saw the Master of Obedience we agreed not to agree. I am a Suel but I'm not a Suel who believes in any supreme race, thank you.

Well then, GOOD NIGHT.

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1 "Leomund" was my character in a campaign played in the early 1970s; actually it might have been 1969.

2 During the 70s the game was three slender booklets that were called DUN-GEONS & DRAGONS. GREYHAWK was about a year away from publication. It was a time when each game session produced questions the rules did not answer; at best they alluded to a solution. Therefore, it was essential to put some meat on the bones of the rules. Because of my involvement with friend E. Gary Gygax (we were both in the INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF WARGAMING – that ran the first GEN CON) I got a lot of input into the new ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS – being one of its rule editors. It was also a time when I became a regular contributor to the DRAGON authoring "Leomund's Tiny Hut" for a number of years. In any Case D&D, AD&D and GREYHAWK are copyrighted © 1999 et. al. by **Wizards of the Coast** and include all of the copyrights by **TSR Inc** over the course of many years.

3 This history follows the Time Line published in the Wizards of the Coast product The Scarlet Brotherhood © 1999 TSR Inc. The Suel Time Line can be found on line at <http://members.xoom.com/cogh/info.html> Version one is in Journal #1 but an update, I hope, is forthcoming in a later Journal. [Oerth Journal #11]

4 The term 'half-elf' is seldom used in the Spindrifts. "Hulf" (for Human – Elf) is the common term.

5 In the north-central portion of the Isle.

6 Prior to 576 the city was called Loreltarma. The 'change' was due to a cartographer named Darlene. She was part of a new movement in cartography that put maps on hex paper instead of locating things by latitude and longitude. She could not put a city on a map unless it was in the middle of a hex – whether it belonged there or not. Pluffet Smedger should have had her boiled in oil and had a new map drawn but it was 576 CY and his Glossography was already late. Once the Glossography was established and became a standard the name of the city became Lo Reltarma to most of the Flanaess and that name stuck. She also moved the entire city for those of you who care. Loreltarma is on the upper northeast peninsula of Lendore Isle, not on the southwestern belly as shown on her map. Numerous sailors arrived on the southwest coast of Lendore Isle thinking some great magic had lifted the city off of the face of the Oerth. Off the face of 'the map' would be more accurate.

7 "Qulf – for those of you tracking that sort of thing – is used for a person is ¼ elf and ¾ human. Since you were going to ask a ¾ elf – ¼ human is referred to as an "Elqu"

8 The Red Star League was formed by me to cull out and gather a group of LAWFUL mages together for the dual purpose of studying 'pyrology' (the magic of elemental FIRE) and the simple commonality of philosophy. A person belonging to the League has access to one or more magic books in the League stronghold as well as use of any teleporter(s) the facility might have on the premises. The symbol of the league is the Red Seven Pointed Star. Details of the League and all of its pursuits are still SECRET.

9 Leomund, hm*, M**19/C5, AC -1 (*bracers of defense AC 4, ring of protection +3, Dex Bonus and special*); MV 12; hp 60; THAC0 10 (*staff of power / dagger +2*); Str 14 Dex 16 Con 17 Int 18 Wis 17 Cha 13 Com 14***; SA spells plus Staff; SD *cape of blending and cloak of displacement*; AL LN(g). Magic Items Numerous; XP 3,375,000 *1/8 elf 7/8 human ** Transmuter *** Comeliness – yes there was such a score at one time

10 Lendor's temples are few and far between but there was one in Loreltarma.

11 He moved to Lendore Isle from Irongate a few years before.

12 I have to admit that the melee with the two trolls was not my finest hour but I was the last one alive at the end and therefore I got the pick of the trove. I did pay for two *raise dead* spells – always take care of your adventure mates!

13 Amosnandy, Hulf* D 13: AC 2 (leather +2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 44; THAC0 12; #AT 1 or special; Dmg 1-6 +2 (Staff +2); SA spells; SD as druid; SZ M (5'9" tall); ML 13; Str 13 Dex 18 Con 15 Int 12 Wis 17 Cha 15 Com 15; XP 1,500,000. Personality: rambunctious, ornery. Special Equipment numerous magic items. * see above, "Hulf" = ½ human ½ elf

14 Progressing to fifth level as a cleric saved me more times than any other ability I ever gained. There was a great deal of profit in the ability to cast clerical spells once I had become fifth level as a mage as well! I may not have been a devout cleric of Lendor but I kept up his worship to this very day and, having met him face to face on two occasions, I'm glad I picked him as my God.

15 My First Spell: Leomund's Points of Light, Level 1, Range: Touch, Duration: 1hr + 10 minutes per level, Area of Effect: see below, Components: V M, Casting Time: 1, Saving Throw: Special. The mage recites the short verbal component and then for 10 rounds plus 1 round per level he/she may touch an object or the open air and a small point of light will appear there. The light is dim but five *points* close together are just enough light to read by. Living beings get a save vs magic or the *point* dispels. Magic items save at 12 (DM may enhance). Once another spell is cast or a carried magic item activated (does not include permanent magic items in use like a *ring of protection*) no more *points* may be cast. Otherwise three *points* may be placed per round for the spell's duration. The number of *points* obtained is five plus one per level of the mage.

16 The Council of Five was very balanced and also a little strange. The meetings of the Council were, for that reason, often hair raising. To be on the council the person had to be 9th level in his/her profession of choice. Four of the five were Lawful with two at most, at any one time, being either Good or Evil. The fifth person was chaotic and that person might have any sub alignment. However, if there were two Good Lawful members the chaotic person would be Neutral or Evil. The object was never to have three Good or three Evil members on the council at any time. The right hand man (woman) of the Council Member – usually his/her advisor or protector — had to be at least 7th level – or have 7 or more Hit Dice. Yes, a vampire has been on the council. So they met at night for a few years. It was fun, I am told, to watch the Good Lawful cleric attempt to *turn* him every now and then when the arguments got out of hand.

17 Listed is Harper's and Rogan's statistics when they began. Then they are

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relisted to show their accomplishments over the 30 years of adventuring

18 Harper, hm R 3: AC 2 (Chain & Shield, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 27; THAC0 16; #AT 1 or 2(ws); Dmg 1-8 +2(ws)+1(str) (1 swd) 1-6 (arrow); SA none; SD none; SZ M (6'2" tall); ML 14; Str 17 Dex 16 Con 17 Int 13 Wis 11 Cha 13; AL GN(L); XP 4500. Personality: loquacious, impulsive in melee. Special Equipment nil.

30 yrs later: Harper, hm R 11: AC -3 (Chain +3 & Shield +2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 63; THAC0 4; #AT 2 to 4; Dmg 1-8 +2(ws) +8(ggs) +2(mag)(1 swd +2); SA as Ranger; SD as Ranger; (stats as given) XP 900,000. Special Equipment *girdle of giant strength* (+3/+8); potions: *Xheal, speed, levitation; long sword +2, chainmail +3, shield +2/+4vs missiles*

19 Rogan, halfling T 4: AC 4 (leather, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 14; THAC0 20 (not back stab); #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (s swd) 1-4 (h ax); SA Back Stab x2; SD as halfling; SZ S (3'3" tall); ML 11; Str 12 Dex 18 Con 15 Int 15 Wis 8 Cha 9; AL CN; XP 5000. Personality: Inquisitive, cautious, and steadfast. Special Equipment. Nil.

Thief abilities: PP 15, OL 67, FRT 23, MS 65, HIS 45, DN 20, CW 20.

30 yrs. Later: Rogan, halfling T 16; AC -2 (BraceD AC 2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 40; THAC0 10(not back stab); #AT 2; Dmg 1-6 +3 (s swd+3) two 1-4 +2(h ax +2), SA Backstab x5; SD as halfling; (stats as given) Special Equipment: *short sword +3 (purpose slay Evil fighters(paralysis) cure light wnds 1/day dark 1/day silence 1/day teleport wo error 1/wk; ring of invisibility; boots/levitation; lockpick +7%*. Thief abilities: PP 140*, OL 99**, FRT 99**, MS 99, HIS 99**, DN 50, CW (boots of levitation) **/ first edition AD&D

21 See DRAGON #42, Inner Planes

22 I considered his name to be a rather smelly pun.

23 On Dwaerth Fortubo is known as Felgar, dwarven god of war. You did know that many of the gods exist as different 'powers' on different worlds, didn't you? Phaulkon is Thax on Dyrth, for example.

24 This is the adventure where I met a strange mage who called his magic 'science'. He possessed a magical box of great potency. It was larger on the inside than the outside and it had the ability to *teleport* in the current Prime Material. He claimed it could move in time as well! The Doctor was quite an interesting soul and he was helpful in freeing the dwarves from slavery. I wish I had a scarf like his too.

25 I did not create *Leomund's lamentable belaborment* by the way, that was Guy Gas. I did pen the following: *affect normal fires, jump, wall of fog, ventriloquism, Leomund's trap, forget, fool's gold, scare, Leomund's tiny hut, feign death, Leomund's secure shelter, fire charm, dig, fire shield, fire trap, Leomund's secret chest, stone shape, guards and wards and incendiary cloud*. — at least that is my best recollection. The original texts have long ago be lost that would prove who wrote what. This could have an error or two and I know there are a few more I'm forgetting. Sigh. There are a number of others, generally unknown, that I might publish in the future.

26 It's been said that a Transmuter can't cast *dispel magic* since it's an Abjuration, from the "Opposite School". Nonsense. Any mage can cast *dispel magic*. It is a universal spell just as low level Divinations are allowed to ALL mages. Many have found that the Opposite School "Rule" is not always true, but that is a whole story unto itself.

27 The 'erased' spell casters were re-educated, by the way. The process took about a quarter of the time it normally would have taken. Language came back to them very quickly.

28 Two Headed Wolf, AC 5; HD 2+2; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg d6 +1 / d6 +1; SA breath*; SD surprise only on a 1, exceptional smell and sight, infravision, highly intelligent (rate as intelligence 4 or 5).

*Save vs. poison or victim becomes 'sluggish' which manifests itself as a -2 on all initiative dice as well as an effective reduction in dexterity of four full points. The victim is sluggish but not incapacitated. A victim cannot run for more than a few minutes without experiencing a great feeling of fatigue. Strength is also effectively reduced by two full points while the breath affects the victim – for 4-16 rounds rolled separately. There is no actual loss of dexterity or strength of course and both of these effects disappear with time. A <cure light wounds> or <remove paralysis> negates the effect (the cure does NOT cure any damage in this case, it just removes the sluggish effect). A subsequent fail Vs poison while fatigue is still in place will cause the victim to fall over in a deep sleep. (elves and half elves apply their resistance to sleep on all saves Vs this breath)

All physical benefits to those with exceptional strength and/or dexterity are of course lost while the effect is in place.

XP: 140

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THE FINAL WORD

News and Announcements from the Council Of Greyhawk

Council Con!

The Council of Greyhawk is going to Gen Con '99!
(At least, those of us who have been very, very good this year...)

The Council of Greyhawk is proud to announce the **MASTERS OF THE AZURE** trilogy; three adventures that will take your Greyhawk adventurers on a trip across the Flanaess they'll never forget! Written by Tom Harrison, Chairman of the Council of Greyhawk, and Steve Wilson, Greyhawk SAGE and fact checker for TSR as well as former Chairman, the **MASTERS OF THE AZURE** is our first GenCon adventure series.

Thursday, August 5th, @ 2pm: SHADOWS OF SAFETON, Evt 1408, #PLY 8

A dying man's wish leads the heroes to investigate the activities of a new merchant league.

Friday, August 6th, @ 2pm: CRIMSON SAILS OF THE GEARNAT, Event 1409, # PLY 8

Poising as merchantmen, the heroes set off to discover the secret behind the Azure League.

Saturday, August 7th, @ 2pm: THE SACRIFICAL COAST, Evt 1411, # PLY 8
New information and a renegade slave lead the heroes on the trail of the secret masters of the Azure League!

You can play in a single adventure, or in all three. You don't have to be a Greyhawk savant to play, but you will need your wits.

[Note: in the GenCon registration program, all the above events are incorrectly titled "Shadows of Safeton." The number of players is also incorrectly labeled 12; it is actually 8.]

AND DON'T MISS THIS ONE:

Thursday, August 5th, @ 7pm: COUNCIL OF GREYHAWK MEETING, Event 1869, Seminar

Here's your chance to put a face to the names of you fellow Greyhawk fans. Everyone is invited. Come to talk 'hawk, meet people, or rant and rave. We'll be talking about TSR's upcoming plans for Greyhawk, the future of the Oerth Journal, and a whole variety of things. If you're part of the Greyhawk online fandom, this is the place to be! There will be open gaming afterwards, so keep your evening open

Council Chat!

The Council of Greyhawk now has a permanent chat room, accessible through our web page. Barring problems with the server, the chat room should be open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Stop by and hang out, or just come to the meetings.

Artists Wanted!

We're looking for artists interested in contributing to the Oerth Journal. Work would be done on a commission basis, and while we can't pay money, artists would be fully credited and get their work displayed one of the oldest and most respected AD&D e-zines, with a worldwide audience. Send samples or questions to "oerthjrn1@aol.com"

Write to us!

What do you think of the Oerth Journal? What would you like to see more of? Less of? Write the Journal and let us know!

How to Get Stuff in Here!

The Council of Greyhawk accepts freelance submissions from anyone interested. If you have something you wish to submit, or would like to discuss an idea for an article, send e-mail to "Oerthjrn1@aol.com". All submissions are reviewed by a small editorial board and

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checked for clarity, grammar and consistency. We will work with all submissions, but reserve the right to reject a piece if it does not conform to the aforementioned standards.

The Oerth Journal is always interested in in-depth examinations of the nations, cities, and sites of the Flanaess and their history, as well as adventures, artifact and magical item descriptions, kits, a detailed write-up of Waldorf, and just about anything else related to Greyhawk. Regular departments include **Dyvers, City of Adventure**, which details guilds, individuals, locations, and organizations of the City of Sails, **With Boccob's Blessing**, an in-depth look at a magic item or artifact unique to the World of Greyhawk, **Gateway to Adventure**, with World of Greyhawk-based adventures, **The Good Oerth**, featuring detailed exploration of "off the map" areas of Oerik and beyond, **Denizens of the Flanaess**, detailing unique monster NPCs of the Flanaess, and **Of Oerth and Altar**, a regular feature examining the myriad deities of Greyhawk.

Writer's Guidelines are archived at the Oerth Journal section of the Council of Greyhawk website.

What is the Council of Greyhawk?

The Council is a loosely organized group of Greyhawk enthusiasts who currently meet and operate via email and IRC. Regular meetings are open to all interested. Check our web page, the World of Greyhawk folder at KEYWORD: RPG on AOL or GREYtalk for meeting times and details.

Visit our Web site at:

<http://members.xoom.com/cogh/index.html>

Subscribe to the Council mailing list for information on the latest Council projects and events at:

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